

Il Decamerone.

ONE
HUNDRED
INGENIOUS
NOVELS:

WRITTEN BY //

JOHN BOCCACCIO,
The first Refiner of the *Italian*
Language. *(B. 7)*

Now done into *English*, and accommodated
to the Gust of the present Age.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *John Nicholson*, at the King's Arms
in *Little Britain*, *James Knapton* at the Crown
in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, and *Benj. Tooke* at
the *Middle Temple-Gate, Fleetstreet.* 1702.



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A SHORT
ACCOUNT
OF THE
AUTHOR'S LIFE.

Giovanni Boccaccio, or, as in *English*, he is call'd, *John Boccace*, was born at *Certaldo*, a Town on the little River *Elsa*, in the Country of *Florence*, in the Year 1313, when *Italy* was miserably harass'd between the two Factions of the *Guelphs* and *Ghibellines*. His Parents were mean, and put him out to a Merchant in order to learn the Art of keeping Accompts; which Master took him along with him to *Paris*, where he staid some years; but finding him to be more given to Study than to Business, he remanded him to *Florence*.

This gave much trouble to his poor Father, who then plac'd him to Study the Law under the direction of *M. Cino* of *Pistoia*, a famous Lawyer, and a learned Man, well hoping that he had now at once complied with his Son's *Inclination*, and set him in the way to Wealth and Honour. But all to no purpose; the strong bent of his Mind

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carrying him only to the study of Philosophy, Humanity, Poetry, and what is call'd the *Bellis Lettres*. His Father dying soon after, by which he was left free, and at his own choice; he sought and cultivated the Acquaintance of *Fran. Petrarch*, the great Reviver of Learning in this Western part of the World. Their Love was mutual and sincere; *Petrarch* supplying *Boccace* with Books and Money; and *Boccace* upon every occasion shewing a hearty respect to *Petrarch*: and they always carried each others Faces engraven in their Rings.

Florence being soon after embroiled in a new Civil War, our Author, who was a Man of Peace, retir'd to *Naples*, and became a Favourite of *Robert* then King thereof, a valiant and a learned Personage; with whose natural Daughter he fell passionately in Love, but without Success; not that she was averse to his Addresses, he being a tall and very comely Man; but the troublesome and uncertain times, in all probability, were the hindrance; He caresses her in his Writings under the Name of *Fiammetta*, and calls himself *Pamfilio*.

Great Changes happening in *Naples*, he return'd to *Certaldo*, the place of his Nativity, where he died A. 1375. in the 62. year of his Age, leaving only one natural Son, who buried him honourably, with this Epiraph inscrib'd on his Monument,

*Hac sub mole jacent cineres, ac ossa Joannis,
Mens sedet ante Deum meritis ornata laborum,
Mortalis genitor vite Boccacius illis
Patria Certaldum, studium fuit alma Poësis.*

TO THE
READER.

Boccace being an Author of so celebrated a Reputation in the Republick of Learning, and his Decameron having received an universal approbation, I could not conceive but that a new and more accurate Translation of it would be very acceptable to the Publick. The whole Work is very Natural in its Construction, and although it was written about three hundred and fifty years ago, yet Italy has never since produced any thing that comes up to it, for the Beauty and Purity of the Diction.

There are very many particular Graces in it, which the most famous Authors of these times have very successfully amplified; by which they have embellished many of their Writings, and from which they have taken the designs of their most applauded Pieces; but these being often obscure, by reason of the multiplicity of words; and three hundred and fifty years, also making a great alteration in the gust of Men, to render them more entertaining, it was absolutely necessary to abridge them, dress them after the
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modern Fashion, leave out the superfluous repetitions, and sometimes not only to alter intire Periods, but to change the whole Structure.

I have at present endeavoured at such a conciseness as may be consistent with perspicuity; omitting in each Novel whatever is unnecessary, and not essential. To this purpose I have abridged the Discourse which precedes the first Novel; and to avoid the Preambles that are at the beginning of each Novel, I have thought fit to omit naming the Interlocutors, or mentioning the distinction of days; how well or ill I have succeeded, must be left to the opinion of my Readers, whose Judgments I shall not here endeavour to anticipate; only give me leave to remark, that as the excellency of things of this Nature principally consists in the beauty of the Narration; so I have taken an intire liberty in that particular, and endeavoured to give it the most natural turn that was possible, and such an one as I thought most agreeable to the Palate of the present Age.

There are many Natural Proprieties, which the judicious will soon perceive, a great flight of Fancy, and force of imagination appearing throughout the whole; and Adventures often occuring, which very pleasingly surprize, and oblige us to admire the full Fancy of the Author.

*Wherever I met with any thing that seemed immodest or loose, I have studied so to manage the Expression, and conceal the Matter, that the fair Sex
may*

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may read it without blushing. I could have wish'd that all of it would have stood the Test of the most capricious and nice, without quite destroying the essentials of some of the Novels. But though I was oblig'd to conform my self to the Matter; yet I have always kept a due Decorum, and I hope, also, none will find that I have done my Author any wrong by being too scrupulous.

Monasteries are very often brought upon the Stage, and the Monks appear under very great disadvantages; but every one knows the looseness of their Lives, and all that are acquainted with those times, especially, will find our Author very favourable to them; and we in Charity hope that those who deserve the same Character with Friar Onion and some others, may from hence take occasion to Reform, and be sham'd out of those Enormities which they see appear so scandalous and odious by the description, and of which they are conscious that they are guilty.

The Ear was never more Chast than it is now a-days, though the Heart was never more Corrupt; and this Work having no more pretence to a Privilege than any other; some perhaps may esteem it licentious, and that it is dangerous to Read it. To to this I answer, First, that an Author ought to be allowed the same liberty as a Painter. The Painter may draw a Beauty either naked or drest, and no body is offended at it: and why may not an Author be allowed the liberty to relate different Adven-

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tures, in which the modesty is not always equal. The first only distinguishes Bodies by the diversity of their external Lineaments, and the other describes Souls by their particular Characters. Secondly, The most excellent things often become ill only by being abused, and those who have depraved Souls, and base Hearts, make an ill use of every thing. Wine, in its own Nature is good; yet it is very bad for those that are in a high Fever. Fire is absolutely and universally necessary, yet notwithstanding it is often the Instrument of Fury, Cruelty and Injustice. Military Weapons are requisite to defend our Lives, Estates, and Liberties; but yet they are often made use of to Plunder and Destroy Cities, and deprive People of their most natural Rights. To conclude then, as good Examples are not sufficiently prevalent to mend those who are of a vicious and obdurate inclination; so neither can the bad debauch those that are settl'd, and establish'd in the practice of Vertue; but on the contrary a near prospect of Vice, often proves sufficient to create an abhorrence of it. It was very prudently done of those People, who every year shewed their Children one of their Slaves Drunk, to inspire them with a detestation of, and aversion to, that sordid and brutal Vice.

Those that Read this Work as a meer amusement, will find as much satisfaction in that particular, as in any thing of this Nature; and those that Read it with more serious Application, will find great Examples of Vertue to excite them to their imitation; but it will be also difficult to prevent those that are inclined to Libertinism, from finding something that will

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will be entertaining to them; though this proceeds not so much from the fault of the Book as their own depraved inclination.

It cannot be expected that all these Novels should be of equal Force and Spirit, all Subjects will not admit of the like pleasantness and gaiety; besides the Fancy must needs be often tired in long composures, and there is no Garden so well cultivated, but there will still remain some Weeds amongst its most beautiful Flowers.

IN.

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IN the Year One thousand three hundred and forty eight, the City of *Florence* was visited with a most dreadful Plague. It continued a long time, though all imaginable care was taken to clear the City of whatsoever was in the least sordid or nauseous. Those that did but speak to any that were Sick, or only touch their Cloaths, were presently infected. This Contagion was not confined to Men alone, but it reached the Beasts also. Two Hogs, routing amongst the Cloaths of one that died of this Sickness, which were thrown into Street, and taking hold of them with their Teeth, turned round about twice or thrice, and then fell down dead in the place. It swept away an incredible number of People, and those that remained alive were so dismally dispirited, that every one endeavoured the best they could for their own Preservation only, without taking the least care of their Relations or Friends, whether sick or dead. Some to secure themselves against the Infection, went into Houses that were kept on purpose, where they were not permitted so much as to speak either of the dead or sick, and where care was taken that they lived very regularly, though deliciously. Some thought to pre-
serve

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serve themselves by drinking a great deal of the best Wine they could procure. Others were of Opinion that the best way was to retire into the Country, as if God's Indignation and Judgments were confined within the limits of the City Walls. Others had recourse to Prayers, and acts of Humiliation, as the most Sovereign Remedy.

Florence was almost depopulated, and, according to computation, there died above an hundred thousand between *March* and *July*. Now, as People are always most Pious and Devout when encompassed with imminent Dangers; so some fair young Ladies met one morning in *St. Mary's Church*, all in mourning, being come to pay their Devotions. They were all of them either Relations, Friends, or Neighbours to each other; the eldest was not above eight and twenty, and the youngest much about eighteen. When the Service of the Church was over, they accosted each other, withdrew into a corner of the Church, and standing in a small Circle, began to talk of the Calamity of the times. The eldest, addressing her self to the whole Company, said, that Self-Preservation was the first, and most lawful of all Natural Principles, and that the most Criminal Actions were justifiable, when they tended to the Conservation of our Lives; that if she could judge of others, by her self, she was apt to believe that they were no less apprehensive of the danger to which they were exposed than she was, and therefore could not conceive why they should not consider of some way or other to provide

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vide for their own Security. Is there any occasion for us (says she) to be here, only to be Witnesses how many die and are buried? We see nothing but sad Spectacles on every side; for my own part, when I go home, and find no body there but my Maid, every Joint of me quakes for fear, and I fancy, where ere I go, that I see nothing but the Ghosts of the departed. There are no Persons have better conveniencies to retire to than we, and yet we stay almost to the very last. What business can we pretend to have here? Why don't we take as much care of our Health as others? Are not our Lives as dear to us? Or do we think that we are exempted, and Death dare not attack us? We are mightily mistaken if we think so; Death is no respecter of Persons. Come, let us all go into the Country, it is but what a great many have done before us, we have Houses enough there, let us go and live at them, and take all those Diversions that are innocent and allowable, for Country Pleasures are very Charming. There we shall hear the Birds sing; and see the Hills and Vallies adorned with a most agreeable verdure; the Fields filled with Ears of Corn, on which the gentle Breezes make Waves like the Sea; how pleasant is it to see such variety of Trees? The Air is also much more fresh than here; and all things necessary for human Life are there in the greatest abundance. Besides, we shall leave no body here behind us, we may more justly say, that our Husbands, Relations and Friends, either by dying, or flying from Death, have left us; thus shall we lose
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nothing by leaving this place, but we run a very great risque if we stay. My advice, therefore, is, that we take our Servants, and what is necessary and convenient along with us, and go to morrow to one place, the next day to another, and so enjoy those Pleasures the time of the year affords, till we find the City is restored to a better state of Health.

This Discourse received an universal Approbation, and while they were considering how they should order their Affairs that very Evening: one of them said, though what had been proposed was very agreeable to Reason, yet they ought to consult how to take proper Measures before they put their Design in Execution. Pray (says she) what shall we do alone in the Country without Men? We are all Women, and by Consequence weak, peevish, timorous, and faint-hearted, and so having no body to Govern us, but our own selves, I am apt to believe our Society will be of no very long duration, and therefore we ought to consider well of this matter beforehand.

This second advice was as well entertained as the first. They unanimously agreed that Womens diversions were very imperfect without Men, and that things were never as they should be, if there were not a Man in Company. But where shall we find these Men, says one? Most of our Acquaintance are dead, and those that are left alive, are up and down, here and there, so that we do not know where to find any of them; and how ridiculous would it be to take Strangers
along

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along with us? They were all of opinion that they ought to have a great regard of their Health, and enjoy all the Pleasures possible, but that it ought to be done with a cautious Circumspection to avoid Scandal, so that they might have no cause to repent of it afterwards.

Whilst they were thus debating Matters, in came three Gentlemen, who notwithstanding the state of things, the loss of their Relations and Friends, and that necessary Care and Precaution they ought to have for themselves, could not yet forget the Affairs of Love. They were all three fine, handsome, genteel, welbred Persons; and walked out to divert themselves in this dismal time, in hopes to find their Mistresses, who perhaps were amongst the Ladies we speak of.

As soon as ever they saw these Sparks, one of them says to the rest, that now she was sure Fortune favoured their Design, having given them in the critical minute so lucky an opportunity to accomplish it. One that was more scrupulous than the rest, alledged, that in regard it was reported that these Gentlemen were humble Servants to three of them, if they were admitted into company, it would argue over forwardness; but they unanimously concluded this objection was frivolous; and that if they lived vertuously, and were conscious to themselves of no ill, God would protect and defend their innocence. Then they called the Gentlemen to them, told them their design, and desired they would favour them with their Company. At first they thought it was nothing but a Jest, and took

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took it only for a piece of raillery; but, afterwards, finding they persisted in it, and spoke seriously, they very joyfully accepted of the Proposal, got all things in readiness, and the next morning by break of day they went all together.

Their first Stage was not above a League from the City, where there was a rising Ground, not far from the main Road, plentifully stored with all sorts of pleasant Shrubs, whose lovely greenness was very charming to the sight. Upon it stood a very large stately House, adorned with whatsoever Art and Nature could contribute. It abounded with every thing that was requisite either for Pleasure or Convenience, and at that very time it was in good order, and fit for the reception of such a Company.

When they were all sat down, the youngest, and most airy of the three Gentlemen, says,—Ladies, it is our good Fortune, rather than our own good Conduct, hath brought us hither; now I don't know what you intend to do with your Cares; for my own part I left mine behind me, just as I came out of the gate of the City; do you therefore intend to pass the time pleasantly in Mirth and Diversion? if not, pray let me go back again to *Florence* to reassume my Cares.

Nothing in the World could be better motion'd (says one of the fair Ladies) pray let us now enjoy our selves, in regard we left the City to drive away Melancholy. But forasmuch as no Society can subsist without order, my opinion (says she) is that we make some Laws, to which the whole Company shall be obliged to submit, and
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by which they who any ways offend or disturb the Company, may be punished.

Her Advice met with a general applause, the Laws were made, and Dinner being on the Table, they sat down. After Dinner they diverted themselves with Musick and Dancing; then they read their Laws over again, and the youngest Lady observing they had omitted to prohibit Gaming, desired it might be inserted, saying, that it often made persons dull and melancholy, and was very tedious, and no way diverting to the Spectators, who had nothing to do, but spent their time in gaping on. If I were worthy to advise you (says she) it should be to pass the time in Conversation, and telling Stories; for then every one, both speaker and hearers will be entertained and diverted. To which they all agreed.

THE

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CHapelet du Prat by a sham Confession imposes on his Confessor, and although he had led a most impious life, yet after his death passed for a Saint, and was called St. Chapelet.

Page 1

A Few at the earnest Request of one of his Friends, goes from Paris to Rome, and being shocked at the scandalous Lives of the Clergy, returns to Paris and turns Christian.

p. 12

A Few of Alexandria preserved himself from a Snare that Saladin had laid for him, by telling him an ingenious Story.

p. 15

The TABLE.

✓ *A Monk having committed a great Sin, escaped the Punishment he deserved, by a genteel Recrimination on his Abbot.* p. 17

An Entertainment made of Hens, and some ingenious Discourse cured the King of France of that dishonourable Love, wherewith the Fame of the Beauty of the Marchioness of Montferrat had inspired him. p. 21

The Hypocrisie of the Monks reproved by a Jest. p. 23

The Covetousness of Great Men genteelly Bantered. p. 25

Covetous Men are always Contemptible; and those who have any Sentiments of Honour, are always cured of this Vice, when they are reprehended by Men of Merit.

p. 29

The King of Cyprus is cured of Negligence in his Affairs, by a Gascoign Lady. p. 30

A Physician of Bologn very Genteelly made a Lady Blush that would railly him for loving her. p. 31

Martellino pretending to be Paralytick, ordered himself to be put upon the Corps of St. Arrigo, and immediately pretends to be cured. His Cheat is discovered, he is beaten, put in Prison, and very near hanging; but at last escapes. p. 34

Rinaldo d' Asti, being robbed, came to Castel Guiglielmo, where he was Entertained by a Lady, who made good all his Losses. p. 39

Three Young and Rich Florentines, having foolishly spent their Estates, fall under great Extremities, and are relieved by the assistance of their Nephew, who marries a Daughter of the King of England, after a very unaccountable manner. p. 44

Landolfo Ruffolo, growing very poor, turns Pirat, is taken and plundered by the Genoese. The Genoese Ship is cast away. Landolfo saves himself upon a Chest full of rich Jewels. Is cast on the Coasts of the Isle of Corfeu, and relieved there by a Woman. Returns home richer than before. p. 51

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A Jockey that came to Naples to buy Horses, had three very unfortunate Adventures in the same night, but gets clear of them all, and carries off a Ruby of great value.

P. 55

Madam Beritola, being cast by a storm upon an Island, loses her two Sons and her Nurse, she retires into a Cave for grief, where she is found by a Person of Quality, who happened to come there. Her eldest Son, after he had rambl'd up and down, is entertained into the Service of his Mothers Benefactor, and is caught with his Daughter, with whom he intrigued, which concluded in Marriage. The second Son is found; and a Revolution happening in Sicily, the Mother and Sons are returned to their former Estates and Honours.

P. 65

The Soldan of Alexandria sends his Daughter to be married to the King of Algarvia. She falls into several Hands, and at last comes back to her Father. She is sent a second time to the King of Algarvia, with whom she, nevertheless, passed for a Virgin.

P. 76

The Count D' Angiers being falsely accused, flies into England with his two Children, who settle, one in England, and the other in Wales. After he had undergone a great deal of hardship, he came to see his Children incognito, and found them in very prosperous Circumstances. Afterwards he goes into the Service of the King of France. His Innocence appears, and he is restored to his former Estate and Dignity.

P. 91

Bernardo lays five hundred Ducats on his Wife's Chastity, and loses them by a Cheat that Ambrose put upon him. Falling into Despair, he orders his Wife to be murdered, but she escapes, and coming to Alexandria justifies her Innocence, has the Cheater punished, and she and her Husband return to Genoua very rich.

P. 102

Pagnino da Monaco carries away the Wife of Ricciardo di Chinzica, and offers to restore her at his desire, provided she was willing to go along with him. She refuses, and Marries Pagnino after her Husbands death.

P. 112

The TABLE.

✓ Maffetto da Lamporecchio, pretending to be dumb, was entertained as a Gardener to a Monastery of Nuns, who were all desirous to be obliged by him. p. 116

A Groom lies with Tendelinga, Queen of Lombardy. The King by chance discovers it, and cuts off his Hair that he might know him; which the Groom perceiving, does the same to all his fellow Servants, and by that means prevents being discovered. p. 121

A brisk amorous Lady, pretending to extraordinary Devotion and Chastity, made use of a devout Friar to accomplish her Designs. p. 124

Felice, a Monk of St. Brancazio, instructed Pucio the speedy way to be saved, and so made him a Cuckold whilst he performed the Penance that was enjoyned him. p. 131

Ricciardo Minutolo fell in love with Philipello Tighinolfi's Wife, but being unsuccessful, makes her believe that her Husband was to meet a Mistress of his. Philipello's Wife, being very Jealous, went to find him out, and lies with Minutolo, supposing him to be her own Husband. p. 135

Theobaldo, being denied those Favours he used to receive from his Mistress, out of Grief leaves Florence, and returning thither some years afterwards, in the Habit of a Pilgrim, found out a way to be reconciled to her, and saved her Husband, who was just going to be Condemned to die for Assassinating him. p. 140

✓ Ferondo takes a Powder, which made him sleep so long, that they thought he was dead, and so buried him. An Abbot, who was his Wifes Gallant, takes him out of the Grave, and puts him in Prison, making him believe that he was in Purgatory. Afterwards he pretends to raise him from the Dead, and makes him own a Bastard, that he had by his Wife during the time. p. 151

Giletta de Narbon cures the King of France of a Fistula, and demands the Count de Rouffillon in Marriage, as her Reward. The Count, out of pure Complaisance to the

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- the King, Marries her, but leaves her and goes for Florence, where he fell in Love with a beautiful young Lady; but lies with his own Wife, when he thought he had enjoy'd his Mistress. The Countess was brought to Bed of two Sons, and by that means matters were accommodated betwixt her and her Husband.* p. 157
- Philipello renounces the World, and brings up his Son in a Wood, from his tender infancy, (to make him insensible of the Charms of the fair Sex) where he had no Companions but Birds and Beasts; yet, notwithstanding, as soon as he saw some young Women, he was in a strange Rapture.* p. 162
- Tancredi causes his Daughter's Lover to be strangled, and sends her his Heart in a Gold Cup.* p. 163
- A Friar made a Venetian Lady believe that the Angel Gabriel was in love with her, and lay with her very often under the form of that Angel. But at last, being surprized, he gets out of Window, and hid himself in a poor Man's House, who exposed him the next day in St. Mark's place, disguised like a Savage Man; where, being known by others of the same Order, he was committed to Prison.* p. 172
- The Adventures of three Sisters and their Lovers.* p. 179
- Gerbino, contrary to a Treaty, fights a Ship of Tunis, with a design to steal away the King's Daughter, who was there. The Barbarians knowing his intention, kill the Princess. Gerbino takes the Ship, and gives no quarter. After, at his return to Court, he is beheaded.* p. 183
- Isabella's Brothers having killed her Lover, he appeared to her in a Dream, and shewed her the place where they had buried him. She finding his Body, cuts off his Head, and kept it a long time in a Flower-Pot.* p. 187
- Gabriotto and Andrevola intirely loving each other, tell each other their Dreams. Gabriotto dies suddenly, and Andrevola is accused of it; but the base usage she received from the Podestate redounds to her Honour, and was very serviceable for her Vindication.* p. 190
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The Death of two Lovers, who rubb'd their Teeth with Sage. p. 194

Girolamo, being obliged by his Relations to leave his Mistress, goes to Paris, and upon his return found her married. He attempts to Enjoy her, and not succeeding, dies for Grief. She came to his Funeral, and Expires upon his Corps. p. 197

Guillaume de Rossillon kills his Wife's Gallant, and makes her eat his Heart, which she understanding, threw her self out of the Window, and was buried with her Lover. p. 201

Ruggieri having drunk a Potion, fell asleep by his Mistress, who believing he was dead, made her Servant carry him, and put him into a Chest that was at a Joyners Door. Two Fellows steal the Chest, and carry it home before they knew what was in it. Ruggieri wakes, and makes a great noise, upon which they cry out Thieves, he is apprehended, committed and tryed, but his Mistress clears him by producing her Servant, and has those that stole the Chest, fined. p. 204

Chimon becomes wise by falling in Love. He runs away with his Mistress Iphigenia, for which he is imprisoned at Rhodes, from whence Lysimachus procures his Release, and afterwards assists him to regain Iphigenia, and carry her and Cassandra off, just as they were going to be married. They bring them to Candia, marry them, and afterwards are recalled into their own Country. p. 211

Constantia being in Love with Martuccio Gomito, and hearing that he was dead; in despair went on Board a small Vessel all alone, which happened to be driven to Sufa. From thence she went to Tunis, where she found her Lover alive, in great Reputation with the King. He married her, and they both return to Lipari very rich. p. 218

Pietro Boccamazza, running away with his Mistress, is set upon by Thieves, the Lady escapes into a Forest, and at last comes to a Castle. Pietro is taken by the Thieves, but

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but at last escapes, and luckily comes to the Castle where his Mistress had taken Sanctuary. They are married and return to Rome.

p. 223

Lizio da Valbona finds Ricciardo Manardi lying with his Daughter, and makes him Marry her.

p. 229

Guidotto da Cremona, dying, left one Daughter, who was beloved both by Giovanni di Severino, and Minghino di Mingole; by the two Rivals fighting, the Lady was found to be Giovanni's Sister, and so was married to Minghino.

p. 233

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Guido di Procida being surprized with a young Lady with whom he was in Love, was tied to a Stake to be burnt; but afterwards being known by the Admiral of Sicily, he was pardoned, and married his Mistress. Page 1

Theodoro falling in Love with his Masters Daughter, gets her with Child, and is condemned to be hanged. His Father discovers him as he was carrying to Execution. procures his liberty, and Marries him to his Mistress. p. 6

Anastasio being in Love with a fair Lady, spent a great deal upon her without being able to gain her Affections. At the request of his Relations he retires into the Country, where he sees a young Lady pursued, killed, and

The TABLE.

and given to the Hounds to be devoured. Anastasio shews his Cruel Mistress this dismal Spectacle; who fearing to be punished after the same manner, receives him favourably and marries him. p. 12

Frederigo being in Love with a Lady that had no Kindness for him, spent so much upon her, that he became very poor. He retires into the Country, having nothing left but only one Hawk, which, when the Lady came to see him, he dress'd to entertain her; when she knew it, she was touch'd with Tendernefs and Compassion, and married him. p. 17

Pietro di Vinciolo being gone to Sup with one of his Friends, came home unexpectedly, and found his Wife's Gallant, and yet matters were very well accommodated. p. 20

Ricciardo, surnamed The Magnifico, gave a Horse to Signior Francesco Vergellesi, on Condition that he might speak to his Wife, who making no Answer, Ricciardo answered for her, which had the Effect he desired. p. 26

A Gentleman offered a Lady to let her ride behind him, and promised to tell her a pleasant Story on the way, but he telling it very ill, she desired to be set down that she might walk. p. 31

A Baker, by an ingenious Answer, informed Messer Geri Spina of the Unreasonableness of what he asked. p. 32

Madam Nonna de Pulci, Silenced the Bishop of Florence, by making a notable Repartee to his Raillery, which was beneath the Gravity of a Prelate. p. 34

A Cook having made his Master extream angry, afterwards made him laugh at his jest, and so Escaped being punished. p. 36

Messer Forese da Rabatta, and Giotto a famous Painter, coming together from Mugello, railly each other for their Deformity. p. 38

Michiele Scalza proves to some Young-men, that the Family of the Baronchi was the most Noble Family in the World, for which he got a good Supper. p. 39

Madam

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Madam Philippa's Husband having surprized her with her Gallant, had her Try'd for it. She got her self discharged by an ingenious Answer, and procured the Laws against Women to be moderated for the future.

p. 41

Fresco advises his Niece, in Regard whatsoever she saw displeased her, to look only on herself in the Glass.

p. 43

Messer Guido Cavalcanti genteelly reprimands some young Gentlemen of Florence, who came unawares upon him.

p. 44

Friar Onion promis'd certain Country People to shew them a Feather of the Angel Gabriel, instead whereof he brought Coals, and made them believe they were those upon which St. Laurence was broil'd.

p. 46

John of Lorain, hearing a knocking at his Door one Night, waked his Wife, who made him believe it was a Spirit, and both of them went to lay it by a Prayer, and so heard no more of it.

p. 53

Peronella hides her Lover under a great Earthen Vessel. Her Husband coming home, tells his Wife he had sold the Vessel. She says that she had sold it to a Man that was now under it, to see whether it was sound or no; The Vessel being very nasty, the Husband made it clean, and her Gallant carried it home along with him.

p. 57

Fryar Rinaldo having lain with his Godson's Mother, was caught by her Husband, who was made to believe, that the Fryar charmed the worms out of his Godson.

p. 60

Tofano shut his Wife out of Doors one Night, and neither Prayers or Entreaties could prevail upon him to let her in. So she goes to the Well, and pretends to throw herself in, but throws in a great Stone. Tofano hearing the Noise, runs out and leaves the Door open. His Wife gets in, shuts her Husband out, and calls him all to naught.

p. 64

A Jealous Person put on Priests Habit, and Confessed his own Wife, who made him believe that she was in love with

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with a Priest. The Husband stood Sentinel all night, to apprehend the Priest, whilst his Wife ordered her Gallant to come in at the top of the House, and so cheated her Husband. p. 68

A fair Lady being with her Lover; Lambertuccio, another of her Admirers, came also at the same time. Her Husband coming home, Lambertuccio runs out with his Sword in his Hand, which the Wife manages so, that her Husband conducts the other safely home. p. 74

Lodovico, being in love with Madam Beatrice, discovers his Passion to her, who gives it a very kind entertainment. The Lady sends her Husband into the Garden, under pretence of a meeting she was to have with Lodovico, who lies with his Mistress, and afterwards beats his Master, pretending to take him for his Wife. p. 77

A Woman who had a very jealous Husband, ty'd a Thread to her Toe when she went to bed, by which she informed her Lover, whether he should come or no. The Husband found it out, and whilst he pursued her Lover, she puts her Maid in her place. He takes her for his own Wife, beats her, cuts off her Hair, then fetches his Wife's Relations; who finding what he said to be false, fall very foul upon him. p. 82

Lydia, the Wife of Nicostriatus, being in love with Pyrrhus, did Three things to convince him of the Sincerity of her Affection. And though she diverted herself with her Lover before her Husband's Face, yet she made him believe, that what he saw was not true. p. 88

Two Inhabitants of Sienna, loved the same Woman, one of them was Godfather to her Son. The Godfather obtained Favours from her and died, afterwards he appeared to his Friend, and gave him an account of the Affairs of the other World. p. 96

Gasparvolo's Wife having promised Gulfardo to lye with him, for a sum of Money which they agreed upon, the Gallant borrowed the Money of her Husband, and afterwards tells him, he had paid it again to his Wife, which she darst not deny. p. 98

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The TABLE.

The Curate of Varlungo lyes with a Man's Wife, and leaves his Cloak in Pawn with her; afterwards he borrows a Mortar of her. He sends the Mortar home, and demands his Cloak, which her Husband makes her send.

p. 100

Calandrino, Bruno and Buffalmacco, go to find a certain precious Stone. - Calandrino thought that he had found it, and goes home loaden with Stones; his Wife scolds at him, and he beats her.

p. 103

The Provost of the Church of Fiesola, being in Love with a Lady, who had an Aversion for him, thought that he lay with her, when he lay with her Servant, of which his Bishop was an Eye-Witness.

p. 109

Three pleasant merry Fellows banter a Judge at Florence, and make his Breeches fall about his Heels, while he was upon the Bench.

p. 113

Bruno and Buffalmacco steal a Pig from Calandrino, and having made him believe that he stole it himself, they bubble him out of two Couple of Capons, that they should not tell his Wife.

p. 115

A Widow, that a young Student was in Love with, intriguing with another, made him stay a long Winter night in the Snow, to wait for her coming to him. He finds a way to be revenged on her, by making her stand a whole day in July, exposed to the violent heat of the Sun, and the stinging of Wasps and Hornets.

p. 120

Spinelloccio lyes with his Friend's Wife, who finding it out, contrived a way to lock him into a Chest, and did him the same service.

p. 137

Bruno and Buffalmacco, one Night lead a Doctor of Physick into a stinking Dutch, where they leave him, under pretence of entring him into a Society, that went into Corsica.

p. 140

A Sicilian Punk cheats a Merchant of all the Money he had at Palermo, afterwards he comes thither again and cheats her, by way of Reprisal.

p. 153

Madam

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Madam Francesca being courted by two Persons, and having no kindness for either, pleasantly got rid of them, without granting them any Favours. p. 163

An Abbess getting up in hast without a Candle, to surprize one of her Nuns, instead of her Veil, put on the Priests Breeches, that was a Bed with her. The Person accused, who was got into the Chapter, made a just Remark upon it, and by that means was acquitted. p. 168

A Physician with the assistance of three witty Fellows, makes Calandrino believe that he was with Child; he gives them half a dozen of Capons and some Money, to prevent his lying in. p. 171

Fortarrigo plays away all that he had, and his Masters Money besides; then runs after him in his Shirt, and crying, stop Thief, stop Thief, raises the Country about him, who seize him and strip him. He puts on his Masters Cloths, gets upon his Horse; and returns to Sienna, leaving him on Foot in his Shirt. p. 175

Calandrino fancying a young Wench, Bruno gives him a Billet, telling him if he toucht her with it she would follow him any where. His Wife catches them both together, and grows very outrageous. p. 178

Two Gentlemen lodging at the same Inn, one lay with the Landlords Daughter, and the other with his Wife. He that lay with the Daughter mistook his own Bed, and goes to Bed to his Landlords, and thinking it had been his Friend, tells him of his lucky Adventure. Thereupon he makes a great noise, and the Mother, who had been mistaken also, went to Bed to her Daughter; and by that means set all to rights again. p. 186

Talano di Molele dreamed that a Wolf tore his Wife's Face and Throat, and desires her to take care of herself; but she flights it, and laughs at him, and it really came to pass. p. 190

Blondello puts a trick upon Ciacco, for which he is sufficiently revenged, and t'other severely beaten. p. 192

Messer

The TABLE.

Two Men had a desire to consult King Solomon; the one asks him what he should do to make himself beloved. The other how he should tame a scolding Wife. The first was answered to love every body, and the last was bid to go to Goose-bridge. p. 195

Messer Giovanni at the Request of his Friend Pietro, made a Charm to transform his Wife into a Mare; but when it came to putting on the Tail, Pietro cried out that he would have none, and so spoiled all. p. 199

A Knight entred himself into the Service of the King of Spain; and left it, thinking that he was not sufficiently recompensed. The King afterwards shewed him by experience, that if he had not liberally rewarded him, it was only the effect of his own misfortune, and that he was not in the least to be blamed. p. 204

Ghinotto di Tacco took the Abbot of Clugni Prisoner, and after he had cured him of a Distemper he had in his Stomach, let him proceed on his Journey. When the Abbot came to Rome, he reconciled Ghinotto to Pope Boniface, who made him a Prior. p. 207

Mithridanes envying the Liberality of Nathan, had a design to murder him, and speaking to him not knowing him, Nathan himself told him how he might accomplish his design. When Mithridanes came to put his design in execution, he knew Nathan again, was struck with confusion, and became his Friend. p. 212

Messer Gentil da Carisenda, at his return from Modena, took a young Woman that he loved out of her Grave, who being supposed to be dead, was buried. The Woman recovers, was brought to Bed of a Son, and both of them sent home to her Husband. p. 218

Dianora asks Ansaldo to present her with a Garden in January, as fresh and fragrant as in May. Ansaldo, by the assistance of a Necromancer, performs it. Dianora's Husband, upon this, gives her leave to keep her Word with Ansaldo; but to equal him in Generosity, he refuses it, and the Necromancer having a mind to be

The TABLE.

be generous also, would take nothing for his Performance.

p. 215

King Charles, Surnamed the Victorious, being very much in years, fell in Love with a young Girl; but at last being ashamed of his Folly, matched both her and her Sister very honourably.

p. 230

Pietro, King of Arragon, understanding that Lila was in Love with him, went to see her during her Illness, and comforted her. After she recovered, he married her to a young Gentleman, kissed her Forehead, and ever after called himself her Knight.

p. 256

Sophrenia, who thought she was the Wife of Gilippus, was really married to Titus Quintus Fulvius, who carried her to Rome along with him. Some time after Gilippus came thither being reduced to very great necessity, and believing that Titus had forgot him, he confessed himself guilty of a Murder, that he might not survive in Misery. After he was condemned Titus knew him, and acquitted him by accusing himself. The Murderer being surprized at this generous Friendship, confessed the whole matter himself. Cæsar was extremely pleased with these noble Actions, and pardoned the Criminal, out of respect to the Innocent.

p. 243

Saladine, disguising himself like a Merchant, is honourably entertained by Messer Torello, who, entering himself into the Crusade, allowed his Wife a certain time, in which she might Marry, in case he was either killed or taken Prisoner. Torello was taken, and carried to the Soldan, who made him his Faulconer. At last the Soldan remembring him, was very kind to him. The time which Torello had given his Wife to Marry in, being almost expired, the Soldan had him transported into Pavia in one night, with a design to be at his Wife's Wedding, who knew him, and went back full of transports of Joy.

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The Marquess of Saluzzo being prevailed upon by the Importunity of his Subjects to marry, Espoused a Shepherdess, and had a Son and Daughter by her whom he ordered to be taken from her, to try her Patience and Submission. Afterwards he pretended to Divorce her, and sending her home to her own Father again, made Preparations as if he intended another Marriage. At last being charmed with her Patience and Resignation, he made her compleat amends: he took her home again, shewed her all honour and respect, and loved and cherished her according to the Merit of her Virtue.

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THE

1

THE
NOVELS
OF
John Boccace.

PART I.

NOVEL I.

Chapelet du Prat by a sham Confession imposes on his Confessor, and although he had led a most impious life, yet after his death passed for a Saint, and was called St. Chapelet.

A Great Cardinal upon the Canonization of certain Saints, said, *That the Sanctity of those Saints made him suspect that of others.* And indeed nothing is more equivocal than the Heart of Man. It is God only that knows its Secrets. Hypocrisie can dress it self so like true Piety, that the greatest Villain when he designs to Counterfeit, may deceive the most sagacious Eyes, as is evident by the subsequent Story.

There was in France one Francis Musciat, who growing very rich by Trade, scorned any longer the name of Merchant, but turned Courtier, by which means

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he

he soon spent the best part of his Estate. When Pope *Boniface* sent for *Charles Sansterre*, Brother to the King of *France*, into *Tuscany*: *Musciat*, who like other Courtiers, was big with mighty expectations, was ordered to attend this Prince. His Affairs being then much involved, and in regard it would require a great deal of time to settle them, he thought convenient to intrust them in the Hands of several Persons. But that which most of all perplexed him was, that he had many Debts owing him by the *Burgundians*, whom he very well knew to be a very base sort of people, litigious, quarrellsome, slanderers, and faithless; so that he could not well tell with whom to intrust his Affairs there. He wanted a Rogue to out match the *Burgundians* themselves.

But where was he to be found? At last after much consideration he thought of *Chapelet du Prat*, who came often to him at *Paris*:

This *Chapelet* was a Notary, and although he had little or no Business, yet had such a strong inclination for Villany that he would choose rather to draw false Writings gratis, than be well paid for doing what was just and fair. If at any time you had occasion for a false Witness, you were sure of him. Oaths were then esteemed very sacred in *France*, but he never making any scruple of Perjury, always carried the Cause when it depended upon his Testimony. He took great delight to set Parents and their Children at variance, and the more mischief he did the more pleasure he took. He never refused to Assassine any person, and being Cholerick and Passionate beyond expression, would utter prophane Oaths and Curses upon the most frivolous occasion. He never went to Church, but always talked irreverently of the Holy Sacraments, and was a constant frequenter of Taverns and Bawdy-Houses, he hated Women; but was an inordinate Lover of Sodomy.

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He was also a Thief, Glutton, Drunkard, and in short the vilest Wretch that ever breathed. Every one complained of his Villanies, and yet were forced to endure them, because *Musciat* who protected him, was in favour and esteem.

Musciat being well acquainted with him, knowing that he had found one fit for his turn, immediately sent for him, tells him that being obliged to take a long Journey, and having Business to be transacted in *Burgundy*, he thought no person so fit to be employed in it as himself. You are not very busie at present says he, and if you will undertake the matter, I will procure Letters of Recommendation from Court, and give you a considerable part of whatever you recover. *Chapelet* who had nothing at all to do, and not knowing how to subsist now *Musciat* his Patron was going away; without much considering on the matter, necessity obliging him, said, He was very willing to accept of it. They agree upon terms, *Musciat* gives him full power, and the Recommendations that he promised him. He goes for *Italy*, and *Chapelet* for *Dijon*, where no body knew him. He managed his Affairs at the beginning with candor and honesty, designing not to be discovered till at last. He lodged with two Brothers that were *Florentines*, who lived upon Usury, and they entertained him very honourably on *Musciat's* account. Happening to fall sick, they sent for Physicians, ordered Servants to attend him, not sparing any thing that was necessary and requisite, but all signified nothing; for he that before had led such an irregular life, grew worse and worse every day, and his Physicians gave him over.

The Brothers, seeing they could get nothing by him, and being at a Nonplus what to do, going one day into a Chamber next to that where *Chapelet* lay, said one to another: What shall we do with this Man? The world will think us very hard-hearted and imprudent to send away him in this condition, to turn a dying Man

out of doors so unhumanly, whom in health we courteously entertained, and have taken such care of, both for Physick and Attendance, and now to rid our Hands of him before he has given any just occasion? But on the other hand we ought to consider that if what account we have received of his wicked life be true, he will neither Confess, nor receive any of the Sacraments, and if he die without Confession, where shall we bury him? We must throw him like a Dog into unconsecrated Ground. But supposing he will Confess, there's ner'e a Curate or Priest that will give him Absolution, and then also he must lie above Ground, or be thrown into a Ditch. Now in regard we have many Enemies, and People generally have an ill opinion of our way of living, they will think us guilty of his death, and not only plunder us for what we have, but also seize our Persons.

As sick Persons are generally quick of hearing, so *Chapelet* distinctly heard every word, and calling them, said, Gentlemen, Assure your selves you shall not receive the least detriment on my account when I am dead.

I have been a great sinner all my life time, but I hope to do something that is meritorious at my death. I desire that you would get an holy devout Confessor to come to me, if such a one is to be had, and rest satisfied that I will manage matters so, that all shall go well both for you and me.

Although they did not depend much on his words, nor think his Expedient good, but liable to miscarry, yet they brought an old Cordelier to him, a Person well versed in the Scriptures, a very holy and venerable Man, for whom most people had a particular esteem.

The Father being come, sat down at the sick Mans Beds head, and after some pious Consolations, asked him if it was not a long time since he had been at Confession? *Chapelet*, who had never been at Confession

son in his whole life before, readily answers, I have always confessed once a week at least, and many times oftner; but indeed I have been so very bad these eight days, since I was first taken ill, that I have not confessed. That's well done my Son, replies the Friar, continue so to do; but because you have been so often at Confession you'll have little to say to me, and I little to ask you. Don't say so, Reverend Father, says *Chapelet*, for although I Confess often, yet every time I recollect all the sins I can remember I have committed from my Nativity to the present time: therefore, holy Father, I intreat you to examin me in order, as if I had never been at Confession, and don't regard my languishing condition, for I rather choose to neglect consulting the ease of my Body, than hazard the Salvation of my Soul, which my Saviour has purchased with the price of his most precious blood. The good Father was ravished with these expressions, and esteem'd them an evident proof of the tenderness of his Conscience.

After having commended his Piety, he began to ask him if he had never offended God by the knowledge of Women. *Chapelet* sighing, answered, holy Father, I dare scarce answer this Article for fear of being guilty of Vain-glory. No, my Son, replies the Cordelier, you never sin in telling the truth, whether by confessing it, or otherwise; speak boldly and be not afraid. Upon this assurance, says the Penitent, I tell you Reverend Father, that I am in this respect the same as I came out of my Mothers Womb. God blefs my Son, replied the Friar, this is so much the more meritorious by how much the more liberty you have beyond us to do otherwise; but were you never guilty of the sin of Gluttony? continues the Friar. The Penitent fetching a deep sigh, says, Besides those Fasts which are commanded by the Church to be observed by all devout Persons throughout the whole year, I have accustomed my self to live upon Bread and Water three days in

the week at least, and I drink Water with the same Gust and Pleasure as Drunkards do Wine, and have wished for Sallets after the Fatigue of a Pilgrimage. But I am afraid that my dry Bread hath sometimes seemed to relish better than it ought to a devout Man who fasts on a religious account.

The Father replies, Son, These sins are natural and trivial, and you do very ill to afflict your self so much about them. Every holy Man, be he who he will, eats with a good Appetite after fasting, and drinks with pleasure after hard Labour or Travel. The sick Man cries, Pray do not tell me these things to comfort me, you know that I cannot be ignorant that whatsoever we do for God's sake ought to be done purely and without reluctancy, otherwise we are guilty of sin. It is well you are of that opinion, says the Cordelier, and I much approve the purity and delicacy of your Conscience. But tell me also, I intreat you, have you not been guilty of the sin of Covetousness? have you never exacted more than was reasonable, and have you not detained that from another that was his just due? I know, Father, that you ask me this question because you see me lodge in an House with Usurers, but for my part I have no concerns with them, and come here only to persuade them to leave off so wicked and scandalous a way of living, and question not in the least to have succeeded, if it had not pleased God to afflict me with this sickness. My Father leaving me a plentiful Fortune, I disposed of the greatest part of it to Charitable Uses, and betook my self to drive a small Trade to maintain my self, and relieve the poor of Christ. I cannot indeed say but I have been desirous of Gain, but I always gave one half to the Poor, and kept the other for my own necessary occasions, and God hath so blest me that my Affairs have always prospered. You have done very well, replies the Confessor, but how often have you been transported with Passion and Anger? Very often indeed says the Penitent, but who could

could forbear? seeing the degeneracy of mankind, who violate the Commandments of God, and are not kept in awe by his Judgments. I have often said to myself, I could choose rather not to be; than to see youth run after vanity, swear and forswear, neglect going to Church, haunt Taverns, and in a word to prefer the ways of the World before those of God. This Passion is very commendable, says the Friar, and I must not enjoin you any Penance for it; but tell me hath not rage at any time provoked you to murder any one, or to utter any indecent expressions, or injure any Person? How can you, holy Father, who seem to me to be a very pious Man, talk at this rate? Do you think that God would have suffered me to live so long upon the face of the earth, if I had so much as once entertained a thought of committing any one of those crimes you mention? These are the Actions of Robbers and Villains, a sort of Wretches that I could never see without putting up my Prayers to God for their Conversion. God bless you again, my dear Child, replies the good old Father, but did you never bear false Witness against any one, or maliciously and falsely asperse them, or take away that from any person that properly belonged to them? Yes, Reverend Father, replies the Penitent, I have spoken ill of another. I had once a Neighbour, who being void of all shame, would often beat his Wife; I had much compassion for this poor Woman, who was sure to be used severely when ever her Husband got Drunk, and I did indeed give him an ill Character to his Parents. But, says the Cordelier, you have been a Merchant, did you never cheat any body, as is very common with them? Reverend Father, I do not know what it is: I can only say this, that once selling a Man some Cloth upon trust, one day when he brought me the money, I put it into a Bag without telling it: a month afterwards, when I told it over, I found four pence too much, but not being able to find the Owner to restore them to him, after I had

kept them a whole year, I gave them to the Poor, This is a meer trifle says the Father, and you did very well to dispose of them after that manner. The good Friar put many other such Questions to his Penitent, which he answered much after the same rate. Just as he was about to Absolve him; *Chapelet* says, I have committed one sin which I have not confessed. I remember I had my House made clean on a Festival, and have not had that due Veneration for *Sunday* as I ought. This is a small matter, my Son, replies the Confessor. My dear Father don't say so, says the Penitent, *Sunday* is a day that ought to be kept holy, because it was that day on which our Saviour rose from the dead. Have you done nothing else my Son, says the Cordelier? Yes, I once inconsiderately spit in the Church of God. The holy Father smiling, said, this is not a thing that deserves to be Confessed, my Son, we our selves spit there every day. You do very ill in so doing, replies the Penitent, for there is nothing ought to be kept more pure than the Temple of God where we offer our Sacrifices. In short he told him a thousand things of the same nature, and as he could sigh and weep when he pleased, at last he fell a weeping and groaning. Then the Father asked him if he had any thing else that lay upon his Conscience. Yes, answers *Chapelet*, there is one sin that I never confessed in my whole life, I am struck with such horror that I cannot tell it, and can never remember it but with Agonies of sorrow, and am afraid that God will never forgive it. Do not think so in the least my Son, replies the Confessor, If you were guilty of all the sins that ever were committed in the World since its Creation, the goodness and mercy of God is so great, that upon such a Confession and Repentance as yours is, they would all be forgiven you; tell me then boldly what it is. Alas! Father, says *Chapelet*, shedding abundance of Tears, my sin is so hainous that I altogether despair of Pardon, unless you assist me, and move God by your Prayers,

Prayers; then he wept and continued silent some time. And whilst the Friar exhorted him to discharge his Conscience, he fetch'd a deep sigh, and said, in regard you promise to intercede with God for me, I will disclose it to you. When I was a little Child I Curst my Mother; and then pours out a flood of Tears. Do you think, my Son, says the Father, that this sin is so very hainous? Men daily blaspheme God, and he upon Repentance Pardons them; doubt not in the least but he will forgive you this Offence? Leave off your Tears, be of good comfort, and rest assured that if you had been one of those that Crucified our Saviour, even that sin would be forgiven you upon such Repentance as is found in you. What say you Father, replies the Penitent? To Curse my good Mother that Bore me nine months in her Womb, and suckled me many an hundred times at her Breast, is so great a sin that I shall perish if your Prayers do not save me. The Friar, seeing his Penitent had nothing more to say, gave him his Benediction, and Absolved him; and as he did not in the least doubt, but what he said was true, so he thought him to be the most holy Man alive. And who could have questioned it, hearing a dying Man speak so? By Gods assistance, says he, my Son you may Recover; but if it shall please him to take your pious and well-disposed Soul to himself, do you think fit that your Body should be interred in our Convent? Reverend Father, I should be much troubled if it should be otherwise disposed of, says the sick Man, because you have promised to pray to God for me, and also because I always had a particular respect for your Order. All that I request of you is, that as soon as you come to the Convent you will order the sacred Body of our Lord, which you Consecrated this morning, to be brought to me. I indeed acknowledge that I am unworthy, but I intend with your permission to receive it, and afterwards Extreme Unction; that though I have been a great Sinner in my life, I may die a good Christian.

Christian. The holy Man commended his Zeal, and assured him it should be as he desired, which he accordingly performed.

The two Brothers, who were very jealous lest *Chapelet* should impose upon them, had posted themselves so near as to hear every word, and were often ready to burst to hear what he said to the Confessor; but containing themselves within bounds, said one to the other, what a strange sort of Man is this, whom neither Age, Sickness, the fear of Death, nor the terror of God's Judgments, before whose Tribunal he is just ready to appear, are sufficient to deter from dying as he lived. But in regard they found that he was to be buried, they were not solicitous about any thing else. After he had received the Sacraments, he died the same day towards the Evening.

All things being provided for his Funeral, they acquainted the Cordeliers, who came that night, according to Custom, to Pray for the Soul of the Deceased, and the next day he was interred with great Ceremony. The Friar who was his Confessor, understanding that he was dead, went to the Prior of the Convent to assemble a Chapter, and informed the Society of *Chapelet's* Sanctity, and commending his Confession, intimated that he hoped God would work many Miracles by him; and that it was his Opinion his Body ought to be received with a great deal of Reverence and Devotion: to all which the Prior and the rest consented. Night being come, they went to the place where the Deceased lay, and sung the Great and Solemn Vigils. The next day, being clothed in all their Formalities, with Books in their Hands, and the Cross carried before them, they returned singing, and brought this most happy Corps, with much Solemnity, to their Church, being followed by most of the Inhabitants of the City of both Sexes.

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When the Body was in the Church, his Confessor mounts the Pulpit to make his Funeral Sermon. He tells wonderful things of his Death, Life, Fastings, Chastity, Simplicity, Innocence and Sanctity, and forgot not to remark on that which he had Confessed as his most hainous Sin, and the great pains he took to persuade him that God could Pardon him; from whence he took occasion to reprove his Auditors, who were apt to blaspheme God, his Mother, and the blessed Saints, on the slightest occasion. He amplified so well upon his Probity and Fidelity, and gained so much upon his Hearers, that they thought it but just to render him Divine Honours; every one pressed forward to kiss his Hands and Feet: his Funeral Cloths were immediately torn to pieces, and every one thought himself happy, that could get but the least bit of them. They were all desirous to see him, and upon that account he was exposed to view all that day. The night following he was buried in a Marble Tomb: The day after a great Concourse of People came to Worship him, and bring Wax Candles, and make Vows to him. The report of his Sanctity spread so far, that there was hardly any sick Person that would Vow to any other Saint than *St. Chapelet*. They asserted God had done, and every day did many Miracles for the relief of those who devoutly vowed to him.

Thus *Chapelet du Prat*, the most wicked Wretch that ever lived, was esteemed a Saint after his death.

NOVEL II

A Jew at the earnest Request of one of his Friends, goes from Paris to Rome, and being shocked at the scandalous Lives of the Clergy, returns to Paris and turns Christian.

THERE lived at Paris, one *Jeannot de Chevigni*, a great Dealer in wrought Silk; a sincere, good, and just Man, an intimate Friend of a rich Jew, called *Abrabam*, a Merchant, and a Man of great Probity. *Jeannot* being well acquainted with his good Qualities, was much troubled that such a Man should eternally perish, and therefore begg'd of him to renounce the Errors of the Jewish, and embrace the true Christian Religion. The Jew answered he was Opinion that no Religion was so good and holy as the Jewish, and that being born in it, he was resolved to live and die in the same, and that nothing could persuade him to alter his Resolutions.

Jeannot was still very pressing with him, and represented to him that the Christian Religion had much the preference, even among Merchants. Although the Jew was very learned in his own Law, nevertheless the friendship he bore him, or more probably the words wherewith the Spirit of God inspired him; so wrought upon the Jew, that whereas before he was very opiniative, he now began to listen to his Arguments. The Jew, at length overcome by the continual solicitations of his Friend, says to him one day; You would have me turn Christian; I consent, on condition that I first go to Rome to see him whom you call Gods Vicar General on Earth; to observe his, and the Cardinals way of living; and if by what I see by them, and what you tell me, I can be convinced that
your

your Religion is better than mine, as you would persuade me, I will turn Christian; if not, I will remain a Jew still.

Jeannot understanding this, was very disconsolate, and says to himself, I thought I had converted this Man, but I find I have lost my labour. If he goes to *Rome* and sees the Licentiousness of the Clergy there, he'll be so far from being a Christian, that it will more firmly establish him in his own way. Pray, dear Friend, says he, save the Charge and Trouble of this Journey; it will be very hazardous for a rich Man, as you are, to Travel either by Land or Sea. Do you believe that you can find no body here that will Baptize you? And if you have any doubts concerning the Christian Faith, where can you find more eminent Doctors to consult than at *Paris*? In my Opinion your Journey is altogether unnecessary. You may rationally conclude that the Prelats at *Rome* are like those here, or rather better, as being nearer to the Universal Pastor. Believe me then, and defer this Journey to another time, and it may be that I may go along with you. I am willing to believe all that you say, says he, but to make short of the business, I will not change my Religion until I have gone this Journey. *Jeannot* seeing him so obstinate, says you may do as you please, but concluded in himself he had lost his Proselite.

He took Horse and rode to *Rome* with all Expedition; he was very kindly received by the *Jews* of that City, and during his abode there, he made it his business to observe the Pope's, Cardinals, Prelats, and the other Courtiers, way of living, without discovering the occasion of his Journey: and as he was very quick of apprehension, he soon perceived by his own observations, and the informations he received from others, that from the highest to the lowest they were all a very loose sort of People, given up to all sorts of sins both common and unnatural; and that the only way to procure any thing considerable, was by making application to Whores

Whores and Boys. He also remark'd that they were generally Gluttons, Drunkards, and like brute Beasts; more solicitous for their Bellies than any thing else. Observing further, he found them all so very Covetous, and such Lovers of Money, that they would not only sell and buy Man's blood in general; but also the blood of Christians and sacred things of what sort soever, whether Sacrifices or Benefices, of which they drove as great a Trade as they do of selling Cloth and other Goods at *Paris*. They give the name of Negotiation to palpable Simony, and called the highest Debauches by the modest term of supporting the Body; as if God did not know the signification of words, and was ignorant of the most secret intentions of Mens wicked Hearts; or like Men, was to be imposed on by the name of things. The *Jew* being a Sober and Modest Man, was confounded with these remarks we have related, and many others, not fit to be made publick; and thinking he had seen enough, resolved to return to *Paris*. Where being arrived, it was not long before his Friend *Jeannot* went to see him. Many Complements passed betwixt them, and after some days Repose, he ask'd him what he thought of our Holy Father, the Cardinals, and the other Courtiers. The *Jew* presently replied, I do not know whether I have passed a right judgment on what I have seen and heard; but I must make bold to tell you, that I have seen neither Sanctity, Devotion, nor, in one word, any thing of good in any of the Clergy. But on the contrary so much Gluttony, Avarice, Luxury, &c. that the Court of *Rome* seems to me rather to ape the Devil, than imitate God; so that I conceive that your Pope, and all his Dependents, who ought to be the Protectors and Supporters of the Christian Religion, take a great deal of pains to ruin and destroy it.

But in regard I see that they do not succeed, but on the contrary your Religion flourishes, and every day grows more resplendent; I am intirely convinced, that

it is the most sacred of all Religions, and that the holy Spirit is its true Protector ; so that I am now more than ever determined to be a Christian. Let us then go to Church that I may be Baptized into your holy Faith. *Jeannot*, who expected the quite contrary, was ravished to hear him say so. He conducted him to the Church of *Notredame*, was his Godfather, had him Baptized, called him *Jean Jeannot*, and took a great deal of care to have his new Convert well instructed, who made a great proficiency in a little time, and was afterwards a Man of very exemplary Piety.

NOVEL III.

A Few of Alexandria preserved himself from a Snare that Saladin had laid for him, by telling him an ingenious Story.

Saladin was so great and valiant a Man, that his Valour not only advanced him to be *Soldan* of *Babylon* ; but also got him many Victories over the Christians and *Saracens*. This Prince having several Wars to maintain, and living also very magnificently, found his Treasures very much exhausted. Extraordinary matters happening, he had pressing Occasions for Money, and not knowing how to raise it, thought at last of a rich *Jew* named *Melchisedek*, who let out Money to Interest at *Alexandria* ; and was of Opinion that he could supply him ; but knowing him to be very covetous, he believed he would not do it voluntarily, and the *Soldan* was unwilling to force him. Being pressed by Necessity, and having a great mind that the *Jew* should furnish him with what he wanted, he was advised to do it, under a colourable pretence. He sends for him, receives him very courteously, makes him sit down by him, and says, I am informed that you are a wise

wise Man, and very knowing in matters of Religion. Which of all these three do you think to be the best, the *Jewish*, *Saracen*, or *Christian*? The *Jew*, who indeed was a very prudent Man, soon discerned the Snare that was laid for him, and very well foresaw that he should be caught if he preferred either Religion before the other. The Question, says he, that you ask me, My Lord, is very curious; but before you command me to declare my Opinion, permit me to tell you this Story. I remember I have heard of a rich and wealthy Man, who besides other precious things, had a Ring of great value, and being proud of being Possessor of so rare a Jewel, left it to his Posterity as a Monument of his great Riches, and ordered by his Will, that which soever of his Male Children, after his death, should be found possessed of this Ring; should inherit all his Estate, and be respected as the Head of the Family. In process of time, the Ring passed through many Hands, at last it came to one who had three Sons, equally Courteous, Wise, and Obedient to their Father; who also loved them all alike, and as each of them knew the Consequence of the Ring, so each of them made their particular Applications to their Father to have it bestowed on them. The good Man who had promised every one of them, and knew not in favour of whom to determine, contrives a way to satisfy all three. To effect this, he gets an excellent Artist to make two other Rings, so like the first that the true one could not be distinguish'd from the Counterfeits. Every one had his Ring. The Father dies. Each of them endeavour to get in Possession of the Estate, and expects that Respect to be paid them, which they supposed to be their due. But upon refusal on all sides, each produces his Ring. In short, they were all so like, that it was impossible to discover the true one: they went to Law for the Estate, and it remains yet undecided who shall Inherit. My Lord, It is the same thing with respect to the three Religions given by God the Father to the three

three Nations you have mentioned. Every one believes that he is the Heir of God, has his true Laws, and obeys his Commandments; but which is in Possession was never yet determined. *Saladin* seeing that the *Jew* had avoided the Net that was spread for him, tells him of his Necessities, and desires his Assistance, telling him also, that he had a Design to have compelled him, if his discreet Answer had not prevented him. The *Jew* brought him what he desired. *Saladin* repaid him, loved him, and afterwards maintained him very honourably at his own Court.

NOVEL IV.

A Monk having committed a great Sin, escaped the Punishment he deserved, by a genteel Recrimination on his Abbot.

THERE was formerly in the Countries that are Dependents on *Lunigiana* (which are not far distant from ours) a Monastery where the Monks observed a more strict and severe Discipline than they do now adays.

Amongst others there was a young Monk there, whose Vigour neither Fasting, nor other Corporal Severities could abate. One day about Noon, at the same time when the rest were asleep, he went to walk round their Church, which is in a very solitary place; there accidentally he met a brisk jolly Girl, Daughter to a neighbouring Farmer, that had been gathering some Herbs. He no sooner saw her but was very desirous to be better acquainted with her; he goes up to her, accosts her, and succeeds so well, that immediately he conducts her to his Chamber before any body did see them. Whilst, full of transport, he was diverting himself with her, without a sufficient precaution, the

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Abbot

Abbot was got up ; walking about, happening to go by this Lover's Door heard a noise, and crept softly to it, the better to distinguish the Voice. No sooner had he laid his Ear to the Door, but he immediately discovered it was a Womans Voice. At first he had a mind to make him open his Door, but upon second Thoughts he judged it better to return without making any disturbance, and tarry till the Monk came out. Although he was very busie with his Mistress, yet he was suspicious of some ill Accident or other, and imagining he heard some body treading about his Door, peeping through a small Chink, he plainly saw that the Abbot was listening, and did not question but he had seen his Mistress. The Monk knowing it would be a dear Bargain for him, was very melancholy, but concealed it from the Wench, and considers of an Expedient to clear himself of this Affair ; and as there is nothing more ingenious than Love and Necessity, so he soon found out a Project that succeeded according to his desire. Pretending that he could tarry no longer with her ; I must go (says he leaving her) and will contrive some way that I may convey you out without being seen ; therefore be very still till I return. He goes out, locks the Door, goes directly to the Abbots Chamber, and gives him the Keys, as is customary when any of them go abroad out of the Convent. With a smiling Countenance, he says, my Reverend Father, I could not get all my Wood home this Morning, if you please to give me leave, I will go now to fetch the rest.

Instead of going into the Wood, the young Monk hid himself in a place where he could easily see who went into his Chamber. The Abbot was in suspence what to do ; at first he had a mind to take all the other Monks with him, and shew them the Girl shut up there. But he considered, that perhaps she might be of a good Family, and that this could not be done without scandalizing the old, and tempting the young Monks ; he resolved therefore to go to her alone to discover the way

way that this Monk had taken to debauch her, and then to determine how to punish him. He goes very softly to the Apartment, opens the Door, and shuts it after him; the Girl seeing him, was in a great Consternation, and fell a weeping. The young Monk, who lay listning, took this for a good Presage, but resolved to continue still attentive, to observe the Abbots department, whilst he tarried in the Chamber.

Opportunity is a very strange thing, and it is not so easie to be withstood as we may imagine. For although this Girl was not in the least Handsome, but much Sun-burnt; yet she had a youthful Air, which is the greatest Alarm that belongs to the Sex; and besides a sort of surprizing and pleasing way, which can't well be expressed. Besides, who is ignorant that Tears often soften the hardest Hearts? This good Abbot, although one should have thought that his amorous days had been over, being past Sixty, found himself soon overcome by the Object before him; and as he came in with a very austere Countenance, he began to look more Pleasant, and Comfort her; saying, he knew that she was Seduced, and assured her that no harm should come unto her, because she was not in the fault. He asks her Name, who were her Parents, and put so many Questions to her, that the Poor Girl imagined she was at Confession, and that she must give an account of her very Dreams, and all that she had done from her Infancy. At last he comes to what related to the young Monk, and inquires into so many Circumstances, with so serious an Air, that she presently imagined that it would not be long before he would have occasion for a better Absolution, than what he was at present about to give her. We may easily imagine that being neither Iron nor Adamant, she could not hold out long; and also being affected with a doleful Shame for what she had done before, and what she was now going to do, so confounded her that she was not able to look upon him. The good Abbot being willing that she should

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take Courage and Countenance, first throws himself upon the young Monks Bed, pretending that he had seen something that was surprizing, calling her as if he wanted help, takes her by the Hand, and pulling her to him very amorously, gave her opportunity to understand his meaning. The young Monk, who all this while lay concealed, that he might not doubt of any thing that passed in his Chamber, peep'd in at a little Chink which no body but himself knew. There he saw the young Girl toying with the Abbot in such a manner, that he found he had offered no Violence to her. He goes away to fetch his Wood home very well pleased. The good Abbot after this long stay in the Chamber thought convenient to retire, having first enjoyn'd the Girl Secresie, and promises to return speedily to convey her out of the Convent; but upon his arrival at his own Apartment he contrives a thing both Cruel and unjust; to commit the young Monk to Prison that he might enjoy his Mistress without a Rival. As soon as he was returned, he ordered him to be called to him, and bid every one withdraw. Wretch (says he) you know the Crime that you have committed in your Chamber. If I should do you Justice, I must bring you to Publick and Condisign Punishment. But that I may not bring a Scandal upon our Monastery, I shall only confine you Prisoner for a month, and yet during that time I will treat you extraordinary Civilly. The Monk very composedly answers, my Reverend Father, it is so short a time that I have been of the Order of *St Benedict*, that it must not be thought strange, if I am not perfectly acquainted with all the Rules thereof. You have very well instructed me in the Observation of Fasts and Vigils, but you never told me that Monks should give the Preeminence to Women, and humble themselves under them; but in regard your Reverence hath lately given me an Example, I faithfully promise always to observe it; and upon this Consideration, I beg you'll be pleased to pardon this first Fault.

Fault. The Abbot could not forbear smiling ; and so mutually Confessing to each other, what neither could conceal, they considered of two things as worthy of their great Prudence. The first how to convey the Wench speedily away, and then if they should happen to light on her again how to get her in with Secresie, which is the most considerable thing in such sort of Intrigues.

NOVEL V.

An Entertainment made of Hens, and some ingenious Discourse cured the King of France of that dishonourable Love, wherewith the Fame of the Beauty of the Marchioness of Montferrat had inspired him.

THE Marquess of Montferrat was a Valiant and Wise Commander ; who being Standard-Bearer to the Church, was obliged to go over Sea with the Army the Christians sent for the Conquest of the Holy Land. One day when they were Discoursing of his Prowess at the Court of *Philip le Borgne*, who was also preparing for an Expedition into the Holy Land, a Courtier said in the Kings presence that there was not such a compleat Couple in the whole World as the Marquess and his Lady ; for as the Marquess was justly Celebrated for his Valour and Honour, so was his Lady for her Beauty and Wisdom. These words so much affected the King, that from that very moment he began to be passionately in Love with her. He having never seen her, resolved to Embark at *Genoua*, that so he might have an honourable Pretence to Visit her, persuading himself that in her Husbonds absence he should obtain what he desired of her. When he was within a days Journey of the place where she was, he sent her word that on the Morrow he intended to come and Dine with her,

The Marchioness being Prudent and Discreet, very pleasantly replied that she esteemed it a very great Honour, and would endeavour to give him a suitable Reception. A long while she could not imagin why so great a Monarch should come to see her, knowing that her Husband was from Home; but after some Consideration, she began to think that the Fame of her Beauty was the occasion of this Visit. She being of a noble Spirit as well as Vertuous, she resolved to Entertain him as magnificently as she could. To that end she summoned all the Gentlemen that were then in her Country, to consult them about what was necessary for his Reception; but she resolved to have the intire management of the Feast herself. She bought all the Hens in the Country, and ordered the Cooks to make a great many Dishes of them without adding any thing else; but to manage things so, that they might not be perceived. The next day the King comes, and was very honourably received; he found her to exceed what Report had said concerning her, and her excellent Qualities encreased the Flame of his Love. The King retired to Repose himself in the Apartment that was provided for him, and Dinner time being come, his Majesty and the Marchioness sat at one Table, and their Attendants at others, according to their respective Qualities. The King was served with plenty of Dishes, and excellent Wine of all sorts; but nothing pleased him like the sight of the Marchioness. But observing that there was only one Morsel at a time, and that all of them were Hens dressed different ways, he began to be surprized; for being well acquainted with the Country, he knew that she might have provided all sorts of Wild-Fowl and Venison, having a days notice. Turning to her with a pleasant Countenance, says, Madam have you only Hens, and no Cocks in this Country? The Marchioness well understanding his Intentions, was glad of so happy an opportunity to discover to him that she knew his Design. Says, No my Lord, but the Women

Women are the same here as they are in other places; though they may be distinguish'd by their Habits or Titles. The King by her Answer apprehending the meaning of his Treat of Hens, and the design of her words, wisely thought it fruitless to make any further attempts, but better to conceal his Passion; and so ended Dinner without saying any thing more to her on that Subject, and so despairing of Success pursued his Journey to *Genova*, and to put a fair Construction on his Visit, he nobly rewarded the Marchioness for his honourable Entertainment.

NOVEL VI.

The Hypocrisie of the Monks reproved by a Jest.

WHAT a Lay-Man once said concerning the Hypocrisie of the Monks, is not only pleasant and entertaining, but also praise worthy. Not long since a Minion Friar, a famous Inquisitor, dwelt in our City, who though he made an external shew of Zeal for the Christian Religion; yet was a better Inquisitor after those who were rich, than those that held Heterodox Tenets. By chance he lit on one whose Purse was better stored than his Head; who being one day warmed with Wine, out of Simplicity, rather than for want of Religion, said that he had as good Wine as ever God himself drank. This Inquisitor soon had notice hereof, and knowing him to be very Rich, goes forcibly *Cum gladiis & fustibus*, and proceeds against him, designing rather to drain his Purse than to rectifie his Judgment in matters of Faith. The accused Person was Cited, and asked if he had said so; he says yes, and declares after what manner it was. Do you then imagine (says he) that God is a Tipler and loves good Wine as you and other Drunkards, who run from

Tavern to Tavern, do? You seem by your affected Humility to think that this is but a small Fault; but you are quite mistaken, for we should but do you Justice, if we Condemn you to Fire and Faggot. These words were spoken with so stern and severe a Countenance, and so much heat, as if the Man had been an Epicure, and denied the immortality of the Soul: which so terrified him, that he soon perceived that their was no appeasing this Storm, but by a Shower of Gold, which is always a Sovereign Antidote against the Venom of Ecclesiastical Avarice; especially that of the Minims, who are prohibited the use of Money. This Shower had so good an effect, that the Fire with which he was threatned was immediately changed into a Cross; and this Cross was Composd of Black and Yellow, as if he were to embellish his Banner designed for Foreign Expedition. The Money being paid, the Criminal was set at liberty upon Condition that every Morning he should be present to hear the Mass of the Holy Cross. At Dinner time he should appear before his Judge, and then for the rest of the day to be disposed of as he thought fit. The Honest Man being solicitous to free himself from the Penance that was imposed on him, being one Morning at Mass heard these words Sung; *You shall receive an hundred for one, and possess eternal Life*: They stuck with him, and coming at Dinner time to present himself to the Inquisitor, finding him sat down at the Table, he asked him if he had been at Mass; he presently answered, yes. Is there nothing that you heard there that you doubt of, says the Inquisitor, and which you want to be explained to you? I firmly believe all that I heard; but there was one thing said that moves my Compassion for you and your Brethren, when I think what will become of you in the other World. What's that, says the Inquisitor? That place in the Gospel, Father, where 'tis said, *you shall receive an hundred for one*. There's nothing more true, replies the Inquisitor, but what is it that occasi-

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ens your Compassion? Ever since I have come to this House, I have seen sometimes one, sometimes two Kettles of Broth, that had been left after you and your Brethren have dined, given every day to the poor. Therefore, if for every Kettle that you have distributed you shall receive an hundred, you will have so much that it will Drown you all. The whole Table fell a laughing. But the Inquisitor, who well understood this to be a Satyr on the Hypocrisie of the Monks, had a great mind to plague him, and form another Process against him; but that he knew he was much blamed for the former Sentence.

N O V E L VII.

The Covetousness of Great Men genteelly Bantered.

BESIDES the Goods of Fortune, *M. Can de le Scala* was one of the greatest and most magnificent Lords that has been in *Italy* since the time of the Emperor *Frederick* the Second. He designing to make a very splendid Entertainment at *Verona*, many Persons came from several places, and people of Quality of all the best sort, upon that account. All of a sudden he altered his Resolution, and dismissed those he had invited with a Gratification. One *Bergamino* was there, who was neither dismissed nor gratified. He was so pleasant and agreeable a person, talked so well, and had such ready facetious turns, that nobody who never heard him could believe it. He was still of opinion that this Journey would turn to his Advantage; but *M. Can de le Scala* being informed that whatsoever was bestowed upon him was intirely thrown away, tired him with Expectation, without saying any thing to him. *Bergamino* seeing himself slighted, and that he run out at the Inn for his Horses and Equipage, began to be very melancholy; yet resolved to wait, thinking it not
conve-

convenient to go away without taking his leave. He had three very rich Suits of Cloaths which persons of Quality had given him, to make him make a Figure at this Entertainment. And being already much indebted to his Landlord, who was importunate to be paid, he gave him one of them, a little time after another, and at last the third, being resolved to see the event of this Adventure. He lived upon this last so long, till being one day at Dinner with *M. Can de le Scala*, and appearing very disconsolate, he asked, rather to insult over him, than to be diverted by his Answer, How comes it to pass that you are so sad? may not a body know the cause of your Discontent? *Bergamino* presently answered, and yet seemed to premeditate, You know, my Lord, that *Primasso* the Grammarian was esteemed the most quick, and ready-witted Poet of the Age: he having these Accomplishments, rendered him so famous, that there was no body but heard of his Renown, though they never were personally acquainted with, or so much as ever saw, him. Being one day at *Paris*, in very mean Circumstances, as he very often was, (because great Men seldom reward Vertue) he heard of the Abbot of *Clugni*, who, next after the Pope, was reported to be the richest Prelat of the Church. Fame spoke great things of his Magnificence, that he entertained all that came to see him, provided it was about Dinner time. *Primasso*, who was a lover of Vertue and Magnificence, resolved to go to see the Abbot, and enquired how far he dwelt from *Paris*. Understanding that it was not above three Leagues; he supposed, that, if he set out in the Morning, he might get thither by the good hour Dinner-time. He informed himself of the way, and finding no body that went thither to bear him Company; and fearing, that coming to a strange place, he might stay for Dinner, he took three Loaves with him, supposing he could easily find water, though he very seldom drank any. He arrived in very good time, coming to the

Abbots

Abbots before it was Dinner time. He goes in, observes every thing, and casting his Eyes upon the Tables that were spread, and the great number of Messes that were to be served; he thought with himself that Fame had been too penurious in the Character of his Magnificence. When it was Dinner time, the Steward of the Household commanded that every one should have water brought him to wash, and then sit down at the Table. It was *Primasso's* fortune to sit over against the Door through which the Abbot came into the Hall. It was a Custom that no Table should be served till the Abbot himself sat down. All things being ready, the Steward of the Household informed him, he might go to Dinner when he pleased. The Abbot had no sooner set his Foot on the Threshold, but he saw a strange Face, which very much discomposed him. 'Twas *Primasso*, who was in a very mean habit. See, says he, what sort of persons I bestow my Liberality on. Then, returning back, he ordered the Door to be shut, and asks his Servants if they knew him that sat opposite to the Door. Every one said no. *Primasso* was very hungry, having travelled hard; and not being used to Fast, finding that the Abbot did not come, took out one of his Loaves, and falls to eating. A little while after, the Prelat bids one of his Servants to go and see if that Fellow was there still: he brought word yes, and is eating some Bread that he brought with him. Let him eat his own if he has it, says the Abbot, for he shall have nothing of mine to eat. The Abbots design was that *Primasso* should have gone away on his own accord, thinking it uncivil to bid him go. *Primasso* had eaten up his first Loaf; and the Abbot not coming, he begins the second, which was also told to the Abbot, who had sent again to see whether he was gone or not. After the second, comes the third, which when the Abbot was informed of, recollecting himself, says, What strange new Conceit hath possessed me to day? Whence proceeds this Covetousness and Contempt? For these many

many years I have Entertained all Comers without distinction, whether Gentleman or Peasant, Rich or Poor, Merchant or *Fidler*. Why then do I raise any Scruples concerning this Man? how comes this Covetous Fit upon me to grudge a poor Man a Meals Meat; he indeed appears like a Scoundrel, but he may be a Man of Merit, and very well deserve my respect?

Upon this he sent to enquire who he was, and found him to be *Primasso*. The Prelat, long before, having heard of the great Reputation he had, for being a learned Man, was extremely ashamed of what he had done; and to make him Recompence, shewed him all the respect imaginable, cloathed him as a Man of his Character ought to be, gave him an Horse, and put Money in his Pocket; and left him to his liberty, either to tarry with him, or return back again to *Paris*. *Primasso* being extremely pleased with the Abbot's Generosity, humbly thanked him for his Favours; and returned to *Paris* on Horseback, from whence he came out on Foot. *M. Can de le Scala*, who was a very sensible Man, quickly apprehended *Bergamino's* meaning, and smiling, says, You have very Genteelly shown your Necessity and Vertue, and exposed my Covetousness; What is it you expect from me? There's no body, besides your self, could ever accuse me of Covetousness; but I will acquit my self by the Method you have shown me. So he sends and pays his Debts, gives him one of his best Suits of Cloaths, a Horse and Money, and left it to his Choice whether to go or stay.

NOVEL

NOVEL VIII.

Covetous Men are always Contemptible; and those who have any Sentiments of Honour, are always cured of this Vice, when they are reprobated by Men of Merit.

There lived in *Genoua* a Person who was esteemed the richest Man in all *Italy*; but as he was very Wealthy, so he was also very Covetous. He was so far from being kind to others, that he refused himself things absolutely Necessary, a Vice very rare amongst the *Genouese*, who love to go fine, and eat and drink well. They called him *Ermino* the Covetous, and in derision gave him the Surname of *Grimaldi*. Spending little or nothing, Riches daily flowed in upon him. At that time *Guillaume Boursier*, a very accomplished and well-bred Courtier, came to *Genoua*. He differed very much from Courtiers now adays, who without blushing for their Debaucheries, will be called Gentlemen and Lords; but may more justly be stiled Asses, being promoted out of the Filth and Villany of the World, rather than the Politeness of the Court. In one word, he was the Phenix of a Courtier in his time, and the Antipodes to those now adays. All the worthy Gentlemen of *Genoua* visited *Boursier*, and paid their Respects to him. After he had been some time there, hearing much of the Covetousness of *Ermino*, he was very desirous to see him. *Ermino* had heard that *Boursier* was a fine Gentleman; and as Covetous as he was, yet he had some sparks of Generosity still left, and received him very honourably, and Entertained him with Discourses on several Subjects. He shows him a very Magnificent House, which he had lately built; and after he had shown him every thing, he says, *M. Guillaume*, I would desire you, that have seen
so

so much, to tell me of some curious Fancy that was never yet performed, that is fit to be painted in this Hall. *Boursier*, observing the ridiculousness of his Question, bad him have some body Sneezing painted there; no body ever saw that yet. But would you that I should tell of one, that in my Opinion, you never yet saw? With all my Heart says *Ermino*, who expected no such Answer. Then says he, paint Liberality there. *Ermino* was so abashed, that from thence forward he resolved to change his way of living.

Sir, says he, You shall see, that for the future, I will behave my self so, that no person shall have reason to reproach me that I have neither seen nor known Liberality. This Expression touch'd him so to the quick, and had such an influence on his mind, that he was always afterwards the most Liberal and Genteel *Genouese* of his time; no Man shewing more respect both to Strangers and his own Countrymen.

NOVEL IX.

*The King of Cyprus is cured of Negligence in his Affairs,
by a Gascoign Lady.*

A Word spoken by chance, and without design, will have such an effect upon some sort of people, as Reproofs and Arguments cannot produce. Of which the preceding Novel is a sufficient proof, and that which I am now going to relate is another. A Jest is never unprofitable, but when we have an Opinion of the Speaker, we retain it the better.

In the time of the first King of *Cyprus*, after *Godfrey* of *Bologn* had Conquered the Holy Land, a *Gascoign* Lady, that went to visit the Holy Sepulchre, at her return, travelling through *Cyprus*, was very basely used by some Villains, into whose Hands she had the misfortune

to fall. She first complained thereof to the Magistrate; but finding no redress, resolved to make her Application to the King himself. She was told it would be but labour lost, because this Prince was so Effeminate and faint-hearted; that he not only neglected to redress the Wrongs that were done to others; but tamely suffered those that were done to himself. That he was so weak, that whosoever bore him any ill-will, might vent himself against him in the most barbarous and passionate manner he pleased. Upon this information the Lady despaired of having Justice done her, resolved, however, to upbraid him for his Effeminacy and Simplicity. Sir, says she to him, (appearing very Disconsolate) I come not to you with any expectation of Satisfaction for the Injuries I have received; but as an intire recompence for them all, I only beg of your Majesty to inform me how you do to suffer all those Abuses that are put upon you. It may be that by your Example I may bear those Insolencies offered me without any resentment, which I would, if I could, willingly have seen practised upon your Majesty; because your Patience is so great. The King, who till then had been overwhelmed in Effeminacy and Pusillanimity; began to seem as if he had been recovered out of a Trance, and first did the Lady strict Justice; and then ever afterwards punished all those that offended against the Honour and Dignity of his Crown, with the utmost Severity.

NOVEL X.

A Physician of Bologn very Genteelly made a Lady Blush that would railly him for loving her.

AS the Stars are the Ornaments of the Firmament when the Air is Serene, and Flowers adorn the Meadows in the Spring; so Jestis, and agreeable Discourse

course are the Principal Matters in all Diversions, and Conversation. These Pastimes of the Mind, which require but few words, are more agreeable to the Ladies than Men; because it ill becomes a Woman to talk much at one time. It cannot be denied but that nowadays few Women understand a Jest when it is made, or can return it when they understand it. This degenerate Age has substituted richness of Dress, in room of that Vertue which they formerly had. Those that excel others in their Cloaths, think also they have the advantage in the side of Merit; without considering that if an As have never so fine Trappings, yet he'll still be esteemed no more than an As. These who are so dressed, painted and gilded, are like Statues that affect nothing but the Eyes; but when it happens that they answer to any Questions, it were better for them to have said nothing. They endeavour to raise Merit out of their Ignorance, and would persuade us that it is the effect of Discretion not to understand how to converse with Men of Honour; as if no Women were Vertuous, but only those who keep no Company but Chamber-Maids and Cooks. It is very true, that in this, as well as in other things, we ought to consider what it is we are doing. In the business of Conversation and Jest, we ought to have regard to the time, place, and the persons to whom we speak; for many times when we design to make another blush, we may be confounded our selves, not knowing but that the most wit may be on the opposite side, as will be evident by what follows.

It is not long since a famous Physician, named *Albert*, lived in *Bologn*. Who though he was about Seventy years old, yet his Soul was so Juvenile and Gay, that though the natural heat had almost forsaken his Body, yet he had sufficient remaining to make him feel the effects of Love. So he happened to see a Beautiful Widow, called *Magarita Ghisolieri* at a Publick Entertainment: he was so enamoured with her that she run
always

always in his mind; and like a young Man, he could not sleep in the night, if he had not seen the Fair one in the day. This made him pals backwards and forwards by her Door, sometimes on Foot, sometimes on Horseback, till she, and some other Ladies of her Acquaintance, could not chuse but take notice of it. They often made themselves very merry to see a Man of his years and gravity so ridiculously amorous, believing Love to be only the proper Passion of Youth, and not compatible with old Age. The Physician continuing still to go to and fro by her House, it happened, on a Festival, that Madam *Ghisolieri* was sitting at her Door with some of her Friends, who seeing him coming at a distance; they all agreed to receive him courteously, and then to railly him about his Love. They led him into a pleasant Garden, and after they had treated him with sweet Meats and rare Wine, one of the Company in very modest and genteel Terms, tells him that she was amazed how he could pretend to be in Love with this fair Widow, who was courted by a great many fine and well-bred young Gentlemen. The Physician perceiving their design, with the same modesty addresses himself to Madam *Ghisolieri* herself; and smiling said, no wise person can wonder to see me in Love; but especially with you, rather than any other, in regard of your extraordinary Merit. For although Age hath taken away part of that which is necessary to compleat the Exercises of Love, yet it hath not taken away either the Inclination or Judgment. But on the contrary, in regard Age has more knowledge than Youth, so they are better Judges of what deserves to be loved; and if you would know why I love you, who are courted by so many young Men, it is because I have been often at several places, where I have seen Ladies eating of Lupins and Onions; and though the Onion it self hath little goodness in it, yet the Head is very good and agreeable to the Palate. Notwithstanding, out of an odd sort of Fancy, I have

seen Ladies hold the Onions by the Head, and eat the Blades which are good for nothing, and very ill tasted. And now, Madam, what if you, out of such an unaccountable humour, should chuse your Lover? Why then, without all doubt I should have the Preference to all others. Madam *Gbisolieri* was in some sort of Confusion, and said to her old Lover: Sir, Our rashness hath received the Reprimand it justly merited; I esteem your Respect for me, as that of a Gentleman, and I shall be always at your Service, as far as my Honour will permit me. The Physician rose up, thanked the Lady, took leave of the Company, and went home.

NOVEL XI.

Martellino pretending to be Paralytick, ordered himself to be put upon the Corps of St. Arrigo, and immediately pretends to be cured. His Cheat is discovered, he is beaten, put in Prison, and very near hanging; but at last escapes.

It often happens, that those who would cheat others are the first that are cheated themselves, as this Novel shews.

NOT long ago there lived a German at Treves, called *Arrigo*, who was a Porter, and although he was very poor, passed among the Common People for a Man of a very holy Life. I am not about to Dispute whether this Opinion was well or ill founded; the truth was, or at least as the Inhabitants of Treves assert, that the Bells in their great Church rang of themselves at the very minute of his Departure. This extraordinary Accident made the whole Town run to the place where the deceased was; he was carried into the great Church for a Saint, where the Lane, Blind, and many other diseased Persons came, not questioning

but to be cured by touching the Body of this new Saint. Whilst upon the Rumour of this new Miracle people flock from all parts to *Treves*, Three of our *Florentines*, *Stecebi*, *Martellino*, and *Marchese*, all three of them Persons that frequented Princes Courts, to divert them by their Comical Tricks, went thither. They were at first surprized at the vast Concourse of people; but upon inquiry understanding the Occasion, they had the same Curiosity as others, and resolved to go and see what it was. As soon as they had put their things into the Inn, says *Marchese*, we should by all means see this Saint, but we shall find it very difficult, there is such a vast Crowd about him, besides the City is very full of *Germans*, and Soldiers, whom the Magistrate hath sent thither to prevent any Uproar. *Martellino*, who was more desirous than any of them to see this new Saint, tells them he had found out an Expedient: I will fain my self to be struck lame and Impotent, and do you lead me on one side, and *Stecebi* on the other, as if I could not go at all, and pretend as if you would carry me to the Saint to be cured; and when they see what a Figure I am, every one will make way for you to come to him. They were both of them wonderfully pleased with the Contrivance, and without any further deliberation they went about it. They presently left their Inn, got into a private Corner of the City, where *Martellino* Distorts his Hands, Fingers, Arms, Legs, Mouth, Eyes; and in general all the visible parts of his Body, in so strange a manner that it was dismal to behold: in short, no Man ever appeared more lame and Crippled. In this Posture his two Companions lead him to the side of the Church, and in a piteous Tone desire every body, for God's sake, to make room for them; which they readily do. In a short time they had attracted the Eyes of all people; and every one cried out, room, room. They soon came to the place where the Corps of *St. Arrigo* lay. Great was the expectation of what would become of this pre-

tended Paralytick. He had hardly been one moment upon this holy Body, but he began to stretch out first one Finger, then a Hand, afterwards an Arm, so by degrees all the rest of his Body. The Crowd, seeing this Miracle, made such a loud shout in the praise of St. Arrigo, that it could scarce be known from Thunder. But as Ill-luck was, there was a *Florentine* there who knew *Martellino*, but did not know him when he had so disguised himself, but after his pretended Cure he knew him very well, and fell a Laughing, and says, Who that saw him brought thither, would not have believed him to have been a Paralytick indeed? Some of the City observing what he said, presently asked him, was this Man never Lame? Not in the least says, the *Florentine*, he has been always as perfectly Strait as any of us; but he is the only Fellow in the World that can turn himself into what shape he pleases, as you have seen. There was no need to bid those that heard this publish it, the Noise ran from one to another. The general cry was Traytor, Traytor, seize this Prophanè Wretch that mocks God and his Saints. He never was Lame, but only pretended to ridicule our Saint and us. Immediately they throw him on the Ground, pluck him by the Hair, tear his Cloaths off his Back; there was hardly any one but had a blow at him. *Martellino* cry'd out very pitifully, but all to no purpose; for Blows, from Foot and Fist, showered upon him like Hail. *Stecebi* and *Marchese*, seeing this, thought themselves but in a very bad Condition, and fearing to be treated after the same manner, durst not assist him; but on the contrary, joyning with the Crowd, cry'd with the rest kill the Villain. Notwithstanding they contrived how to get him out of the Hands of the Mob, they would certainly have beaten his Brains out, if *Marchese* had not thought of this Expedient: Knowing that all the Sergeants of Justice stood at the Church Door, he runs with all speed to the *Podestate's* Lieutenant, and cries Justice, Justice. Sir, I humbly beseech

seech you, there is a Rogue that hath pickt my Pocket of an hundred Ducats, I desire that he may be Apprehended that I may have my Money again. Presently ten or twelve Sergeants ran to the place where unfortunate *Martellino* was so severely beaten. They had much ado to get through the Throng, but at last they found the poor Devil most miserably bruised; they rescue him out of the Hands of the people, and bring him to the Palace; a vast multitude follow him, who believe him to be almost murdered; and now understanding that he was taken up for a Pickpocket, thought it was the best way they could be revenged on him, to say that he had pickt their Pockets also.

Upon these Complaints, the *Podestato's* Lieutenant, who was a rough hewn Man, examines him concerning the Fact. But *Martellino*, as if he had been acting a Farce, returns him nothing but Comical Answers. The Judge was so provoked thereat, that he ordered he should be put to the Wrack, hoping that he would confess the Crime he was accused of, that he might afterwards hang him. They give him some respite, the Judge still asking him if the Matter he was accused of was true, for it signified nothing to deny it. He tells the Judge, my Lord, I am ready to confess the truth, provided you'll ask my Accusers when, and in what place I pickt their Pockets. The Judge readily consented, and having called some of his Accusers, one says it was eight days ago, another six, another four; and some say it was the very same day. *Martellino* hearing this, says, my Lord, they are all most abominable Lyars, and of this I can give you sufficient proof. It is but a very little time since I came into this City, and would to God I had never set foot within it. I was no sooner come, but I (most unfortunately for me I am sure) went to see this holy Body, where I was used as you see. This Truth is so evident, that the Officer of the Signiory of Presentations his Book, and my Landlord, will make evidently appear. If the matter be

then as I say, for God's sake do not Torture me at the request of a parcel of Villains. *Marchese* and *Stecchi*, understanding that the Lieutenant of the *Podestate* had used *Martellino* very severely, were very much perplexed, and said one to the other; we have made but an ill piece of work of this, taking him out of the Frying-Pan, to throw him into the Fire. Running up and down with all diligence, at last they met their Landlord, and tell him what had happened. He laughed, and carries them to one *Alexander Agolant*, who dwelt in *Treves*, and had great interest there, to whom they related the whole matter, and all three of them begged of him to take pity on poor *Martellino*. *Alexander*, after he had laughed heartily, went to the Magistrate, and intreated him to send for *Martellino*, which was done; they found him standing before the Judge in his Shirt, in a great Consternation; he would not hear any thing that was said in favour of the accused, because he had some particular Animosity against the *Florentines*, and had a mind to hang him. So he refused to deliver him till he was forced. *Martellino*, being at liberty, told the whole Adventure to his Deliverer, and beg'd of him as an especial Favour to let him go, saying that till he came to *Florence* he should always believe that he had a Rope about his Neck. The Magistrate laughed very much at this Rencontre, ordered each *Florentine* a Suit of Cloaths, and they departed safe both in Purse and Person.

NOVEL XII.

Rinaldo d' Asti, *being robbed, came to Castel Guiglielmo, where he was Entertained by a Lady, who made good all his Losses.*

Superstition hath obtained in all times and places. There are thousands that have suffered themselves to be Sacrificed for maintaining the power of certain Prayers and Words, and you may find thousands of others who scorn and ridicule such impositions. You have here a Story wherein the Prayer of St. *Julian* was of extraordinary service to *Rinaldo d' Asti*. He was a rich Merchant, who having ended his Business at *Bologna*, left *Ferrara*, and coming towards *Verona*, he lit on three Horsemen, whom he took to be Merchants, but indeed they proved to be Highway Men; they rode up to him, Complement him with abundance of Civility, and beg the Honour of his Company; saying that the more Company the safer travelling. *Rinaldo* answers one Complement with another, and accepts of their Company. Discoursing of several things, they at last came to talk of the Virtue of Prayers. Whilst the three Rogues told marvellous things on that Subject, and *Rinaldo* was very attentive; one of them asks him, pray Sir, what Prayer do you use when you Travel on the Road? Indeed, says *Rinaldo*, I am but very indifferent in those matters, I do not much trouble my self about the power of Prayers. But I may tell you that when I go a Journey, before I go out of my Inn, I always say one *Pater Noster*, and one *Ave Maria*, for the Souls of the Father and Mother of St. *Julian*. Afterwards I pray to God and St. *Julian* to send me a good Lodging at Night; and I have been always preserved safe, for which reason I never omit it. One of them smiling

says, and did you say that Prayer this morning? Without all doubt says *Rinaldo*. That's very well says t'other, but what will you lay that my Lodging shall not be better than yours, notwithstanding your Prayer? It was then piercing cold, night drew on, and they were a great way from their Inn. Perhaps, says *Rinaldo*, you make use of the same words as I do upon this occasion. Not in the least, says the Rogue, I have no Veneration for Saints; but if I lose this night, I will follow your method for the future. I will lay my life says *Rinaldo*, upon condition that you lie at an Inn, for I declare to you I have no acquaintance in this Country. That may be, replies the Thief, I will lay your Cloaths, your Horse, and Money, if you will. *Rinaldo* then perceived he was under bad Circumstances. But which way could he avoid them? They jog on together, till the Thieves having the opportunity of the Night, and the advantage of a River, fall upon him, dismount him, strip him to his very Shirt, and leave him there. Now Sir, say they, you'll see if your *St. Julian* will provide a good Lodging for you to Night, for in all probability we shall fare well enough. The three Rogues passed the River, and left poor *Rinaldo* in this miserable condition. He had no hopes of Relief but from his Servant, who carried his Portmanteau, from whence he expected some small Succour; this Servant staying behind to have his Horse shod. But seeing, at a distance, how they treated his Master, as these sort of people have very little Love and Affection; he turns back, runs full speed to *Castel Guiglielmo*, takes up his Quarters at the best Inn, without concerning himself about his Master, and spares nothing for Refreshment after his great Fatigue. All this while poor *Rinaldo*, who lay exposed to the rigour of the Season, up to the Ears in Dirt, pierced with the Wind, and covered with Snow, curses his hard Fate, and began, not without reason, to believe that his Prayer had not its accustomed effect. After a great many Fatigues
and

and Hardships, at last he came to *Castel Gaiglielmo*, but found the Gates of the City shut. This disappointment drove him almost to Despair. But as Despair is but a sorry Remedy, he makes another Effort, and seeks about for a place where he might find some shelter against the injuries of the Weather, and pass the rest of the Night. By good fortune he lit upon a House situate upon the Ramparts of the Wall, which had a little jetting out, to which there was an Entry. *Rinaldo* takes up his Lodging there without asking the price. There was by chance a little Straw, of which he made a Bed as well as he could; but the Weather growing worse and worse, he intirely gave himself up to Despair: the cold numbed him, he quivers and shakes, deplores his misery, and his Teeth chatter so loud, that a Servant of the House heard them. This Servant belonged to a young charming Widow, who lived in this House, and who was not less Gallant than Beautiful. The Governour of the place held an Amorous Correspondence with her, and that he might neither be seen nor interrupted, he put her into this House, and he used to go in at the place where *Rinaldo* was, without being perceived so much as by his own Servants.

The Governour resolving, the day before, to wait on his Mistress, and to pass a night with her. She had prepared a most noble Treat for him, sparing no Cost. All things were ready for his Reception, not forgetting a Bath which she had privately ordered to be made. But some Affairs, falling out that obliged him to go into the Country, he gave the fair One to understand that he could not wait upon her. Like a Lady of Sense she comforted her self under this unfortunate disappointment, Supped, and before she went to Bed intended to use the Bath she had prepared for her Lover. The Bath being not far from the place where poor *Rinaldo* had sheltered himself, the Lady heard all his doleful Complaints. Who is this, says she to her Servant? It is a
poor

poor Devil under us, who is lamenting his Condition. The Cold is very sharp, and he may die in it; if you please Madam, I will let him in. With all my Heart, says the fair Lady, we have Lodging and a Supper for him. The Maid, who was not behind her Mistress in tenderness, went down immediately and let *Rinaldo* in, who gave her most hearty thanks, and said that he owed his life to her. He gave his Benefactrice a short account of his Adventure; who being moved with Compassion for his sad Condition, made him go into the Bath out of which her Mistress just came. He used no Ceremonies, having a very great occasion for such a Refreshment; whilst he Solaced himself in the Bath, the Maid goes and tells his Story to her Mistress, and gave her to understand in what a Condition he was. This charitable Lady ordered her Maid to look for a Suit of her Husbands, who was but lately dead, and to give it to *Rinaldo*, which fitted him as well as if it had been made for him. Being now in a decent Condition, he patiently attended the Ladies Orders, and thanked God and St. *Julian*, that he had a more favourable night than he thought for, and for being brought to a Lodging which he began to find so comfortable. The Lady having reposed her self a little, ordered a good Fire to be made, and inquired how he did. He is Drest, Madam, replies the Servant, and is a very personable Man, and hath a very Genteel Air. Bid him come up, says the Lady, to warm himself and eat a Supper, for I believe he stands in need of both. *Rinaldo* came up, and Complemented her like a Man of Breeding. He continually observed the Fair Lady, whom he found to be very much to his liking. She found by his Deportment and Conversation, that he was such a Person as her Servant had described him, bids him not stand on Ceremonies, but sit down familiarly by her to participate of the Fire. Supper being brought up, *Rinaldo* was ordered to sit down at the Table, he obeys, and eats with a good Appetite, as
you

you may easily imagin. The Lady had a Conflict within herself, either because the Governour had put her spirits in a Ferment, or because shew as charm'd with the fine Mien, Youth, and Conversation of this Stranger. Now, says she to her self, I have a fair opportunity to be revenged on the Governour, who has affronted me. *Rinaldo* plainly perceived the perplexity she was in, and began to hope that the Prayer of St. *Julian* would have a good effect; but he could not tell how to begin the matter. The Lady, who was no Novice, presently thus accosts him, What makes you so melancholy? Is it your Loss that troubles you so much? Have a good Heart, you are amongst your Friends, and I will tell you, that I cannot look upon you without calling my late Husband to mind: you have all his Features, and methinks when I see you, I see him. You do me a great deal of Honour replied *Rinaldo*, and what you tell me is extremely obliging. It is impossible, Madam, for me to compare you to any one, you have such Charms that no body besides your self can pretend to; your Beauty eclipses all others. But, Madam, my Destiny is very cruel, if you don't take pity on me. I have escaped one danger, and fallen into a greater. It is true, Madam, you have saved my Life, but you have ravished my Soul. The fair One interrupted *Rinaldo*, and spoke very meanly of her self, to give him an occasion to contradict her. *Rinaldo* proceeds to praise his Benefactrice in every particular; commends all her Beauties, both visible and invisible; but in Conclusion adds, that to praise all that was praise worthy in her, would exceed the compass of one night, which might be more advantageously imployed. His last words made her smile. *Rinaldo* perceiving it, thought it was then time to proceed from Words to Actions; he does so, and succeeds well, finding no opposition, but what was agreeably necessary. They were not Niggards of their Kisses. In short, the Preludes to their Love were as pleasant as could be desired, nor is it

it necessary to particularize the Favours given and received. To conclude the Comedy, the Lady lay with him. Day began to break, and the Lady fearing the light would make discoveries, gave *Rinaldo* some old Cloaths, and sends him away with as much privacy as he came in, and gave him Money sufficient to carry him home. Being come into the City, he went directly to the Inn where his Servant was, and put on some Cloaths he had in his Portmanteau. Just as he was taking Horse, he heard that the Highwaymen were apprehended for another Crime, and were carrying to the City Goal: He goes before the Judge, accuses them of robbing him; they were sent for, confess the Fact. He had all that he had lost again, excepting only one pair of Garters; and in a little time after the Rogues were hanged.

NOVEL XIII.

Three Young and Rich Florentines, having foolishly spent their Estates, fall under great Extremities, and are relieved by the assistance of their Nephew, who marries a Daughter of the King of England, after a very unaccountable manner.

THE Changes of Fortune are an inexhaustible Subject, the more we Discourse concerning them, the more fresh Matter continually presents itself. Whatsoever we call our own, without dispute is in the power of Fortune, who disposes of things as she pleases.

There lived at *Florence* a Gentleman called *Tebaldo*, according to some, descended from the Family of the *Lamberti*, and according to others, of the *Agolanti*; but it is not very material to know from which of these two houses he came. He was the wealthiest Man in his

his time, and had three Sons; the first named *Lamberto*, the second *Tebaldo*, after his Father; the third *Agolanti*; all three Courteous and Genteel Persons. The eldest was not above Eighteen years old when their Father died, and left them Heirs of his whole Estate. The young Men knowing they were Rich, and had no body to controul them, began to live at an high rate. They kept Stables of the finest Horses, the best Hawks and Hounds, and open House for all Comers and Goers. Their House was the Rendezvous for all sorts of Diversions, and there was not only every thing that was requisite for a Gentleman, but also whatsoever their Inclinations led them to. This way of living consum'd a great part of their vast Estate in a little time. Their Income would not maintain them at the rate they lived, they must Mortgage and Sell one thing to day, another to morrow. They never began to consider till they were just on the brink of Ruin, then Poverty opened their Eyes, which Plenty had closed. Under these unhappy Circumstances, *Lamberto*, one day speaks to his two Brothers, tells them what a Figure their Father made in the World, his Riches, and the misery to which they had reduced themselves by their Imprudence and ill Conduct; advises them to Sell what was left, before extreme Poverty came upon them, and to retire into some Forein Country; where the sight of their own Countrymen might not aggravate their misfortune. They all agree, and depart from *Florence* without taking leave of any body, and without any noise. They arrive in *England*, and take a small House at *London*, live very near, and let out Money at Interest. Fortune was so favourable to them, that in a little time they had not only wherewithal to redeem their former Estates, but also to purchase more; which obliged them to make several Voyages to *Florence*, and to return and dwell there. At last they all three Married, and their Nephew, called *Alessandro*, went to *London* to manage their Affairs. Now they had bettered their Condition,

dition, they fell again to their former way of living. They had quite forgot the former Poverty to which their foolish and lavish Expences had reduced them; and although now they had Wives and Children, yet they lived at the old rate, without taking any care for Futurity, and were always borrowing as long as they had any Credit left. The returns they had from *Alessandro*, out of *England*, supported them a while. *Alessandro* himself grew very rich by lending Money to Gentlemen and Lords on their Seats, Lands, and other Revenues. A War happening, contrary to all expectation, between the King of *England* and his Son, the whole Nation was engaged in it. Some took part with the Father, some with the Son; upon which account all the Lands and Houses that *Alessandro* had lent Money upon were seized, and this was his main, or perhaps his whole Dependence. But hoping for Peace, and by Consequence, then, he should receive his Mortgages with Interest, he continued still in the Isle. All this while the three Brothers at *Florence*, did not in the least abate of their ordinary Expences, but borrowed of every one that would lend them. Year after year coming on, and their Creditors seeing no hopes of being paid, they not only lost their Credit, but were Arrested, and owing more than they were worth, they were kept in Prison. Their Wives and Children were dispersed, some here, some there, being under great Necessities. *Alessandro*, who for a long while had expected Peace in *England*, seeing that not only there was no likelihood of it; but also that he was in danger of his own life, sets out for *Italy*, goes through the *Low Countries*, and tarries some time at *Bruges*. Going from thence he saw an Abbot Cloathed in White, going out of the City at the very same time, accompanied by a great many Monks, and with a great Retinue and Equipage; after which came two old Lords, whom *Alessandro* knew at Court to be related to the King of *England*. He speaks to them, and was very
favour

favourably received by them. Riding together he asked them who those Monks were that went before with so pompous an Equipage, and whither they were traveling. One of the Lords answered, he that rides before is one of our Kinsmen, who is lately preferred to one of the best Abbies in *England*; but he being too young for such a Dignity, we are going with him to our holy Father to procure him a Dispensation; but we beg that you would not tell any one of it. The Abbot who went sometimes before, sometimes behind, as great persons, who Travel, usually do, often cast his Eyes upon *Alessandro*, who was Young, Handsome, and very Genteel, a Person fit to please one of a very nice Judgment. At last he was so near that he called him, speaks very familiarly to him, asks him who he was, whence he came, whither he was travelling? *Alessandro* very ingenuously tells him who he was, with an account of his Affairs, and offers to do him what small Service he could. He said this with so good a Grace, that the Abbot after some Consideration, concluded, that, although his Equipage was but mean, yet he must needs be a Person of Quality, and being touch'd with his Misfortunes, comforted him, saying that we always ought to hope for the best, that God was Good and Wise, and that good Men should never want, and desired him to keep him Company till they both came to *Tuscany*. *Alessandro* humbly thanked him for his Favours, and assured him that he was ready to obey his Commands. The more the Abbot conversed with *Alessandro*, the more he liked him. He had before desired him, because he knew the Country, that he would take care of a Lodging for them. After some days Travel they came to a small Village, which was ill provided with Inns; yet the Abbot being tired would lie there. *Alessandro* conducted him to an House, whose Landlord had been his Servant, and got the most convenient Chamber for him that was to be had, disposed of the rest of his Retinue here and there in the Town.

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The Abbot having Supped, good part of the night being spent, and every one gone to his Repose, *Alessandro* ask'd his Host where he must lie? Sir, says the Landlord, my House is so very full, that I and my Family must lie upon the bare Ground, I cannot contrive where to lay you; but now I think on't, if you will be content to lie in a Gramery next adjoyning to my Lord Abbot's Chamber, I will bring you a Bed thither; and for one night you must make as good shift as you can. If not, I can lay you in a little corner in my Lord Abbot's Chamber; he's fast asleep, the Curtains drawn close, and I will send you in a Quilt so silently that he shall not hear. *Alessandro* agreed, in regard he saw that it might be done without noise, or disturbing the Abbot. All this while the Abbot, who could not sleep one wink for thinking on *Alessandro*, not only heard all that was said, but also designed to have *Alessandro* lie with him. I have now, says she to her self, an opportunity to satisfy my desires, and if I let it slip perhaps I may never have the like. Resolving then to make use of this favourable Conjunction, and believing every body asleep, he calls *Alessandro*, and softly asks him to come and lie with him. *Alessandro* made some slight Excuses, but at last went. The Abbot laid his Hand over his Breast, and began to embrace him as young Lovers do. *Alessandro* was surprized, supposing the Abbot designed to commit the worst of Crimes. The Abbot perceiving he suspected some such thing, by his motion, laid open his Breast, and taking him by the Hand laid it upon it, to undeceive him, and said, *Alessandro* you're mistaken, and your own Hand will convince you. *Alessandro* was much surprized to find there two pretty small round plump Breasts like two Bowls, hard and smooth like polished Ivory, and soon rectified his mistake, and fell Embracing and Kissing her after a most amorous manner, without any other Ceremony. But she refused him, saying, Proceed no further, till you hear what I have

to say unto you. I am going to his Holiness to bestow me in Marriage : but whether it be an effect of your good Fortune or my unhappiness, from the very moment I first saw you I could not forbear to begin to love you ; and I do assure you that no Woman in the World ever loved a Man better than I do you. My intention is to make you my Husband ; and, if you do not think me fit for your Wife, you have nothing to do but to return from whence you came. *Alessandro* could not suddenly tell what to determine in this Affair ; yet judging by her Equipage and Retinue, that she must be nobly Descended and Rich, and besides he found her very beautiful ; without much deliberation he replies, that he was ready to obey all her Commands. She rises up in her Bed, turning to a Crucifix that hung up, puts a Ring upon his Finger, and Espouses him, and Promises of mutual Fidelity passed between them. She orders him to return to his own Bed, and she laid down to take her Repose.

Some days after they arrived at *Rome*, and the Abbot, the two Lords, and *Alessandro*, had Audience of the Pope. You know, holy Father (says the Abbot) that it is not only sufficient to do well, but we must also shun all occasions of doing evil. I am come from *England*, in the Habit you see me. The King my Father, (a considerable part of whose Treasure I have brought along with me) would Marry me to the King of *Scotland*, who is very old. But the occasion of my Flight is not so much on the account of the Age of the King of *Scotland*, as out of fear lest I should commit something contrary to the Divine Laws, and unworthy of the Blood Royal, of which I am Descended, in case my Father should force me to Marry this declining Prince. Youth is frail, and it is not Prudence in the least to expose it ; I come to throw my self into your Holiness's Arms to receive an Husband from your Hands. Holy Father this young Gentleman you see there, although he is not of Royal Extract, as I am, yet his Merit and

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Virtue

Virtue make him worthy of the greatest of Princess's: I am not now at my own disposal, my Choice being already made; but am very glad of this opportunity of paying my Devoirs to your Holiness. Humbly intreating you to cause the Contract of Marriage that *Alessandro* and my self have made in the presence of God, to be published. Lastly, holy Father, we both beg your Apostolical Benediction, that living happily together, at last we may die well. *Alessandro* was strangely surprized to find that his Spouse was Daughter to the King of *England*; but the two Lords were so enraged, that nothing but the Popes presence could hinder them from offering violence to *Alessandro*, and the Princess her self. The Pope was not less amazed at the Habit she was in, and the Choice she had made; but seeing what was done could not be remedied, he gave his universal approbation, comforted the two Lords, reconciled them to *Alessandro*, and appointed the day of Marriage, which was celebrated with great magnificence in the presence of the Cardinals, and other Persons of the best Quality. The Bride appeared very Charming, and every body spoke in her praise. *Alessandro* was also very much commended, he was magnificently Drest, and appeared rather like a Prince, than one that had lived by Usury.

Some days after they took their leave of the Pope, and went for *Florence*, whither Fame had already carried the news of this Marriage. They were received there with all imaginable Honours. They paid all that the three Brothers owed, freed them out of Prison, and put them, their Wives and Children, in Possession of their former Estates. From *Florence*, accompanied by one of *Alessandro's* Uncles, they came to *Paris*, where the King of *France* received them as Sovereign Princes. From thence the two Lords went for *England*, and reconciled the King to his Daughter, and Son-in-Law, who afterwards received them with all the Demonstrations of Joy imaginable. A short time after he conferred

ferred Honour on him, Created him Earl of Cornwall. *Alessandro* proved so great a States-Man that he accommodated matters between the Father and Son, which was a service of great importance to the Nation, and gained him the Love and Esteem of all the People. His Uncle recovered all that was due to him in England, and returned very rich to Florence. *Alessandro* lived very happily with his Wife, and 'tis reported that by his Prudence and Valour, and the assistance of his Father-in-Law, he conquered Scotland.

NOVEL XIV.

Landolfo Ruffolo, growing very poor, turns Pirat, is taken and plundered by the Genoese. The Genoese Ship is cast away. Landolfo saves himself upon a Chest full of rich Jewels. Is cast on the Coasts of the Isle of Corfeu, and relieved there by a Woman. Returns home richer than before.

IT is the general Opinion that the Sea Coast from *Regio to Gigeta*, is the most pleasant part of all Italy. Near *Salerno* there is a Shore which the Inhabitants call the Coast of *Malfi*, full of small Villages, Gardens and Fountains; the People Rich, Industrious, and very great Traders. Amongst others, there's one called *Ravello*, where there are still rich Merchants. One *Landolfo*, a very rich Man dwelt there. But as much would have more, *Landolfo*, as rich as he was, could not tell when he had enough; but being Covetous to increase his Estate, had like to have lost all, and himself too. Having settled his Affairs, he bought a large Ship, and Freighting it all on his own account, sets sail for the Isle *Cyprus*. It proved a very bad Voyage for him, for there were a great many Ships arrived there before, laden with the same Goods, so that he was

forced to sell his to a very great loss, and indeed as good as give them away. Being in great perplexity for this great loss, from a very rich Man, being in a short time become very poor, he resolved to die, or make up what he had lost from some body else. To this end he sold his great Ship, and with that Money, and the little he had received for his Goods, he bought a light Vessel, and resolved to turn Pirat. He Equipt his Ship with all things necessary; made several Voyages, taking whatever fell in his way; he gave Chase to several *Turkish* Ships, and generally took them. At last Fortune was so favourable to him, that in less than a year he was richer than ever he had been before. Thinking now that he had got enough to live Genteelly upon, without running any more hazards, he resolves to return home with his Booty without troubling himself with Trade any more. He was scarce got into the *Archipelago*, but he was surprized with a terrible Storm; the Wind was contrary, the Waves like Mountains, and his small Vessel began to be very much shattered. In this extremity he had the good luck to make to a little Isle, and to get into Port, there to wait a more favourable and less tempestuous Wind. *Landolfo* was but just got into this Harbour, but there came in also two great *Genouese* Ships to avoid the same Storm. The *Genouese* seeing this little Vessel, posted themselves so as to hinder its getting out to Sea. They knew very well who it belonged to, and it being reported, that he was very richly Laden; being Covetous of Money and Plunder, they resolved to Board her and make themselves Masters of her. To this end they set some of their Men ashore, and armed them, and posted them in a place where they could kill every one that attempted to get out of the small Vessel, the rest got into their Shallops, and by the help of their Oars, and the advantages of the Current boarded *Landolfo's* Ship. They easily took it without the loss of a Man. They put *Landolfo* aboard one of their Vessels, taking all that he had,

had, Sunk his Ship, and left him nothing but a poor sorry Waistcoat: The nex day, the Wind changing, the *Genouese* set Sail, they had had good Weather all the day, but in the evening there arose a Storm which separated them. The Ship on which *Landolfo* was, was driven by Tempest on a Rock, near the Isle of *Cephalonia*, and broke to pieces like Glafs. The Wreck was so sudden, and the danger so great, that there was no time to make any great Complaints. In a moment the Sea was covered with Goods, Chests, and Planks. Those that could, made themselves ready to Swim, and the rest caught hold of what came next to Hand to save themselves. Unfortunate *Landolfo*, who the day before had wished for death, for the loss of his Ship, began now to fear it, when he saw it so near at Hand. By good Luck he got a Plank, by which he saved himself, hoping that if he could but preserve himself for some time, God would send him some relief. The Wind and Waves drove him sometimes one way, and sometimes another; yet he supported himself, by help of his Plank, till it was day. Day being come, he looks about him every where, but could see nothing but Sea and Clouds, and a Chest that floated upon the Water, which sometimes drove against him with such violence, that he was afraid it would kill him. But although his Spirits were almost spent, yet he made shift to push it from him with his Hand, when it came within his reach. Then a Whirlwind arose, and a Wave drove the Chest so hard against *Landolfo's* Plank, that it struck it from under him, and sunk him over Head and Ears in the Sea; but rising again above water he found himself at a great distance from the Plank, and very near the Chest. Thinking that he had not strength enough left to recover the Plank, he got to the Chest, and caught hold on it as well as he could, drinking ever now and then more than he desired, although he was almost starved with Hunger, he continued thus for a day and a night. The next day he was driven by the force

of the Wind upon the Coast of *Corfu*, there by chance was a poor Woman, who seeing *Landolfo* afar off, and observing nothing that look'd like human, screaming out, ran away for fear. *Landolfo*, who had not strength enough to speak, and could scarce see, neither observed the Woman or her motions. But the Sea constantly driving on Land, the Woman knew the Chest better than the Man; but looking more earnestly she saw Arms extended about the Chest, then she saw a Face, at last perceived it was a Man. Pity made her go into Sea, which was then calm. The good Woman took *Landolfo* by the Hair, and dragged him and the Chest on Shore. She could scarce get his Hands loose from the Chest, which, as soon as she had done, she gave to her Daughter to carry home; taking *Landolfo* up in her Arms, at if he had been a little Child, and carried him into the Town, she put him into a warm Bath, and having chafed and washed him with hot Water, she fetch'd heat into him, and recovered his lost Spirits. She gave him excellent good Wine, and other comfortable things; and indeed treated him so kindly, that he began to recover, and knew where he was. She gives him the Chest, and tells him he might retire where he thought fit. Although he could not remember any thing of the Chest; yet he did not refuse to take it, imagining that let it be worth never so little it would keep him two or three days, but finding it very light, he had but very small hopes; but was still impatient to know what was in it. When the Woman was out of the way he opens it, and finds there a great many Pretious Stones, Set and Unset, and being very skilful in Jewels, he knew their value to be great, he thanked God that he had not forsaken him, and comforted himself under his misfortunes. But as he had twice experienced the Caprice and Severity of Fortune; so he was now again afraid of a third; and began to consider that he must play his Game cunningly to get his Jewels safe home. He wrap'd them up in old Rags, and told the good Woman, that he

he had no occasion for the Chest, and that she might keep it, if she would but give him a Sack, which she was very willing to do. *Landolfo* thanked her very heartily for all her kindness to him, takes his Sack and goes away. He Embarks for *Brundisium*, from thence to *Tranium*, where he met several Merchants of his own Town, who upon his giving an account of his Adventures cloathed him; he omitted nothing but the Story of the Chest, of which he said never a word. They lent him a Horse, and conducted him to *Ravello*; whether he said he was going. At last finding himself at home, he examined the Sack more nicely than he had done at the old Womans, and found so many Precious Stones there, that if he sold them at under Rates, he would yet be twice as rich as ever he was before. When he had disposed of them, he sent a considerable sum to the Woman at *Corfu*, who had treated him so kindly; and sent another to the Merchants of *Tranium*, who had cloathed him, and lived upon the rest ever after very Honourably and Genteelly.

NOVEL XV.

A Jockey that came to Naples to buy Horses, had three very unfortunate Adventures in the same night, but gets clear of them all, and carries off a Ruby of great value.

There dwelt a young Jockey at *Perugia*, called *Andreuccio di Pietro*, who hearing that Horses were to be bought a penyworth at *Naples*, went thither with five hundred Crowns of Gold, and as he had never been from the smoak of his own Chimney before, so he went along with some of his own Fraternity, and reached *Naples* on Sunday evening. Next day he goes to the Horse Fair, saw a great many that he liked, cheapens them, but buys none, not agreeing about the price. Going on still to cheapen more, he lit upon

a surly Fellow, that told him he had no Money to pay for them; to prove the contrary, he presently plucks out his Purse full of Gold. A young Sicilian Strumpet, who was very pretty, and ready to Entertain all Comers, chanced to come by in the very interim, and seeing the Purse of Gold, her fingers itched to be at it, passes by without *Andreuccio's* seeing here. This young Creature had an old Woman with her, who seeing *Andreuccio*, went to him, and Embraced him with abundance of kindness. The young one stood all this while at a distance, expecting the old Womans return. *Andreuccio* was at first surprized, but afterwards recollecting himself, he remembered her, and returns her Complements, and promises to come and see her, and begs her to excuse him, that he could tarry no longer with her, and so goes to buy his Horses. The old Woman came again to her young Harlot, whose mind run mightily on the Purse of Gold, she asked who he was, whence he came, and how she came acquainted with him. The old Woman, who suspected nothing, answers to every particular, and gives an account of his Father, with whom she lived, saying he formerly dwelt in *Sicily*, and afterwards at *Perugia*, and tells her his whole Pedigree, and as old Folks are full of Tongue, names all his Fathers Tenants, and every corner in the House. Madam was too cunning, and knew her Interest too well, to forget any thing the old Woman had told her, having considered before hand how to play her Cards. At her coming home, the first thing she contrived was how to imploy the old Woman for a whole day, that she might have no leisure time to go to see *Andreuccio*. She had a little Wench whom she had trained up, and was exquisit at delivering of her Errands. She gives her instructions, and in the Evening sends her to *Andreuccio's* Lodgings. When she came thither, he was all alone, setting at the Door, she speaks to him, and asks him if he knew a Gentleman called Signior *Andreuccio di Pietro*. He told her he was the Man.

Man. She whispers him, and says, Sir, a young Lady of this City would be very glad of your Company this Evening. This made *Andreuccio* have a mighty conceit of himself, and thinking he was a very handsome Man, fancied that the Lady was in love with him, as being the finest Fellow in *Naples*; he immediately answers, he was very ready to wait on her, if he knew when and where. This very moment, if you please, replies the Servant. He bids her go before, and he would follow. Conducted by this Guide he comes to a Street called *Malpertugio*, where this fair Lady dwelt; a name sufficient to give the Street a Character, but he suspected nothing, and believing he was going to a very Honest place, and to converse with a very worthy Lady, goes in briskly. As soon as the Maid gave her Mistress to understand that *Andreuccio* was come, she was ready to receive him at the Stairs head. This Strumpet was young, well shaped, handsome, and well dressed. She presently threw her Arms about his Neck, and was a long time before she spoke, as if excess of Passion had made her speechless; then shedding Tears, which she had at command, and embracing him again, in a tone full of Transport, she said, my dear *Andreuccio*, you're most heartily welcome. He surprized at these extraordinary Caresses, says, Madam, I am extreme glad of the Honour to wait on you. She took him by the Hand, leads him through a large Hall into her own Chamber, which was scented with Roses, Orange-flowers, and other rich Perfumes. She had a very fine Bed, and stately Furniture, and very rich Cloaths. *Andreuccio*, who never had seen a Chamber so well furnished, made no question but that she was a Lady of note. As soon as they were sit down, she addresses her self to him after this manner. I doubt not Sir, but that you are surprized at my Caresses and Tears, because you do not know me, and perhaps never heard of me. But that which will augment your admiration is, that I am your Sister. I have passionately
desired

desired to see all my Brothers, but in regard God hath been pleased to let me see one of them, I shall die very well satisfied when ever he pleases; but in regard you never heard of such a one as me, give me leave to inform you *Pietro*, your Father and mine, dwelt for some time at *Palermo*, and being courteous and obliging, had a great many Friends. My Mother, amongst others, who was well Descended, and at that time a Widow, was very much in love with him. At length they were so intimate, that she was with Child by him, and was brought to Bed of me. Some time after, he being obliged to leave *Palermo*, and return to *Perugia*, he left my Mother and me, then an Infant, in *Sicily*, and I believe he never thought of either of us since. Notwithstanding the great respect that I have for him, I must needs say it is very hard-hearted of him; for omitting to mention the tenderness he ought to have for me his Daughter, he ought not to have left my Mother so basely, who upon so small an Acquaintance had made him Master of her Person and Fortune. But what signifies to talk of it? It is easier to censure than to amend an ill Action. Being grown up, my Mother, who was rich, married me to a Gentleman of the Family of the *Gergentes*, who out of the love that he bore my Mother and me, came and dwelt at *Palermo*. Being a great stickler for the Family of the *Guelphs*, he had not been long there, before he sides with *Charles* King of *Sicily*. *Frederick* King of *Arragon* had information of their Designs before they could be put in Execution, and my Husband was obliged to quit *Sicily* at a time when I thought I should have been the greatest Woman in the Island. We brought away with us all we could, which was but very little to what we left behind, and came to reside in this City, where King *Charles*, out of his bounty, has been pleased to make us some part of Remuneration for the Losses we suffered for his Service. He gave us an House here, and another in the Country, and besides ordered my Husband

a yearly Pension: Thus, dear Brother, you see the occasion of my coming hither, where thanks be to God, and not to you, I have the satisfaction of seeing you now. When she had said this, she throws her self again about his Neck, and embraces him. *Andreuccio* hearing a Story told in so good order, by one who spoke so fluently, and with so good a Grace, remembering also that his Father had lived at *Palermo*, and being toucht with her Caresses, Endearments, and Demonstrations of Love, made no doubt but all she said was true. Do not wonder Madam, (says he) if I am surprized at what you relate, knowing you no more than if never had been. My Father never made mention either of your Mother or you, or if he did I never knew it; but my surprize is the more pleasant, to find a Sister where I expected none. But pray do me the favour to tell me one thing. How did you come to know that I was in this City? A good honest Woman, who comes sometimes hither, told me, says she lived a great while with your Father at *Palermo* and *Perugia*, and indeed I had come to see you, if it had not been more Decent for you to come to me, than for me to visit a Stranger. At last she inquires how all his Relations do, whom she names one after another. *Andreuccio* answered her directly to every thing, and was intirely satisfied of the truth of what she said. Their Conversation being long, and it being very hot Weather, she regaled him with *Greek* Wine and Sweet Meats. After this Entertainment, he would have gone to his Inn to Supper, at which she seeming very much affronted, said you give me to understand how little respect you have for me. You are with your Sister, whom you never saw before, and to whom you ought always to come when you are in this City; and will you leave her to go Sup at an Inn? by your good leave it shall not be so, you shall Sup with me. My Husband indeed is not at home, but you shall find that I can make you welcome. She entreated him so earnestly, that he had no other

other excuse than that his Landlord, not knowing where he was, staid Supper for him. If that be all (says she) I will send him word not to tarry for you. But have you no Friends there that will do us the favour to Sup with us? They shall be very welcome, and then you may all go home together. *Andreuccio* answered, that at this time he would trouble her with no body besides himself, and in regard she was resolved to make him Sup with her, he gave himself intirely up to her disposal. After a great deal of Discourse they sat down at the Table. But she took care to delay Supper till almost midnight. Supper being over, *Andreuccio* was for going to his own Lodgings, but his charitable Sister strenuously opposed it, saying that *Naples* was no City for a Stranger to walk through in the night; besides he would disturb his Landlord, for she had sent word not to expect him either to Sup or Lie there this night. *Andreuccio* greedily swallowed the Bait, as he had done before, and talked no more of going home. Good part of the night being spent, she leads him into her Chamber, and orders a Lad to wait on him, and she, with her women, withdraw. It being very hot, and *Andreuccio* seeing himself alone, plucks off his Breeches, and puts them under the Boulster, and was only in his Waistcoat. Being thus undrest, he had a motion to go to the House of Ease, he asked the Lad where it was; below, Sir, says he, and shews him a Door in a Corner. *Andreuccio* opens it, goes in, went to sit down, but set his Foot upon a Trap, and falls into the Vault. Though he fell very high yet he received no other harm than being somewhat besmeared. He almost rent his Throat in calling the Lad, but all to no purpose, he heard him tumble in, and immediately ran to tell Madam of it. She runs presently to the Chamber, dives into the Pockets of her pretended Brother, where she finds the Gold, which for security sake he always carried about him, and which was the occasion of all this Farce, and then orders the House of Office Door

to

to be shut fast. *Andreuccio* began now to be very much Fatigued, and still calls for the Lad, but it signified nothing; then he thought he was caught in a Trap. He broke down several Boards in getting out of that beastly place, and got into a small passage between the two Houses, at the end of which there was a Wall, over which he clambered and jumpt into the Street. He remembred the House very well, calls and knocks with all his strength, but all in vain. Being now sufficiently convinced of the trick that was put upon him, he makes grievous Complaints for the sudden loss both of his Money and Sister, and falls a bawling and knocking again. The noise was so great that it disturbed all the Neighbourhood. A Servant of the Ladies amongst others, whom the noise brought to the Window, pretending to be just awakened, with an hoarse voice cries who is that below? *Andreuccio* says, what don't you know me? I am *Andreuccio*, Brother to Madam *Fiordeliza*. You are drunk honest Friend says she, go home and sleep. I know no such person as *Andreuccio*, but I know you are a Coxcomb. Get you gone pray, and let us sleep in quiet. You pretend to be very ignorant says *Andreuccio*; but if *Sicilian* Relations are so soon found, and so soon lost, give me but my Cloaths, and I will be gone with all my Heart. You're in a Dream, Friend, says she, laughing, and so shut the Window. *Andreuccio*, finding that he was not likely to have any redress, began to be desperate, and makes ten times as much noise as before. The Neighbours, who were all gone to Bed, believing that he had some design upon her, at the second noise rose and came to their Windows, crying all out aloud this is very Villainous, to come at this time of night to insult a Woman of Honour. For Gods sake, honest Man, go home and let us sleep in quiet; if you have any thing to say to this Woman come to morrow, and let us have no more railing to night. At the same time a Bully of hers, whom *Andreuccio* had neither seen nor heard

heard of, comes to the Window, and with a terrible Voice, asks, who is below? *Andreuccio*, all in Consternation, replies I am Brother to the Lady of the House. G—— D—— me, says the Bully, if I come down to you, I'll Thrash you as long as I can stand over you, you Rogue, you Sot, have you nothing to do but to disturb Folks? *Andreuccio*, who was frightened with his big words, went away, believing the Neighbours, who advised him not to stay to be killed. He went back the same way he came out, being loathsome to himself, he had a mind to go to the Sea side to wash. He had scarce gone two hundred Steps, before he saw two Men at a distance, with a Lanthorn and Candle, making towards him, he took them for the City Guard, and being unwilling to fall into their Hands; he gets into a corner of an old empty House, where he hides himself. The two men came there immediately after him, and came very near to him. They had strange sorts of Iron Instruments with them, which they were viewing by the light of their Lanthorn. Talking of several things, at last says one to t'other, don't you smell something? here's a most abominable stink, then looking on each Hand, they at last saw this miserable Creature, who had crowded himself close up into a Corner; they went to him, asked him whence he came, and how he happened to be in that condition? Pausing a little, at last he gave them a full account of all that had happened to him. They tell him that he ought to be contented, for he came off very well in the main, because he did not lose his Life with his Money. Then they retire to discourse some private Matters, and at their return they tell him, that they pity him very much, and that they had an affair in hand to night, which if he would assist them in, would more than recompence him for all he had lost. *Andreuccio*, out of despair, not knowing what to do, presently answers he was ready to do whatever they would have him. The Archbishop of Naples had been buried the day

day before in all his rich Habiliments, and a Ruby on his Finger, valued at above five hundred Ducats of Gold; their design was to rob his Tomb. They take up their Tools, and go towards the Cathedral; in the way one of them says to *Andreuccio*, you almost poison us, can we find no place to wash you? The other says, yonder's a Well, and there always used to be a Rope and Bucket, we'll wash him there. When they came to the Well they found a Cord, but no Bucket. They agreed that he should take hold of the Rope and go down into the Well, and after he had washed himself clean he should take hold of the Rope again, and they would draw him up. As soon as he was got down they espied the City Guards coming directly to them, which made them take to their Heels. One of the Guard being dry, comes to the Well to draw some Water. The opposition he met with, made him believe that the Bucket was full of Water. *Andreuccio* was no sooner up, but lets the Rope go, and clings fast to the top of the Well. They were all terribly affrighted, and believed they had drawn up the Devil, and ran away with all imaginable speed. *Andreuccio*, being got out, lookt round about him, but saw no body. But going a little further he met his Comrades coming to his assistance; they ask him who drew him out of the Well? he said he did not know, and tells them the whole Story. Then they tell him why they ran away, and who it was that drew him out. It being now about midnight, they made all the hast they could to the great Church; they got in very easily. The Archbishops Tomb was built of great Marble Stones. By the help of their Instruments, and strength of Arms, they made shift to lift up the uppermost, and to stay it so that a Man might easily go in. The next thing was, who should be the Man; each of them refused; then they two said to *Andreuccio*, Sirrah, if you will not go in, we'll beat your Brains out. *Andreuccio*, thinking they would be as good as their word, consented, and
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went in. Then says *Andreuccio*, to himself, these Rogues will bubble me. If I am such a Fool to deliver them every thing, they will run away, and leave me the honour of having done them Service for my own Recompence. For which I will be beforehand with them, the Archbishops Ring came luckily into his mind, which he took and secured. Then he took his Mitre, Cross, and other Trifle, to his very Shirt, and gave them to his Comrades, saying there was all. They both swore like Fiends that the Ring was there, and bid him look carefully for it. *Andreuccio* affirm'd he he had look'd every where, and that there was no such thing there. At last being tired with looking to no purpose, they maliciously took away that which supported the Stone, and left him shut up in the Tomb. He endeavoured to lift up the Stone with his Head, but all in vain. Being quite spent, and almost dead with Fear, he lay down expecting to die miserably there; but on a sudden he heard people talking in the Church. These were some that came also to rife the deceased. *Andreuccio* gave himself over for lost; but at last, composing himself, he resolved quietly to expect his Destiny. These last lifted up the Stone, as the former had done, and had the same dispute who should go in, after several debates: says a Priest, you are a very stout Fellow indeed, what do you think the dead eat the living? I'll go in my self. When he had said so, he puts his Legs into the Tomb, to slide down. *Andreuccio* perceiving it, got up, took the Priest by one Foot, and endeavoured to draw him down. The Priest, surprized, cried out, and gathering together all the strength Fear had left him, lugs lustily to pluck himself out of the Hands of the Devil. All the rest immediately fled as if there had been an hundred Devils at their Heels, and the Priest was not long after them, not staying to shut the Tomb down. *Andreuccio*, who was very agreeably surprized, got out of the Tomb, and so out of the Church the same way he came in. He wandered

dered up and down the City, not knowing which way he went ; but day approaching he found the way to his Inn, where every body was in pain what was become of him, not knowing whether he went. He told them of all that had happened to him, his Landlord advised him speedily to return to *Perugia*, which he did, carrying his Ruby with him.

NOVEL XVI.

Madam Beritola, being cast by a storm upon an Island, loses her two Sons and her Nurse, she retires into a Cave for grief, where she is found by a Person of Quality, who happened to come there. Her eldest Son, after he had rambled up and down, is entertained into the Service of his Mothers Benefactor, and is caught with his Daughter, with whom he intrigued, which concluded in Marriage. The second Son is found ; and a Revolution happening in Sicily, the Mother and Sons are returned to their former Estates and Honours,

AFTER the death of the Emperour *Frederick* the Second, *Manfredi* was crowned King of *Sicily*. *Arrigbetto Capece*, a *Neapolitan* Gentleman, was in great favour with him, who married a *Neapolitan* Lady, beautiful and generous, whose name was *Beritola Carracciola*, and he was at that time Governour of *Sicily*. *Charles* the First having got the Victory at *Beneventum*, *Manfredi* being slain upon the spot, the whole Island declared for the Conqueror. *Capece*, who could not confide in the *Sicilians*, and would not be a Subject to his Sovereigns Enemy, prepares to make his escape for his security. But the *Sicilians* understanding it, came and delivered *Capece*, and many more Friends of *Manfredi's* to King *Charles*, and soon after the whole Kingdom. In so sudden an alteration, *Madam Beritola* not

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knowing what was become of her Husband, and fearing those things which afterwards happened, sacrificed her Estate to her safety, and being big with one Child, embarked with another, called *Giuffredi*, about eight years old, with a design to take Sanctuary at *Hipari*. She arrived there safely, and was brought to Bed of a Son, whom she named *Scacciato* the Expelled. She takes a Nurse, and goes on Board again with her, and her two Sons, intending to go to her Relations at *Naples*, but a violent Tempest cast her upon the Isle of *Ponzo*. She had the good Fortune to come into a little Harbour, where she staid for a more favourable opportunity. Walking up and down she found a small solitary place, whither she went every day to bemoan her Husbands, and her own misfortunes. One day, while she was making these her customary Complaints, a Pirat came and seized on her Vessel, carried it away, and all that was in it. She returning to the Sea Shore, and finding no body there, wondered what was become of them. But as soon as she saw the Pirat Towing her little Vessel after him; it is impossible to express the Grief this fresh Affliction caused in her. She calls an hundred times on her Husband and dear Children, and at last falls down in a Swoon. As there was no body near to help to recover her lost Spirits, so they had liberty to ramble where they pleased; but being returned, they served for nothing but to augment her Tears. Sometimes she called her Children, and sometimes she ran to seek them in the Caves, as if she had still some hopes to find them, so great was the trouble and distraction of her Mind. The horror of the Night, and Solitude, gave some respite to her Lamentations, and made her begin to think of her self. She retired into her Cave, equally possessed with Fear and Sorrow. The day came, and she finding her self very Hungry, having refused to eat for two days before, she gathers Herbs and eats them; her Head was filled with a thousand melancholy Ideas, which represented dismal things

to her. Amongst these sorrowful Reflections, she saw a Goat go into her Cave, and presently go out again, to return to the Woods. She went to find it, and there saw two Kids just yeaned. They pleased her so much, that having Milk in her Breasts still, she gave them her Nipples, which they sucked as naturally as if it had been their Dams. This little Company, as wild as it was, afforded her some sort of solace. She eat Herbs, and drank Water, always weeping when she thought on her Husband, Children, and her former Condition. The long abode she made in so wild a place, made her begin to turn Savage her self; and how could it be otherwise, having nothing but Brutes to Converse with?

Some months after, by chance, a Vessel of *Pisa* arrived at the same Port, where she was. *Currado de Marchese Malespini* was on Board, who had been to fetch his Wife from a Pilgrimage, she having been to visit the Saints of those Countries. The Marquess, one day, had a mind to divert himself with Hunting in this Island, and brought his Wife, and some of his Servants. About a Pistol shot from Madam *Beritola's* Cave, the Hounds chased the two Kids, who directly ran to their Companion. Madam *Beritola* hearing the noise, runs out, takes up a Stick, and beats the Dogs away. The Marquess, and his Lady, who followed the Dogs close, came in the interim. The surprize was equal on both sides; for her to see such persons in her Desert, and for them to find a Woman of such a Figure, Black, Meager and hairy. The Marquess called off his Dogs to discourse Madam *Beritola*, and pressed her so earnestly, that at last she discovered who she was; by what Accident she came thither, and her Resolution to end her miserable life there. The Marquess was extremely moved at the Relation of her misfortunes; and as he had known her Husband, so he used all Arguments possible to persuade her from so cruel a Resolution, and to make her consent to go along with him; till Fortune was more propitious to her, promising to

treat her as if she were his own Sister. Madam *Beritola* making him no Promises, he leaves his Lady with her, hoping at last she might prevail with her, and orders her something to Eat, and sends her some Cloaths. It was very hard to get her either to Eat, or put the Cloaths on, and the more she was solicited to leave that Desert, the more she protested that she would never go to any place where she was known. Notwithstanding, after they had assured her that she should be at her own free liberty either to conceal or discover her self, she consented, and went along with the Marquess and his Lady. A Fair Wind soon gave them sight of the Country of *Lunigiana*, of which the Marquess was Lord. Landing on the Shore of the River *Maira*, they were presently at the Marquess's Castle. Madam *Beritola*, the better to conceal her self wore Mourning, and went for one of the Marchioness's waiting Women. The Pirats who had taken Madam *Beritola*'s Ship, sailed for *Genoua*, and there sold their prize. The Nurse, and the two Children fell into the Hands of one *Gasparino d' Oria*, who sent them to his Country-House to be Slaves. The Nurse for a long time lamented the loss of her Mistress, and the miserable Condition she and the two Children were in, but seeing that Tears did but Augment her Sorrow, she comforted her self, and bore her self up as well as she could. Like a Prudent Woman she foresaw, that if the Children were known, they would fare the worse for it, so hoping that time would make an happy Change of things, she resolved to say that the Children were her own. She changed the name of the eldest, and called him *Gian-noto di Procida*, and the other's she left as it was. She tells the young Lad the reason why she altered his name, and represents to him the danger he was in, if he should be known. He being very understanding for his Age, apprehended her, and managed his part very well. In this doleful Condition the Nurse and the two Children lived with *Gasparino d' Oria*, who made them

them do the most servile Drudgery. *Giannoto*, who was now sixteen years old, notwithstanding his slavery, had a Soul worthy of his Birth, and not being able longer to endure so sordid a Life, left *Gasparino*, and embarked for *Alexandria*, where he met with no hopes of Advancement. Having spent three or four years in travelling up and down, he understood that his Father was still living; but that King *Charles* kept him close Prisoner. Despairing of any Preferment, wandering to and fro, at last he came into the Territories of *Lunigiana*, and offers his Service to the Marquess *di Malespina*, where his Mother was. *Giannoto* being grown a very handsome, proper young Man, the Marquess entertained him, and he proved a very good Servant. Age had made so great an alteration both on the Mother and Son, that though they sometimes saw one another, yet neither of them knew that they were so nearly related.

The Marquess had a very beautiful Daughter, whom he called *Spina*, about sixteen years of Age, she was married to *Nicolo da Grignano*; but being soon a Widow, she came home again to her Father. *Giannotto* had the good Fortune to be fancied by her, and she was not in the least displeasing to him. They held on an Intrigue of Gallantry together for many months, before any one perceived it. But as happy Lovers are commonly very imprudent, and as it very difficult to conceal a violent Passion for any long time, they began not to be so Circumspect as they ought, and lived with less privacy and reservedness. One day when they had left the rest of Company to go into a very pleasant Wood, which was not far from the House, that they might enjoy themselves alone. They found a place very agreeable to their purpose, where their Pleasure was so great, that the time seemed very short. But in Conclusion, they were surprized by the Marquess, who unhappily came and interrupted them, close together, in the midst of their Extasies. The Marquess be-

ing enraged at the lasciviousness of his Daughter, and the perfidiousness of his Servant; commanded both to be bound and carried to Prison, resolving that they should die for it. His Lady endeavoured to allay the violence of his Passion, and persuaded him not to proceed so furiously. She acknowledged that it was a great affliction to have such a Daughter, and that she was much troubled at what she had seen as he could be; but yet she did not think it Prudent that he should imbrue his Hands in the Blood of his Daughter and Servant: at last she so far prevailed upon him, that he only sent them to Prison, ordered them to be kept apart, and allowed them nothing but what would just keep them from starving, where they had leisure enough to repent of the Crime they had committed. These unfortunate Lovers had been a full year under their sorrowful Confinement without any Persons knowing of it; when it happened that *Don Pedro*, King of *Arragon*, made *Sicily* Revolt, and Deposed King *Charles*. The Marquess, who was no Friend to the latter, made great rejoicing for it. *Giannotto*, being informed of this by one of his Keepers, expressed abundance of Joy at it, and fetching a deep sigh, said, I have run up and down the World these fourteen years, begging my Bread, and desired nothing more than such a Revolution, and now I am under Confinement, and can reap no benefit from it, and what adds to my Affliction, is, that I am afraid that my Imprisonment and Life are of an equal length. His Keeper, laughing, says, pray what will you get by meddling with the affairs of great Monarchs? Have you any Pretensions to the Crown of *Sicily*. My Heart is ready to break, says *Giannotto*, when I think of the great Reputation my Father was in there: although I was very young when I came from thence, yet I can remember that I have seen my Father Governour under King *Manfredi*. Who then was your Father, says the Gaoler? Because I am now out of danger, I will give you a direct Answer to your Question. If my Father is still living

living, his name is *Arrigbetto Capece*, and mine *Giuffredi*, and not *Giannotto*. Would to God I had but my liberty. I am sure that if I did return to *Sicily*, I should be preferred. As soon as this Keeper was relieved, he went and related this whole matter to the Marquess. He seemed as if he did not much regard it; yet thought that he might find out the truth of the matter from *Madam Beritola*, whom he asked if she had a Son named *Giuffredi*. She said it was the name of her eldest, who if he were now alive was twenty two years old. The Marquess was almost convinced that this was the same, and began to be overjoyed that he could find out an Expedient to repair his Daughters Honour without shedding of blood. He ordered *Giannotto* to be brought to him, and made him give an account of the Accidents of his Life. Being now thoroughly convinced that he was *Giuffredi*, the Son of *Arrigbetto Capece*, represented to him the greatness of the Affront he had put upon him, his ingratitude in returning evil for good. There's no body besides my self (says he) but would have dealt with you without Mercy. But because you tell me that you are born a Gentleman, I will soon put an end to your Confinement and Misfortunes, and repair both our Honours. You have a kindness for my Daughter, she is a Widow and rich, and you know that she is not to be despised either for her Parts or Person, and you are not ignorant of her Extraction. I will give her to you in Marriage, and you shall live with me, as one of my own Children, as long as you thing fit. Although the Prison had mortified the Carcass of the Lover, yet it had not in the least abated any thing of the greatness of his Soul, or the Affection he bore his Mistress. And to give the Marquess to understand that he did nothing out of fear, he says, what was necessary to make him apprehend that his Courage was equal to his Birth. Sir, says he, if I love your Daughter, it is neither for Interest, nor for any motive unworthy a Gentleman, but purely because I thought her amiable. If we have com-

mitted a Fault, it is a Fault of Youth, which if considered, is not so hainous as you imagine. If old Men would but remember that they were once young, and compare the miscarriages of others with their own, and their own with others, they would not be so severe upon such occasions. I esteem, and love your Daughter, and very gladly accept the offer you make, and if I had not thought I should have been refused, I should long ago have made the same Proposal. This favour is the more acceptable, by how much it was less expected; but if your Heart doth not agree with your Tongue, you may save your self the trouble of flattering me with vain hopes. I love your Daughter more than my own life, and although you use me never so severely; yet I must still love you out of the love that I bear her. The Marquess ravished with this generous Answer, and observing at the same time the violence of his Passion, immediately embraced him, and presently sent for his Daughter, whom the Prison had so altered that she was hardly to be known. The Contract was made and signed with great secrecie. Some days after the Marquess thought it convenient to discover this joyful news to his Lady and Madam *Beritola*; asking her if she should not be glad to see her eldest Son married to one of his Daughters. You will extremely oblige me, says she, to shew me a sight that is dearer to me than my own life, and doing it after the manner you say, will in some measure revive my dead hopes. A flood of Tears hindered her from saying more. And you, my Dear, says he to his Lady, what will you say to such a Son-in-law? She answers, not only a Man of such extraordinary merit, but also any other would be very pleasing to her. Well says the Marquess, it shall not be long before you shall be so happy. Some days after, when the new married Couple had recovered their former Features and Complexion. The Marquess asked *Giuffredi* if he should not be glad to see his Mother. Sir, said he, I cannot believe she is alive, it is impossible

sible that she should survive under so great misfortunes : but if she were alive, I should be almost transported at the sight of her, and believe that by her Advice I might recover my Possessions in *Sicily*. The Marquess brought in both the Mothers. Madam *Beritola* soon observed those Features in him that she remembred in his tender infancy, or whether she was prepossessed with the hopes the Marquess had given her of seeing him, she fell about his Neck, and was in such a rapture of Joy at the sight of him, that she was not capable to utter one word, but fainted away in his Arms. *Giuffredi*, by an unaccountable instinct, knew his Mother, and was surprized that he had so often seen her before without knowing her. Madam *Beritola*, coming to herself, renewed her Endearments and Embraces, and the Marchioness passed her Respects and Complements. The married persons made dutiful returns to every one of them, then they began to give an account of their Adventures: after which the Marquess acquainted his Friends that he had married his Daughter, and feasted and entertained all their Kindred for many days. *Giuffredi* made use of this favourable Conjunction to request two things of his Father-in Law. First, to send for his Brother, who was Slave to *Gasparino d' Oria*, and then to send some fit persons into *Sicily*, to get intelligence of the State of the Country, and to inquire whether his Father was dead or alive; and in case he was alive, how matters stood with him, and speedily to return after he had informed himself of these particulars. The Marquess readily performed all that his Son-in-Law desired, and immediately dispatches one to *Genoua*, and another to *Sicily*. He that went to *Genoua*, as soon as he arrived there, intreats *Gasparino d' Oria*, on the behalf of the Marquess his Master, speedily to send the Captive and his Nurse, telling from beginning to end the Adventures of *Giuffredi*, and his Mother. *Gasparino*, being more surprized at his Story than the request he made, answers, it is now about fourteen years

years since I have had this Boy, whom you demand, and a Woman, who says she is his Mother. I am very willing to send them to the Marquess *di Malespina*, whom I can deny nothing. But I desire you to tell him from me, that I would not have him give Credit too easily to *Giannotto*, who now calls himself *Giuffredi*. It may be a Cheat of more dangerous Consequence than he at first imagines. Whilst they were making the Marquess's Messenger welcome, *Gasparino* examines the Nurse about the truth of these things. She having heard people talk of the Commotions in *Sicily*, and understanding that *Arrighetto Capece* was yet living, believing that she had no reason now to be afraid, readily answers to every particular, and gives *Gasparino* Reasons why she had done as she did. *Gasparino*, seeing that the Messenger's, and Nurses Reports agreed one with the other, began to Credit what was told him, and being a very curious and inquisitive Person, took all methods to find the truth of the matter, so that at last he was intirely satisfied. He was extremely troubled that he treated the poor Captive so hardly, and to make some Compensation, he offers him a young and handsome Daughter of his in Marriage. He accepts of her; and the Marriage being solemnized, *Gasparino* embarks with the new married Persons, the Messenger, and Nurse, to wait upon the Marquess *de Malespina*. It is more easie to imagine, than express the Joy that was on all sides, for a Mother after fourteen years to see her dear Children, that she had given over for lost; and for Children to see a Mother whom they had no hopes to believe was still alive. What Joy was it for the Marquess and *Gasparino*, to have bestowed their Daughters so well, and at last for the poor Nurse to find so happy a Conclusion to all her misfortunes? But this was not the only reason they had to rejoyce, for the Messenger that came from *Sicily* brought word that *Arrighetto Capece* was well, and in as great Power and Reputation as ever; that at the beginning

ginning of the Revolt in *Sicily*, the People ran to the Prison where he was, killed the Guards, set him at liberty, and made him their General. That *Don Pedro* the King, had restored all his Estate and Honours to him. That he had expressed a great deal of Joy at the news of his Wife and Children, of whom he had not heard one word since his Confinement, and that he had sent some Gentlemen to fetch them, who would suddenly be here being already arrived in the River in a light Vessel. Never were Persons received with greater Joy. After some short returns of Complements, *Capece's* Gentlemen gave the Marquess and his Lady the thanks of their Master, for their good Offices to *Madam Beritola*, and the Favour they had done *Giuffredi*, and made them a tender of all the Service *Capece* was able to do them. The same they did to *Gasparino*, and then set sail for *Sicily*, where *Madam Beritola* was impatient till she arrived. Their parting was not without Tears; *Madam Beritola*, her Sons, their Wives, the Marquess, Marchioness, and *Gasparino* wept very plentifully, and this mournful Scene was not over till *Madam Beritola*, her Sons, and their Wives had set sail. The Wind proved favourable, and they soon reached *Palermo*, where *Capece* received them with transports of Joy beyond Expression.

NOVEL XVII.

The Soldan of Alexandria sends his Daughter to be married to the King of Algarvia. She falls into several Hands, and at last comes back to her Father. She is sent a second time to the King of Algarvia, with whom she, nevertheless, passed for a Virgin.

B*Eminedab, Soldan of Alexandria, had a Daughter named Alatiel, who was the greatest beauty in her time. The King of Algarvia fell in love with her, and desired her in Marriage: The Soldan, who was very much obliged to this Prince, readily grants it, and fits out a Man of War, and sends her with a noble Train, and magnificent Equipage. The Wind proved fair, she leaves Alexandria, and for some days had a very prosperous Voyage. But when they came to the Coast of Sardinia, there arose such a violent Storm, that they thought themselves utterly lost. As necessity oftentimes inspires Courage, so every one contrived their best to prevent being Shipwrecked. They were two days in this sad condition. The third day being come, and the Storm still continuing, the Seamen were at such a loss, that they could not tell where they were; the day was cloudy, and the night as dark, and being left to the mercy of the Winds, they perceived that their Ship sprung a leak. Every one provided for his own Security. The Commander ordered the Long-Boat to be let down, believing it safer to be there than in the Ship, and the whole Ships Crew crowded one upon another to get in, notwithstanding they ran upon naked Swords, which those first got in, guarded the Boat with, to hinder others. They were all so solicitous for their own safety, that no body took any care of the Princess, but all their endeavours availed nothing, for the Boat being*

being over-loaden sunk down right, and all that were in it were drowned, not being able to reach the Ship. *Alatiel* cried in vain for Assistance, no body came to her relief. They all had left the Vessels, besides the Women that waited on her. Not long after a gust of Wind drove the Ship on a Sand, within a Stones cast of the Island of *Majorca*. She lay all night upon the Sand, where she received great damage. The Storm ending with the night, *Alatiel* was much surprized to see her self on Land, she was struck with fear, she calls, but no body answered. She looks upon her Women, and found few of them that were not quite exanimated either through fear or the hardships of the Sea. It is more easie to guess than express what a Consternation she was in. She sighed and wept, and all that were left alive sighed and wept with her, to see themselves alone in a strange Country, destitute of all Assistance. In the Afternoon a Gentleman, named *Pericon de Visalgo*, coming from one of his Country Houses, attended by several Servants on Horseback, happened to pass by. When he saw the Ship, he presently supposed it to be the effect of the last nights Storm. He immediately ordered one of his Attendance to go into it, and see who was there. With some difficulty he got up, and there found *Alatiel*, and her small Company crept into a little corner of the Vessel. As soon as ever they saw him, they cried out to him for Pity and Compassion. But perceiving that he neither understood them, nor they him, they endeavour to discover their miserable Condition by signs. The Servant having informed himself as well as he could, returns to give an account to *Pericon*, who presently got the Women, and all whatsoever was most valuable, on Shoar, and ordered them to be conducted to his Country House. He endeavoured to comfort the Ladies under their misfortunes, by generous Entertainment, and soon perceived by the richness of *Alatiel's* Cloaths, and the respect that all the rest paid her, that *Alatiel* was a Person of Honour.

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Although she was very ill, and her Fatigues and Fear had very much altered her, yet *Pericon* thought her very beautiful. He was so charmed with her, that he resolves to Marry in case she were single, and if not, yet he would enjoy her. He was a fierce and brutish Person; but as there is nothing so engaging as two beautiful Eyes; Repose and good Chear had no sooner restored *Alatiels* Charms, but he began to be passionately in love with her, and much perplexed that he could not make himself understood by her, nor understand her. He endeavoured by his Care and Respect to shew that which his Tongue could not, but they were altogether ineffectual, and served only to increase his Flame, by the opposition it met with from *Alatiel*. This fair Lady finding herself amongst Christians, and fearing to have violence offered her, resolved strenuously to oppose her bad Fortune, and exhorted her Companions to preserve their Chastity, but the Example she gave them, was not in the least proper to persuade them. *Pericon*, being tired with fruitless Applications, resolved to see what could be done by Policy, before he made use of open Violence. He had observed that she loved Wine, so he designed to see if he could overcome her with it. To this end he concealed his Passion under a faint indifference, and one night made a noble Treat, to which this fair Lady was invited. He orders several sorts of Wine to be mixed together, and commands his Servants to give the Lady always of this mixture. Human Nature is of such a Constitution, that those things which are forbidden us, are most eagerly desired by us. Wine is forbidden by the Law of *Mahomet*, but *Alatiel* was willing to try if this Liquor was so pernicious as her Doctors told her. She found it so good, that she drank more than was convenient. This charming Juice made her forget all her Sorrows, and seeing the Women Dance after their own Country manner, she danced after the *Alexandrian* Fashion. *Pericon* was well pleased with these beginnings, and continued the Entertainment

tertainment as long as he could. The greatest part of the night being spent, the Guest went home, and *Pericon* Conducted *Alatiel* into her Chamber. Being come thither, and finding her Head giddy, she throws her self upon the Bed without minding *Pericon*, who was just behind her. The fair Lady then tasted of a Banquet that she never before had, which was so agreeably pleasing to her, that she repented that she had been cruel so long. *Pericon* passed the time very pleasantly with his beautiful Mistress, till Fortune, who takes delight to disturb the most quiet Pleasures, gave an interruption to these two Lovers. He had a Brother about twenty five years of Age, a very fine shaped Man, as fresh and gay as a Rose, his name was *Marate*. He by chance saw this Lady, and no sooner saw her but was charmed, and also fancied that she had a very great kindness for him. This *Marate* being of Opinion that the only obstruction to his happiness, was the vigilance of his Brother, who very seldom let the Lady be seen, formed a cruel Design, which succeeded very well. To secure himself a retreat, he agrees with the Commanders of a *Genouese* Vessel, which was ready to Sail, with the first fair Wind, for *Clarence* in *Romania*. Night being come, *Marate*, with some of his Friends, whom he had hid near the House, went to his Brothers, who who suspected nothing. When they were all a Bed *Marate* gets his Friends together by a Signal they had agreed on. He opens the Doors, and Conducts them to *Pericon* and *Alatiel's* Chamber, they massacred *Pericon* fast asleep, and took away *Alatiel* awake, and full of sorrow, who durst not cry out for fear of being stabbed. The Assassins carried her off before any Person waked, *Marate* would lose no time, so gave his Friends thanks, and got aboard the *Genouese* with *Alatiel*. The Wind was so favourable that they soon were out of sight of Land. All this while *Alatiel* was very disconsolate, either out of the love she had for *Pericon*, or because she could have no good opinion of a Man, that

that had no other way to gain her Affections but Violence. But in regard necessity has no Laws, and because *Marate* had wherewithal to comfort her, he at last brought her to hear reason, and she became very pleasant, and seemed now to have forgot her first love. She had but just begun to tast of the sweetness of her new condition, when capricious Fortune contrives fresh misfortunes for her.

The Ship was commanded by two young *Genouese*, who were both very handsome Men. These two Commanders were charmed with *Alatiels* Beauty, and their Passion grew to a very great height, so that they took all possible methods to oblige her, but concealed it as much as possibly they could from *Marate*. It was not long before they knew that each had the same intentions, so they debated the matter, and agreed equally to divide the Conquest, as if a joynt Stock were as practicable in Love as Traffick. Finding therefore *Marate*, to be their only hindrance, they resolved speedily to get rid of him. One day as he was sitting upon Deck, mistrusting nothing, the two *Genouese* came behind him, and threw him over Board. The Ship had run half a League before any one knew that he was lost. The Lady hearing of it, was all in Tears for her new misfortunes: The two Commanders came to comfort her, and to that purpose said the most obliging things they could think of. When they thought that she was pretty well pacified, they began to dispute who should first enjoy her. Each claimed the preference, so that from hard words they at last came to their Daggers, they gave one another several Wounds before they could be parted. One fell down dead on the Spot, and the other was dangerously wounded, yet recovered. *Alatiel* being left helpless, having no body to advise or assist her, believing that she should be a Sacrifice to the resentment of the Friends of these two Commanders, was very much troubled at this Accident; yet the protestations of the wounded person, and the swiftness of

of their arrival at *Clarence*, freed her from the danger she so much feared. He that was wounded, carried her on horse with him, and for some time kept her at an Inn. The fame of her beauty was soon spread over all the City. The Prince of *Ionia*, who was then at *Clarence*, hearing so great a Character of her, was very desirous to see her, and found her far beyond what was reported of her, which made him so passionately in love with her, that he could think of nothing but this charming fair One. The Relations of the wounded Man knowing that the Prince had often said that he would steal her away, thought it better to make him a generous offer of her, than to give him the trouble to take her away by force. The offer was very well accepted, and the fair Lady was very glad to see her self freed from the danger she feared. Although the Prince knew not who she was; yet observing such noble Deportment in her, besides her excellent Beauty, concluded she was very well descended. He loved her, and treated her not as a Mistress, but as his own Wife. The Pleasures, and agreeableness of her present condition made her forget all her past Troubles, and she began to recover her former Beauty, and all *Ionia* rang with the fame thereof. The Duke of *Athens*, being a very handsome Person, Young and Valiant, and a Relation and Friend of the Prince, had a great mind to see her. He pretending a Visit to the Prince, comes to *Ionia* with a numerous Retinue, and was received there with all the honour due to his Quality. Afterwards some body speaking of *Alatiel*, the Duke asked if she was so beautiful as was reported. She is a great deal more, replies the Prince, and so you'll say when you see her. I should be glad to see her, as soon as you please, says the Duke. After Dinner you shall, says the Prince. *Alatiel* being informed that so great a Person was to come to see her, dressed her self to the best advantage. Their Conversation could not be very entertaining, because the Lady and he could not understand one another. The Duke beheld her with so

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much

much admiration, that he could scarce believe her to be a Mortal. When he was gone from her, he had such Ideas of Beauty in his mind, that he concluded the Prince was the happiest Man the World, to have the custody of so excellent a Jewel. This Idea had such influence on him, that having more regard to his Love, than his Honour, he resolved to murder the Prince, and to make himself Master of this pretious Treasure. He could think on no better way than to hire one of the Princes *Valet's de Chambre* to Stab him in the night, and secretly to bring in some armed Men, who might find a way to hide themselves in his Masters Chamber. The Duke ordered his Horses to be always in readiness, and intended to be one of those himself, whom the *Valet de Chambre* was to hide.

The Princes Palace was near the Sea, and his Chamber look'd over some old Houses, that the Sea had almost washed away, where no body dwelt. The weather being very hot, and *Alatiel* being laid down and asleep, the Prince went to the Window that looked over these Ruins, turning his Head to the Sea, to take the fresh Air. The *Valet de Chambre* thinking this a fair opportunity, went very softly to him, and stabbed him quite through with a Dagger he had in his Hand, and threw his Body out of the Window, which fell amongst the old Houses. The Duke and his Associates came out of their hiding places, without making any noise, and pretending to embrace the *Valet*, gave him a Stab of which he fell down dead, a just reward for his Treason. The *Valet* was thrown to his Master, and the Duke being persuaded that no body knew what was done, having no remorse for the Crime he had committed, goes to Bed to *Alatiel*, who received him with open Arms, believing it was the Prince himself. After he had spent some hours with her, he calls his Servants who were not far off, and made them carry her away without any disturbance, not to *Athens*, because he was married, but to a stately House in the Country, not far off. The Prince not appearing the

next day, there was great muttering in the Court, and the Duke also not being to be heard of, they began to have strange suspicions. Some said he was gone with *Alatiel* to take the Diversions of the Country, and had taken the Dukes Servants only along with him, to be the more private. But then others said, how is it possible that we should neither hear or see him? Whilst they were debating thus in the Princes Chamber, they espied some Blood upon the Floor and Window; at this their suspicions increased, they went and looked in the old Houses, and found the Princes and the *Valets* Bodies. They all then were of opinion that this was done by the Duke of *Athens*. After the mourning was over, they Entered the Prince, and elected his Brother his Successour, every one meditating Revenge.

The new Prince presently raised a power Army, and march'd directly towards *Athens*. The Duke being informed of these Motions, put himself in a Posture of Defence, and sent to all his Neighbours for Assistance. The Eastern Emperour sent his Son *Constantine*, and Nephew *Emanuel*, with considerable Forces. And as the Duke was very glad of such powerful Succours, the Duchess was much more, it giving her an opportunity of seeing her Brother whom she most intirely loved.

While all things were providing for opening the Campaign, the Duchess took an opportunity to inform *Constantine* of the occasion of the War; and with Tears in her Eyes, complained of the injury that her Husband had done her, by his keeping Company with that wicked Creature, thinking she did not know of it, and begged of him, that for her Comfort, he'd remedy it the best way he possibly could. Women are very Eloquent upon these occasions. *Constantine* said every thing that was obliging to her, and having informed himself of the place where she was, he takes leave of his Sister, and promises her great matters. *Constantine*, who before had heard much in the praise of this Lady, and being a person not insensible of the Charms of

Beauty, had a great desire to see her, upon the account his Sister had given him of her. He fancied himself to be come to the War of *Troy*, and that this fair Lady was a second *Helena*. *Constantine*, without further Ceremony, desires the Duke to let him see *Alatiel*, who had been represented to him as so perfect a Beauty. Whether the Duke did not remember what had happened to the Prince of *Ionia* on this Score, or because he stood in need of *Constantine's* assistance, and was unwilling to disoblige him, promised him that he should see her to morrow, he kept his word, and brought him to the place where she was.

It was with *Constantine*, as it had been before with the Duke, he took her for a Goddess, and began to argue in himself that so charming an object was sufficient to excuse all the Outrages that could be committed for the procuring of her. It was his interest to manage his Passion so that his Brother-in-Law might not discover it; but he found it very difficult to keep within bounds, and sometimes he could not forbear speaking in her praise. *Constantine*, who had now left off all thoughts of War, to pursue his Amours, was continually contriving how to carry *Alatiel* off; for which the present Conjuncture of Affairs furnished him with a very speedy and favourable opportunity. The Army of the Prince of *Ionia*, by great Marches, approached to the Frontiers of *Attica*. The Duke of *Athens*, having notice thereof, calls a Council of War, where it was resolved to obstruct their Invading the Country, and to defend all the Avenues. He orders some Troops to march immediately, who were soon followed by the Duke, and the other Generals. *Constantine*, who could think of nothing but the fair Lady, imagining the Dukes absence would turn to his Advantage, pretends to be indisposed; he took leave of the Duke, and having left the Command of the Imperial Troops to *Emanuel*, he goes directly for *Athens*. The Duchess was not wanting to inculcate on him the affair of her Rival, and

and the affront her Husband had offered her upon that account. Is it not an horrible thing, says she, that all Greece should be embroiled in a War for the Fancy of one Prince? Who would believe, if they do not know it, that all these preparations that are made, are only on the account of a Mistress? There is a way, says *Constantine*, to make you satisfaction, and rid you of your Rival that so much offends you: I own that your resentment is just, and it is upon that account that I offer you my Service, and will make it my business to do you Justice. If you think fit, I will clear the Country of her. The Duchess believing that he did all this out of respect to her, answers that she was very willing, on condition the Duke should never know that she had a Hand in it. I'll give you leave to think whether *Constantine* promised her or not. She provided him with a Man of War, and ordered the Captain to Sail to the nearest place to that where the Lady was. In the mean while *Constantine*, with a few Attendants, pretending as if he came to rest himself, was very honourably received by *Alatiel*, who knew him before. He takes her by the Hand, and leads her to walk in Garden, as if he had brought her some News from the Duke. The Captain of the Ship, who now rode at Anchor, was to send his Long-Boat ashore, as soon as the Signal they had agreed upon was made. The Signal was given, and *Constantine* having led the fair Lady insensibly to the place he designed, led her through a back Door, and put her into the Long-Boat, and *Constantine's* Servants, who had the hint, were all immediately aboard.

They were no sooner in the Ship, but she set Sail and arrived the next day at *Egina*, where *Constantine* tarried some few days for refreshment. The fair One considering the misfortunes to which her Beauty had exposed her, wept most bitterly, and could not tell how to support her self under this last that had befallen her. For sometimes she was very much out of

humour; but at last, it being impossible to be always sorrowful, she became more complaisant, and began to do those things out of Love and Inclination, which before she had done out of Necessity and Constraint. *Constantine* going on Board again, in a short time arrived at the Island of *Scio*. The fear of losing his Mistress, and exposing her to the resentment of his Father, who was a very severe Prince, made him settle upon this Isle, which was fortified both by Art and Nature.

Whilst *Constantine* was diverting himself with his Mistress, in a place which he thought secure from any Invasion, it happened that *Osbec*, who was then upon the *Ottoman* Throne, and continually at War with the Emperor, came to *Smyrna*, where he understood that *Constantine* was at *Scio*, solacing himself with his Mistress, and no Forces with him. He ordered a small Fleet of light Ships to be equipt out speedily, went himself on Board, and landed in the night at *Scio*, and with his Army entred the City without the least Resistance. They being all in a profound security, the most part of them were put to the Sword before they knew that any Enemy was there. *Osbec* took many Prisoners, and a great deal of Plunder, set fire to the Town, and returned to *Smyrna*, and at his return he made a review of the Prisoners, and found *Alatiel* amongst them, whom he soon knew to be *Constantine's* Mistress by her Beauty. Being almost Ravished to see a Person whose Charms had been so much Celebrated, he took particular care of her himself, and omitted nothing that might contribute to her Ease and Satisfaction:

Osbec being obliged to go and Command his Army in Person, against the Emperour, and the King of *Capadocia*, who had Confederated against him, and not thinking it convenient to take *Alatiel* along with him, left her at *Smyrna* with a faithful Friend. *Osbec* believed that his Friends Age was a sufficient Security for his Fidelity, otherwise he would not have left a thing,

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he so much valued with him; but he was mistaken, for his Friend, as old as he was, could not see so much Beauty without being amorously inclined. His name was *Antiochus*, he spoke her own Native Language, which in a very short time contracted a familiarity betwixt them, which familiarity produced Love. It was not long before they heard that *Osbec* was Slain, and his Army routed, and that the Conquerour drove all before him, and was marching directly towards *Smyrna*; then *Antiochus* thought it not safe to be there, but took the most valuable of *Osbec's* moveables, and secretly transported *Alatiel* to *Rhodes*, where soon after he died.

During his Sickness at *Rhodes*, a *Cyprus* Merchant, whose business obliged him to come thither, and one of his intimate Friends, came to see him. *Antiochus* was not a little glad to see a Friend that he loved so intirely, so opportunely, and finding himself near the point of death, sent for his Friend and his Mistress. I shall die with all the satisfaction imaginable, says he, in the Arms of two I love so tenderly. My dear Friend, I will leave you all that I have in the World, on condition that you will be kind to one Person that I love as my own self, and that you never let her want any thing. And, Madam, I conjure you by the love that you have for me, to devote your self to the care of this my faithful Friend, whose Generosity I very well know. The Merchant and the Lady, weeping out of Compassion, promised to fulfil his desires. *Antiochus* being dead, they buried him very honourably, and the Merchant having finished his Affairs, and preparing to return home, he asked *Alatiel* if she were willing to go along with him, she answered yes, hoping that out of the love you bear the deceased, you'll treat me as your Sister. The Merchant replied you may be sure that I will, but least any ill Accident should befall you in the way, it will be necessary that you go for my Wife. Being Embarked, she had the best Cabin ordered

dered for her, and to avoid all suspicion, they judged it convenient to lie together.

After having lived for sometime with this Merchant, being weary of being the continual sport of Love and Fortune, she passionately wished for a more settled Condition. By good Fortune she saw an old Gentleman, of a very honourable Character, whose Affairs led him to *Cyprus*. This Gentleman, as he was going by this Merchants Door, whose Business then had called him into *Armenia*, saw *Alatiel* at the Window. The splendor of her Beauty made him look on her more earnestly, and he remembered that he had seen her before, but could not tell where. *Alatiel* was under the same surprize, but presently remembered that she had seen him at *Alexandria*, in some considerable Post, under the *Soldan* her Father. She ordered him to be called to her, and asked him if he were not *Antigonus* of *Famagosta*? Understanding that it was he, she fell on his Neck, and asked him if he had never seen her at *Alexandria*. Then he remembered that she was *Alatiel*, the *Soldan's* Daughter. He was about to pay her that Respect that was due to her Character, but she would not admit of it, but made him sit down by her. He inquired by what Accident she came thither? But she could not speak to him for Tears, but he continued to press her, offering her his best Service. Then says she, *Antigonus*, in making you a Confident to those Adventures which I would conceal from my own self if possible; I respect you as my Father, and so ought to to keep nothing secret from you. Then beginning with her being Shipwrack'd at *Majorca*, she gave him a full Relation of all that had happened to her, and concluded, intreating him to bring her to her Father; but if that were impossible, not to mention that he saw her, or to trust those Secrets, she had revealed to him, with any other Person, which she her self never had, nor never would discover to any but himself only.

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Seeing that after all your misfortunes, says *Antigonus*, no body knew where you were, I dare promise you to bring you to your Father, and manage your matters so that you shall be more dear to him than ever before; and afterwards to have you married to the King of *Algarvia*, who I am sure loves you intirely. I will immediately go from hence for fear some new Accident should happen. Then he went to the Court of the King of *Cyprus*, and told him, Sir, I have been ruined in your Majesties Service; and now have an opportunity presents it self to raise my Fortune without any charge to you, and besides you your self will acquire a great deal of Honour. How so? replied the King. The Daughter of the *Soldan* of *Alexandria*, who was supposed to be drowned, is in your Majesties Dominions. She has undergone a great many Hardships to preserve her Honour, her condition at present is very miserable. She earnestly desires to return to her Father, and I beg your Majesty will be pleased to Commission me to Conduct her thither. The King gave him a very respectful Answer, and ordered him to bring her to Court, where the King and Queen did her all the Honour that was due to her Quality. She answered the Questions they asked her, concerning her Adventures, according to the Instructions that *Antigonus* had given her, and some few days after, at her earnest request, she was sent to her Father, with a good Guard, under the command of *Antigonus*. It is impossible to express the Joy, or rather the Transports, the *Soldan* was in, at the sight of his Daughter, whom he had given over for lost.

After some days Repose, the *Soldan* was desirous to have a Relation of her Adventures. She had learned her Lesson perfectly, and it was not difficult for her to tell it to her Fathers satisfaction. But it was very pleasant to hear *Antigonus* relate the Heroic Actions of the Princess. They say, my Lord, says he, that after the Princess suffered Shipwrack at *Majorca*, that she might have

have something to imploy her time in, dedicated her self to a God that is in great Veneration amongst those people. This God hath a vast number of Temples and Chappels, which for the most part are so many Alcoves and Niches. The Idol of the Country is a certain Bird, which is very seldom seen in publick, and yet is very beautiful. All his Feathers are on his Wings. They never have any other God till he becomes extreme old, yet the Youth are the principal Adorers of this Deity. My Lord, if you did but know with how much Devotion the Princess applied her self to the Service of this Deity, you'd think your self very happy, to have a Daughter of such exemplary Piety. I must tell you that the Women there have more liberty than with us. They go and come as they please, and have no Eunuchs to attend them. The Princess, my Lord, did very easily conform her self to this Custom. I admire the readiness of her mind, and I may say, in her praise, that she is even Vertue her self. The *Soldan* was ravished with the great things he told of his Daughter.

Many days were spent in Feasting and Rejoycing: The *Soldan* made *Antigonus* most magnificent Presents, and gave him leave to return to *Cyprus*, with a great Embassie, which the *Soldan* sent thither, to return his thanks to that King. Afterwards the Princess departed for *Algarvia*, with a very strong Convoy, and arrived there very safely. All those of her Retinue had noble Presents made them. *Alatiel* related her Adventures as she pleased, and the whole Court listned to her with great Attention. Her Lover was charmed with her Wit and Beauty. The Marriage being Consummated, the Husband was very well content; and she was Complemented and Carested by all about her.

NOVEL XVIII.

The Count D' Angiers being falsely accused, flies into England with his two Children, who settle, one in England, and the other in Wales. After he had undergone a great deal of hardship, he came to see his Children incognito, and found them in very prosperous Circumstances. Afterwards he goes into the Service of the King of France. His Innocence appears, and he is restored to his former Estate and Dignity.

THE Roman Empire being translated from the French to the Germans; these two Nations were engaged in a most bloody War. The French King raised a formidable Army, as well to defend his own Country, as to Invade his Enemies, and resolved to Command it in Person, taking his Son along with him, he made choice of Gualter, Count of Angiers, to Govern in his absence. This Lord was a very expert Soldier, nevertheless the King esteemed his Fidelity more than his Prowess, and thinking him fitter for Repose than Fatigue, trusted the Administration of Affairs in his Hands, and went himself to the Army, which was already marched to the Frontiers. Although the Count had full Authority to do whatever he thought convenient, without consulting any person besides the Council; yet he would never transact any thing of Consequence without acquainting the Queen and her Daughter-in-Law, whom he always respected as his Superiors. The Count was a very personable Man, full of Merit and good Sense, Affable, and one that knew how to deport himself the best of any in his time. He was somewhat above forty. His Wife did not long enjoy her Husband after his new Honour, for she died soon after the departure of the King, and left him one Son and a Daughter.

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The Affairs of State gave the Count occasion often to entertain the Princess. She always received him with a great deal of Respect and Distinction, and never thought her self so happy as in his Company, the more she considered, the more she was charmed with his Person and Vertues. Her Admiration was soon converted into Love; and supposing that if she did not make the first Overtures, she might sigh a long time to no purpose; she laid aside all Modesty, and resolved to discover her Passion to him. Being one day alone, she sent to find the Count, who expected nothing less than a proposal of this kind. The Messenger presently found him. She made him sit down by her on a Couch, and because she said nothing to him, he asks her if she had any Service to command him, saying that he should be proud to perform it. My Lord, said she, blushing, you are a very wise Man, and are not ignorant how frail Men and Women are, and why the one Sex is weaker than the other. If Love be a Crime, it is certainly greater or less according to the quality of the Persons. For Example, a Woman that gets her living by her Labour, cannot be so strongly influenced by the Passion of Love, as one who lives at ease, and enjoys every thing according to her own wishes. It is no Crime in such a one to be in Love; but it would be one to place her Affection on an unworthy Object. Upon this account I have reason to love you who are the most deserving Man in the World. It may seem unbecoming in me to make these Advances; but a Passion so violent as mine will break through Decorums, and Persons of my Rank would be Loves Martyrs all their days, if they should follow the common Methods. If your Inclination serve you, apply the Discourse I have made, I shall not insist upon thing else, it being equally both our Interests to keep the matter secret. I cannot be satisfied only to tell you that I love you, but must also intreat you to love reciprocally. She was proceeding, but the Count interrupted

rupted her, and says. Pray what is it you are thinking of, and for what do you take me? My Fidelity is sufficiently known, and my Honour is more dear to me than to suffer me to commit such Treason against my Master. The Princess in an inexpressible Rage, replied, ungrateful Wretch, was it not sufficient trouble for me to make these Advances; but must I also endure the disgrace of being refused? You shall severely suffer for this. At these words she began to tear her Hair, and cry out help! help! the Count of *Angiers* has a design against my Honour. Whilst they ran from all Quarters at the cry of the Princess, the Count made shift to get clear with the loss of one side of his Hair, and reached his own House; now considering that his Preferment had made him many Enemies, who would improve this Calumny to his ruin, he took his two Children, and fled to *Calais*. He was but just gone when there came Persons to seize him; but they not finding him, the Mob rose, plundered his House, and pluck'd it down to the very ground.

The King and his Son soon received this News in the Camp, with all the aggravating Circumstances that might render the Count odious; they were wonderfully amazed, and so enraged, that they resolved to punish his Children as well as himself, for they were condemned to perpetual Banishment; and a great reward was promised to any that would bring the Count dead or alive.

The Count knew well enough, that they would take his flight for a Demonstration of his guilt; but still he did not think it convenient to expose himself to the fury of the common People, the Malice of his Enemies, and the Resentment of his Sovereign. On the other hand he feared, and not without Reason, that notwithstanding all the Protestations he could make of his Innocency, which was all that he could do for his own Justification, the Princess would be believed before him. Coming to *Calais*, he soon makes for *England*,

land, and arrives at *London* in a very mean Condition. The first Instructions he gave his Children, was patiently to bear the Poverty to which they were reduced, and to which they had not in the least contributed, and never to tell whence they came, nor who was their Father. The Boy, whose name was *Louis*, was about nine years old, and the Girl, named *Violente*, about seven. As young as they were they remembered the two things their Father had enjoined them, and the better to keep it in their minds, he called the Boy *Perrot*, and the Girl *Jeannete*. They lived at *London*, for some time very sparingly; but at last having nothing left, they were forced to beg. Being one day at a Church-Door, at the time when the People were coming out, the Principal Secretary of State's Lady, seeing the Count and his Children begging, asked from whence he came, and if those Children were his own? He answered that he was of *Picardy*, and that an unfortunate Affair of one of his near Relations had obliged him and his two Children to leave their Country. The Lady, who was very charitable, looking on the Girl, was much taken with her, and said, honest Man, if you are willing to let me have your Daughter, I will take her with all my Heart, I like her Countenance so well, and if she does prove towardsly, I will take care to see her well disposed of, when it is a fit time.

The Count, having only his Son left, had a mind to seek his Fortune somewhere else, and travelled into the Principality of *Wales*, begging all the way. The Governour of this Principality was very Charitable, and lived very Nobly. The Count often went thither, and was always relieved. His Son being at play with other Children, at a time when the Governour was going by, he observed that *Perrot*, did things with a better address, and more gracefully than all the rest. This occasioned him to inquire whose Boy he was? Answer was made that he was a Poor Man's Son, who came often

often to the Palace to beg. He asked his Father if he would part with him, who very readily complied. The Count, having thus disposed of his Son and Daughter, goes over into *Ireland*, and was entertained in the Service of a Gentleman of that Country, where he staid a great while, not being very well in Health.

During this time *Jeannete* was grown up, and was beautiful and discreet, she gained the Good-Will of her Lady, and was the admiration of all that knew her. She did every thing with such a charming Grace, and pleased the Secretary and his Lady so well, that they designed to marry her to a very honest Gentleman, a Person both of Estate and Merit. But God reserved her for something more Advantageous and more Worthy of her noble Extraction. The Secretary and his Lady had but one only Son, who they most tenderly loved, and who indeed was a very amiable Person, having all the Perfections in him that could be wished for in a young Man. His name was *Richard*, and he was about five or six years elder than *Jeannete*. This young Gentleman found something in *Jeannete* besides her Beauty, which pleases those only that have a nice Perception, and so fell in love with her. But believing her to be of a mean Descent, he durst not discover it to his Father and Mother, or make any one privy to it, lest they should upbraid him with being too mean spirited to place his Affections on so unworthy an Object. This close Concealment made the Fire of his Love burn the fiercer. The extremity of his grief threw him into a languishing Sickness, so that his life was despaired of. Physicians were sent for, who prescribed Medicines to no purpose, his Distemper daily increasing. His Father and Mother over-whelmed with Grief, to see their Son in such a desperate Condition, desired him to declare the occasion of his illness, but they received no other answer than Sighs, and they observed his Eyes to look as if they did prognosticate something dismal. One day when one of his Physi-

ans was feeling his Pulse, he plainly observed an extraordinary Agitation that followed precisely at the time when *Jeannete*, who to engratiate her self with his Mother, took a particular care of him, came into the Chamber, and as soon as she was gone, returned again to its usual temper. The Physician, to be better satisfied of this matter, presently after, called her into the Chamber again, and asked her some Questions, holding his Patient by the Wrist all the time. As soon as he saw her his Pulse began to move strangely, and continued till she withdrew. The Physician did not in the least question but that he had found out the Cause of his Distemper, and told his Father and Mother of it. The Cure of your Sons Sickness, says he, depends only upon *Jeannete*. You know what you have to do, if you tender his Life; but I must needs tell you, that if you are long considering about it, I will not be answerable for the Cure; for if he continue in this languishing condition, it will soon be beyond the power of Physick to recover him. His Father and Mother were very much surprized, and could not tell what to determine. They were persuaded that *Jeannete* was Virtuous, and that they could hope for nothing without Marriage; but then to Marry their Son to a Stranger, and one of their own Servants, looked but very mean. On the other Hand, they considered that there was no other way left to preserve his life, and on that account they at last concluded, that it was better to Marry him indifferently, than to lose him. His Mother went and spoke to him, and complained to him of the little Confidence he reposed in her. You are sick, says she, because you are in Love, and all this while would not discover it to me, but run the hazard of your life. It is true indeed, Madam, says he, I am in Love, and because your goodness is so great to tell me of it with so much Affection, I will declare to you, that it is *Jeannete* that I love. I have two Reasons that made me conceal it from you, both of which you know very well.

Persons

Persons that Marry at Age, and for Interest, seldom remember that they were once young. And now, Madam, since you have spoken to me with so much tender Compassion, give me leave to tell you that I cannot live without *Jeannete*. The Lady, seeing he had more occasion for Comfort than Reproof, said, Child, have a good Heart, and thou shalt have what thou desirest. *Richard*, all in Extasie at this Promise, and the happy success of his Passion, recovered his Colour and Strength in a very short time, and proved to the World, that Joy is the most essential Remedy against the greatest Evils.

As Interest is the Idol to which most persons Sacrifice, they tampered with *Jeannete*, but found her inflexible. One day the Lady, after a pleasant manner, asked her if she had never a Gallant. *Jeannete*, blushing, answered that she lived very happily now, and that it would be a very foolish thing for a poor Maid, that could not live without the Assistance of others, to amuse her self with Gallantry. I would not have so pretty a Girl as thou art be without a Gallant, says the Lady, and therefore I will provide you one. I ought, Madam, says she, humbly to submit to whatsoever you please, because I owe all that I have to you, who took me a Beggar. But, Madam, I intreat you to pardon me, if I am so bold as to tell you that in this particular I cannot obey you. As for a Gallant I will have none, but if you please to provide me a Husband, I shall very readily accept of him. I have nothing in the World that is valuable but my Honour, which I will preserve as long as I live. Suppose, *Jeannete*, says the Lady, the King should ask a Favour of you, would you have the Courage to deny him? The King, replies *Jeannete*, might inconsiderately make use of Force, but otherwise he should obtain nothing of me but what was honourable.

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Although the Lady found this Answer contrary to her Interest, yet finding so much Virtue in it, could not forbear to commend her generous Resolution. *Richard* finding that they did not keep their word with him, relapsed again into his former Melancholy. Then both Father and Mother agreed to Marry their Son to *Jeannete*, in which they met with no obstruction. The Marriage being consummated, *Richard* was the most happy Man in the World, and *Jeannete* gave God thanks that he had not forgotten her. Notwithstanding the alteration of her Fortune, she did not forget her self, and never made known to any one who she was.

Perrot, who was Servant to the Lord President of *Wales*, was grown a lusty brisk Man. His genteel Deportment, Spirit and Courage, acquired him the Favour of his Master. There was no Body that excelled him at the Exercises that were used in those times, and every Body knew him by the name of *Perrot* of *Picard*. Providence had an especial Care of him, as well as of his Sister; God oftentimes using means to accomplish his Designs, that quite confound human Prudence, and seem opposite to the ends he proposes. The Country was infected with a dreadful Plague, which swept away above one half of the Inhabitants, and made most of the rest remove from thence. The Governour, his Wife, Son and Nephews, and many more of his Relations died. No Body of all this illustrious Family remained, but only one Daughter. She was just marriageable. *Perrot* had Merit and Courage, and was a very personable and genteel Man. Therefore, after she had asked the Advice of those few of her Friends that remained, she Marries him, and makes him Master of all her Estate. The fame of *Perrot*, and the news of his Marriage being come into *England*, the King, who had received Advice of the Death of the Governour, and knew the Courage of his Son-in-Law, bestowed the Government of *Wales* on him.

It was now Eighteen years since the unfortunate Count was driven out of *France*. Being grown in years, and worn out with hard Labour, he resolved to go to see how it fared with his Children. Although his Face was quite altered; yet the slavery he had undergone for a long time, having made him more Active than he was in the time of his Ease and Prosperity, he leaves *Ireland*, and returns to *Wales*, where he left *Perrot*, where he found him highly Preferred, very comely in his Person, and in perfect Health. He was extreme glad; but would not make himself known till he knew what was become of *Jeannete*. Coming to *London*, he found that *Jeannete* was Married to her Masters Son. The good Fortune of his Children, was a great Consolation to the Count under all his Sufferings. The great desire he had to see his Daughter, made him walk to and fro about the House all day long. *Richard* coming one day out of the City, seeing this old Man in so mean a Condition, took pity on him, and ordered his Servants to take him in, and make him eat. *Jeannete* had several Children, the eldest of which was not above eight years old. These Children came to the place where the Count was eating, and as if they knew their Grandfather through his Rags, shewed him abundance of pretty Respect, and would not go from him, for all that their Tutor could do. Their Mother came and threatned them, and commanded them to go along with their Tutor. The Children cried, and said they would stay with this good Man, who loved them better than their Tutor. The Affection that these Children had for a Man they never saw before, made *Jeannete*, and the old Man both Laugh. The Count seeing his Daughter, immediately rose up to make his Obedience, but she did not know him in the least. The Mother seeing the Childrens Inclinations, bid the Tutor let them alone. She was but just gone out, when her Father-in-Law came in. The Tutor tells him the Story: and as he never had any

kindness for *Jeannete*; he answers lowly, that being born Beggars by their Mothers side, they loved to keep such Company. The Count heard it, and was very much troubled, but being accustomed to bear any thing, he behaved himself as if he had no Ears. *Richard*, when he knew how fond his Children were of this old Man, was not very well pleased. But as Fathers often too much indulge their Children, he bid his Servants tell the old Man that he might live in his House if he had a mind, and he would imploy him in some Business or other that he could do. He answered that he never did any thing but look after Horses, and understood nothing else.

About this time the King of *France* died, and his Son succeeded him. After a Truce for some few years, the War broke out as hot as ever. This new King of *France* sent to the King of *England* for Assistance, who sent him a considerable Body of Men under the Command of *Perrot* and *Richard*, whom the Count attended in the quality of a Groom.

The Queen did not long enjoy the Honour of her Crown, she fell sick and died. Her Distemper gave her time to recollect her self, and set the Affairs of her Conscience in order, she desired to Confess to the Bishop of *Roan*, who was esteemed a very pious Man. She declares to him that the Count *D' Angiers* was Innocent, and that it was she only that was to blame: she also gives him a full account of the Injury she had done him, and to render it more credible, she declares the same in the presence of several Persons of the first Quality, and concludes in desiring the Prelat, and those that stood by, to inform the King of the Counts Innocence, and to intreat him to recal him if he were yet living, if not, his Children; hoping that in regard she had thus publicly discharged her Conscience, they would be restored to their Honours and Estates. As soon as the Queen was dead, and the King had received an account of her Confession, he put out a
Decla-

ration promising a great Reward to any Person that could find the Count *D' Angiers*, who had suffered unjustly, or any of his Children. The Count having heard of it, got *Perrot* and *Richard* together, and tells them that he would shew them the Person the King inquired after. It is my self, says he, who am the Count *D' Angiers*. *Perrot*, considering well, knew him, embraces him, and wept for Joy. *Richard* was surprized at this extraordinary Accident; but being convinced by a thousand Circumstances, threw himself at his Father-in-Law's Feet, and begged Pardon for having treated him so unworthily. The Joy was great on all sides; but after some time spent in Conversation, *Richard* goes to the King, and tells him that he could produce the Count *D' Angiers* and his Son. Then the Count appears in his Grooms Habit. Sir, This is the Count (says he) and pointing to *Perrot*, that is his Son: his Sister, who is my Wife, is in *England*. The King remembred the Count, notwithstanding all the alterations that Age and Fatigues had made in him, and received him with a thousand Demonstrations of Esteem and Affection, and ordered the Reward he had promised to be paid. Then says the Count to *Richard*, take the Benevolence of my Sovereign, and forget not to tell your Father that your Children are not meanly Descended on their Mother's side. The Count was restored to his former Estate, and the King presented him with a noble Equipage. *Richard* went over into *England*, and brought his Mother and Wife to *Paris*, and *Perrot* brought his Wife also. And all Parties were filled with Joy and Satisfaction.

NOVEL XIX.

Bernardo lays five hundred Ducats on his Wives Chastity, and loses them by a Cheat that Ambrose put upon him. Falling into Despair, he orders his Wife to be murdered, but she escapes, and coming to Alexandria justifies her Innocence, has the Cheater punished, and she and her Husband return to Genoua very rich.

TRicks very often prove dangerous, especially where Honour is concerned. When Persons are imposed upon, and come to be undeceived, it often drives them into such Extremes, as they are not capable of supporting themselves under.

Some *Italian* Merchants, who had Business at *Paris*, happened to Lodge at the same Inn; and one Evening after Supper, the Subject of their Conversation being Women, and they all married Men, every one began to talk of his own Spouse. Women, says one, are very deceitful Creatures; for my part I cannot guess what my Wife is doing now, but this I know, for my self, if I could light on a bit of fresh Flesh, that pleased me, I could fall to heartily. I am of your Opinion says another, and believe our Wives would do so too. A third talks much to the same purpose, and they all agreed that they thought their Wives would not let slip any Opportunity that seasonably offered it self, to Please and Divert themselves during their Absence. *Bernardo Comellino*, of *Genoua*, was the only Man of the contrary Opinion; and said, he thanked God, he had the best Wife in all *Italy*. He then praised the delicacy of her Shape, her Youth and good Houswifry: and in short, said she was not deficient in any thing that belonged to a compleat Gentlewoman, and made large Encomiums on her Discretion and Modesty; but to
come

come to the Question in Hand, he positively affirmed that he was very well assured she never so much as entertained a thought of being false to him in his Absence. *Ambrose* of *Placentia*, who was a very arch Youth, laughed heartily at *Bernardo* for extolling his Wife at such a rate, and jocularly asked him how he came by such a peculiar privilege above the rest of Mankind. *Bernardo* very angrily answers, that it was God alone that had bestowed this Blessing upon him. I doubt not, says *Ambrose*, but you are a very strong Believer, but if you would be pleased to give your self leisure to consider the nature of things, you would have quite other Sentiments of this matter. We all (God be thanked) have as little reason to complain of our Wives as you, and what we now said was only for want of other Discourse. But pray let us argue a little upon this Subject. It is the universal consent of all mankind, that Man is the Master piece of the Creation, and that his more excellent Endowments give him the Preheminence over Women. This is a Truth daily Experience demonstrates. If then Man is more perfect than Woman, it naturally follows he has more Constancy and Resolution. In short, that Women are more Weak and Inconstant than Men, is a truth that needs no proof. And therefore, if Man, with all his Prerogatives, cannot resist the Charms of a Woman, from whom he hopes to receive Favours, or if you rather please, that Courts him to them by tender and obliging ways, How then can a Woman, who is naturally weak, be proof against the Flatteries, Presents, and Importunities of a Man who pretends he loves her? Indeed, I can hardly think that you your self believe all that you have said concerning your own Wife. She is a Woman sure, as well as others, and subject to the same Passions and Desires; but if she is endued with something that is superior to the rest of her Sex, you ought to convince us of it before you determine so peremptorily in her Favour, and so positively

tively deny that which, at least, is very probable. *Bernardo* replied, I am a Merchant, and not a Philosopher, and give me leave to answer you as a Merchant. What you have said can only be applied to those who have no sense of Honour; but I do assert those that have are more Constant than Men, who often take a Pride to be infamously scandalous upon this Occasion; and I am very certain that my Wife is one of their number. Indeed (says *Ambrose*) I believe, *Bernardo*, that if an Horn were to sprout out of the Forehead of every one who enjoys these stoll Pleasures, their number would be very small; but as there is no external mark of distinction betwixt the wise and others, so Shame and Dishonour consist only in the discovery: and consequently those that are assured of secrecie follow their own natural Inclinations; and those that are not, are Vertuous out of meer necessity. I have no reason to speak against the Sex, but must be of the same Opinion with a thousand Persons of very great Experience, that the Chast are either those who were never ask'd the Question, or when they ask'd it themselves, were refused. I have tried the Experiment on some already, and I make no question if I had the opportunity of being in your Wives Company, I could prevail upon her to comply with my Desires, as I have done many others before her. This Dispute (says *Bernardo* in a great Passion) signifies nothing; but in regard you have such an indifferent opinion of the Honour of Women, and fancy your self so successful a person in intriguing, I will lay my Head to a thousand Ducats, that all your attempts on my Wife prove ineffectual. *Ambrose* answered, very pertly, what should I do with your Head if I should win it? But if you will lay five thousand Ducats (which are of a great deal less value to you than your Head) against a thousand, I will take you up. Now in regard you have set no time, I will ask but three months to commence from my leaving *Paris*. I also promise to give you such Demonstrations of my Success, that you shall

shall be fully Convinced of it. But I must oblige you neither to go to *Genova* your self, nor to let your Wife understand any thing of the matter, either by Letter or otherwise. *Bernardo* said he was very willing to do it. The rest of the Company perceiving that this Wager would prove of ill Consequence, endeavoured all they could to dissuade them from it; but they were both so eager, that they presently drew it up in Writing, and signed it. *Ambrose* immediately left *Paris*, and went full speed for *Genova*; he learned the name of the Street where she lived, and then inquiring after her Character, heard that she was much more Reserved than her Husband had represented her, and presently gave his Money over for lost; yet resolved to attempt something. Observing, as he went to and fro, that an old Woman went often to her, he hoped she might be very serviceable to him, yet found her very difficult to be tampered with; but Money being a very powerful temptation, especially to poor People, she at last accepted of his Offers. Then he gets a Chest made according to his own Direction, lock'd himself in it, and desired the old Woman to get the Lady to let it stand in a corner of her own Chamber, for two or three days, whilst she went out of Town. The Lady was very willing to secure the Chest for the old Woman, but did not think fit to cumber her own Chamber with it; yet hearing her beg so heartily, and believing it only the effect of old Folks Jealousie, to satisfy her importunity, she tells her she might put it there. The Lock of the Chest was so contrived, that it would open on either side. When *Ambrose* thought the Lady was fast asleep, he gets out of the Chest, and found her Candle burning, she not using to put it out all night. By the help of this light he viewed all the Pictures, observed the situation of the Room, and how it was furnished. At last he goes to her Bed-side, and finding her fast asleep, uncovers her very gently. He laid her stark naked, and views every part of her Body,

Body, to see if he could find any thing about her that was very particularly remarkable : at last, under her left Breast, he spied a Mole, encompassed with Hair, as yellow as Gold. Tho this raised very strong Commotions in him; yet considering she was a Woman of strict Vertue, he attempted nothing, covering her as gently as he uncovered her before; but seeing her Purse and Girdle upon her Toilet, he takes them, and shuts himself up again in his Chest, where he staid two days. On the third, the old Woman, thinking him sufficiently tired, came and fetched the Chest home, as they had agreed on before. *Ambrose* gets out of his Hole, and takes Post for *Paris*, carrying the Ladies Purse and Girdle along with him, and arrived there some considerable time before the three months were expired. He found all his Countrymen at the same Inn he left them at, and bids *Bernardo* tell down the Money, for he had won his Wager. To convince him he gives an account of the situation of his Chamber, what Pictures were there, and at last produces the Purse and Girdle. *Bernardo* allowed that he had described the Chamber and Pictures very right, and that he knew that the Purse and Girdle were his Wives; but still insisted that these were not sufficient Proofs, for he might be informed of the situation and Furniture of his Chamber from his Servants; and for those things that he produced of his Wives, it was very probable she had left them off, and given them away. One would think (says *Ambrose*) these were sufficient Proofs; but in regard you insist upon better, give me leave to tell you that your Wife has a Mole under her left Breast encompassed with yellow Hair. At this *Bernardo* was stupified as if he had been Thunder struck, and remained speechless for some time, but the Confusion he was in spoke sufficiently what his opinion was. When he came to himself he says, indeed Gentlemen I have lost, and and will pay him when ever he pleases, which he did the next day, and then went for *Genova* ready to burst

burst with Passion and Resentment. He did not think fit to go directly for *Genoua*, but staid at one of his Country-Houses about ten Leagues off, writing to his Wife to come to him, and sent a Servant, he could confide in, with a couple of Horses to fetch her, but gave him private orders to Murther her on the Road, as soon as he came to a convenient place, and then to come to him with all the speed imaginable. The Servant was received by his Lady with abundance of Joy, and goes with him the next day to see her Husband. When they came to a solitary Valley full of Trees, the Servant thought this a fit place to execute his Commands in, so bid his Mistress commend her Soul to God, for he must kill her, upon which he drew his Sword. The Lady who dreamt nothing of such kind of Treatment, in an Agony of Fear, cries out what have I done to you, that you will Murder me? Madam (says he) you have done nothing to me, but you have done something against my Master, your Husband, for which he has given me order to dispatch you. You know what Obligations I lie under, and it is my Duty to obey him without asking questions: indeed I pity you, but I must follow my Instructions. The poor Lady, full of Tears, protested that she had done nothing to her Husband that deserved such barbarous Treatment. I must lay my death at your Door replies she, and Conjure you not to imbrue your Hands in innocent blood, in pursuance of such unjust and cruel Commands. You may save my Life, and to satisfy your Master, take my Cloaths, and give me some of yours, I will go so far that no Person shall ever hear of me, and so you may tell your Master that you have Murdered me. The Servant, who had no great mind to kill her, was easily prevailed on, he took her Cloaths, and gives her his Waistcoat, and makes her promise to go a great way off, and so giving her what little Money he had, leaves her to her good or bad Fortune; and returning to his Master, tells him he had slain

flain her, and that the Wolves were entombing her in their Bellies.

Sometime after *Bernardo* came to *Genoua*, having sent away his Servant to *Smirna*, under pretence of Business. At first he made great inquiry after his Wife, that he might not be suspected guilty of the Crime which he supposed his Servant had committed. People were very suspicious of the matter, but there being no Evidence against him, he was secured from the pursuits of Justice, and left only to the remorse of his own Conscience, and the censure of honest Men.

This poor Lady hid her self, as well as she could, until night, and then she went to a small Village hard by, and going into an House, found a good old Woman who gave her a Needle and Thread, with which she made the Waistcoat fit her, and turned her Petticoat into a pair of Seamans Breeches. Coming to *Final* she chanced to meet with a *Catalonian*, who had a Ship at Anchor there, he asked her a great many Questions, and taking a fancy to her entertained her in his Service, under the name of *Sicurano* of *Final*. The *Catalonian*, her Master, presently new cloathed her, and was so extremely well pleased with her Service, that he thought himself very happy in meeting with her. This Ship was bound for *Alexandria*, where it safely arrived. The Captain had some Hawks on Board, which he presented to the *Soldan*, who very courteously received them. This Prince was a great lover of Strangers especially if they were Persons of Merit, and finding the *Catalonian* to be so, he often invited him to Dinner. *Sicurano's* Deportment, and his Genteel manner of waiting at Table, took so much with the *Soldan*, that he desired his Master to let him have him, who durst not refuse it. In a very short time *Sicurano* was in as great favour with the *Soldan*, as he had been with his Captain before. He soon learnt the Language of the Country, and scarce a day passed in which he did not receive some mark of his Sovereigns favour.

There

There is a famous City called *Acres*, under the Jurisdiction of the *Soldan*, where, at a certain time, every year there is a great Concourse of Traders of all Nations, which makes a sort of Fair. Besides the ordinary Garison that was constantly kept there, the Prince, at this Fair-time, used to send some of his best Troops, Commanded by a particular Favourite, for a Guard and Security to the Merchants and their Effects. This time being now at Hand, *Sicurano* was the Person intrusted with this Command, which he very honourably discharged. When he arrived there he saw many *Italian* Merchants; but being one day in a Booth belonging to the *Venetians*, he chanced to see a Purse and Girdle, which he remembred once to have been his own. Without taking any more notice, he asked whose they were, and if they were to be sold? *Ambrose* of *Placentia*, who was come thither, amongst other Merchants, in a Ship of *Venice*, hearing the Captain of the Guard ask those Questions, came up to him, and told him that they were his, and though they were not to be sold, yet if he pleased, they were at his Service. *Sicurano*, observing that *Ambrose* laughed when he spoke, was afraid lest he had committed some Effeminate Action unbecoming the Character he then bore. Pray tell me, says he, do not you laugh because I, who am a Soldier, cheapen Womens Bawbles? No indeed, Sir, replies *Ambrose*, I only laugh to think how I came by them. May not one be made privy to the Jest, says *Sicurano*? They are a Present, says *Ambrose*, from a Lady of *Genova*, with whom I was formerly Familiar, and I can never look upon them without laughing at the folly of her Husband, who was so Stupid as to lay and lose five thousand Ducats against one thousand, that I could not obtain those Favours from his Wife, which he believed she reserved intirely for himself. It is reported also, that he was afterwards guilty of a greater Fault, to cause his Wife to be murdered, for doing no more but what all her Sex besides do.

Sicurano

Sicurano now plainly saw the reason why her Husband had ordered her to be murdered; it being evident that *Ambrose* was the sole cause of all the misfortunes that befel her, and resolving to do her self Justice, she laughed heartily at the Story, as if she was not in the least concerned in it, treated *Ambrose* very civilly, and obliged him to go and live at *Alexandria*, as soon as his Business there was over. *Sicurano*, who was impatiently desirous to justify her self to her Husband, made her Application to several *Genouese* Merchants, who were at *Alexandria*, to procure him to come over thither. *Bernardo* arrives there in a very mean condition, and was entertained privately by a Friend of *Sicurano's*, who waited for a convenient opportunity to vindicate her Honour. To dispose matters rightly to this purpose, she had already made *Ambrose* tell this Story in the *Soldan's* presence. *Sicurano* had so great interest with him, that he gave Ear to whatever she said; she told him that this Adventure of *Ambrose* would appear quite another thing if it were told in the presence of the *Womans* Husband, who was then in the City; and if it pleased his Highness to compel *Ambrose* to tell the truth, if he refused to do it voluntarily, it would afford him very good Diversion. The *Soldan*, who never denied her any thing, readily consented. All Parties being come, the *Soldan* commanded *Ambrose* to relate in the presence of the whole Court how he won the five thousand Ducats of *Bernardo*, and to declare the whole truth of the matter. The sight of *Bernardo* put him in great Confusion, and he would fain have been excused. He hoped that *Sicurano's* friendship would be sufficient to secure him from any Danger; but he soon heard her talk to him in such a manner, that he might easily perceive he could not expect any favour from her. Seeing no way to avoid it, he submits, and supposed that he should be discharged if he restored the Money and things. After *Ambrose* had done, the *Soldan* asked *Bernardo* what he had done to his Wife after he had been
thus

thus imposed upon. He said, I ordered my Servant to kill her, and the Wolves devoured her Body. *Sicurano*, who had not told the *Soldan* the true Reason, why she was desirous to have this Story told publicly, immediately replies, see, my Lord, what an excellent Character both the Gallant and Husband of this Woman have. The first ruined her Reputation by a malicious Lie, and the other delivers her to be Assassinated, and devoured by Wolves, being too credulous to a false Story, of which his former Experience would have convinced him, if he had but given himself leisure to have consulted it. My Lord, you are a Person of strict Vertue, and therefore I make bold to demand Justice on this Cheat according to the demerit of his Crime, and that you'll please to Pardon him who has not offended but through too much credulity. I am the Wife of the unfortunate *Bernardo* of *Genova*, who have disguised my self for six years in Man's Habit, and have been counted guilty of a Crime which I never thought of. Then turning towards *Ambrose*, she reproached him for his villainous treachery, and his wretched Soul began to be seized with horror.

The *Soldan* was so surprized at the strangeness of this Adventure, that it seemed to him like a Dream. He ordered the Ladies to search *Sicurano*, who confirmed what she had said, and not being able sufficiently to admire her Constancy and Vertue, pardoned *Bernardo*, her Husband, who was in an extreme Consternation; and condemned *Ambrose* to be Impaled, and confiscated his Goods to the use of the Innocent. This Accident was the only Discourse of the Court for some time. The *Soldan* shewed *Bernardo* and his Wife a great deal of Respect, and after having entertained them very Splendidly for some days, and made them several rich Presents, he ordered a Vessel to carry them to *Genova*, where they arrived very rich, and were received with publick Joy, and she
who

who was thought to have been dead, gained universal Applause, and was esteemed a Lady of exemplary Vertue.

NOVEL XX.

Pagnino da Monaco carries away the Wife of Ricciardo di Chinzica, and offers to restore her at his desire, provided she was willing to go along with him. She refuses, and Marries Pagnino after her Husbands death.

MArriage is one of the most important Actions of the whole Life, and yet very often that wherein we least consult what are the Conveniences or Inconveniences that may attend it. We are very solicitous, and think our selves obliged to have our House agreeably furnished, and that all the parts correspond to one another. It is a very odd sight to see two Horses of different Colours and Age in a Coach; but in Matrimonial concerns nothing but Interest is generally consulted. Let the difference of Age or Humour be never so great, that is not regarded, supposing there is but Estate enough.

There was a certain Judge in Pisa, named Ricciardo di Chinzica. He was aged, had Merit and Wealth enough, but was of a feeble Constitution, yet notwithstanding his years and infirmities, he must needs be married to a young Lady, called Bartolomea. If he had but known how to advise himself as well as he could others, he would never have married a Person so disproportionate to him in Age. But as it is very common to see more clearly in the Affairs of others than our own, he follows his Destiny, and Espouses this fair Lady in a very magnificent manner. The Consummation of the Marriage did not at all consist in this Magnificence, things there were managed with the greatest

greatest moderation. The Judge, who had not rightly consulted his own Ability, but that he could manage a young Woman as he did his Books, after they were put to Bed he began to sigh, and tell his Wife that there were some days in the year in which it was unlawful for a Man to lie with her. He had an Almanack which furnished him with a Saint's for every day in the year. The four Seasons, the Vigils, and Lent, were unfortunate, and *Friday* and *Saturday* were days for Devotion, and *Sunday* was a day of Rest. *Monday* was not a fit day to begin Business in, and in short, he had some excuse or other for every day in the Week, and it was difficult to find one in a Month, in which he did not make some Scruple or other of lying with her, and when that day came, he could scarce tell how to perform the duty of it. In the mean time she wanted nothing, and he shewed her all the other Respect she could wish or desire.

He took great delight in Summer to go often and Divert himself at a Country House which he had by the Sea side. One day going to take the Air, and intending to stay longer than he usually did, he had a mind to Divert his Wife with fishing. That nothing might be wanting to compleat their Pleasure, he goes into one Barge with some of his Friends, and puts her into another, with some Ladies that were her Friends. The pleasure of their Conversation, and the fishing together, was so great, that they were insensibly got several Leagues out at Sea, before they perceived it; when on a sudden a famous Pirat, of those times, called *Pagnino da Monaco*, surprized them, and put an end to their Diversion. They did not see him till it was too late, he made all his Sail to the Barge in which the Ladies were, which was farthest off Land. He no sooner saw *Barbato*, but he resolved she should be his only prize. He immediately took her aboard him, and not daring to follow the other Barge, for fear of coming too near the Shore, he put out to Sea. The Lady's address

ses were accompanied with Tears, and *Pagnino's* with tender Consolations, but the best were those of the night, *Pagnino* had no Almanack, he neither observed Festival or Vigil; all days were alike pleasant, and the fair Lady found so agreeable a change, that before she came to *Monaco*, she had quite forgot her old Judge, and his Legend of Saints. *Chinzica* was very disconsolate to be an Eye-witness of the carrying his Wife away, but hearing that she was in *Pagnino's* Hands, sent to him to exchange Hostages, that might come and treat with him about her Ransom. He goes to *Monaco*, and tells *Pagnino* that he would pay him down whatever he demanded, and desired him to deliver her to him. I hate, says *Pagnino*, to be out done in Generosity, if I have your Wife, you shall have her without any Ransom; but let me tell you, as you are a Stranger to me, it is but necessary and just that you convince me that she is your Wife, I confess that I have a young Woman here, but I don't know whether she belong to you or no, all that I can do to serve you in this business is to let you see her, and if she acknowledge you for her Husband, and is willing to go along with you, take her with all my Heart. *Ricciardo* replied that no Man could speak more like a Gentleman, and gave him ten thousand thanks, and told him that every one must live by his Trade, and that he knew no reason why he should be more kind to him than another; but as for the Woman you talk of, says he, it is certain she is my Wife, and when I see her you'll be thoroughly convinced by her Caresses and Endearments. This dispute will be soon ended, says *Pagnino*, follow me. He leads him into an Hall, and orders the Lady to be called in. She came in a very unconcerned manner, and took no more notice of *Ricciardo*, than if she had never seen him. He was strangely surprized at her haughty Deportment, and the more because he thought she would have ran and embraced him as soon as ever she saw him; but comforted himself, by thinking that his great Grief

Grief for the loss of her had so altered him, that he did not look like the same Man. Upon this assurance, he says to her, Madam, it cost me dear to carry you a fishing, there was never any Grief like what I have suffered since I lost you. From whence proceeds this indifference towards me? Is it because you do not know me? I am *Ricciardo di Chinzica*, your Husband, who am come to Redeem you, let it cost me all that I am worth in the World. Do you speak to me, says *Bartolomea*? Sure you mistake me for another. I am so far from being your Wife, I cannot remember that I ever saw you before. Look earnestly upon me, says he, consider with your self and you'll soon see that I am the same Person I say I am. The more I look on you, Sir, says she, in a disdainful way, the more am I confirm'd that I never saw you. *Ricciardo*, supposing that she pretended ignorance before *Fagnino*, out of fear, desired that he might talk with her alone, to which he readily consenting, immediately withdrew. What is the matter, my Dear, says *Ricciardo*, that you don't know your own Husband, that loves you dearer than his own life? Is it possible that so short a time should have so altered me that there should be nothing left for you to know me by? I never denied you any thing, either for your Diversion or Habit; there was never a Lady in *Pisa* more respected than your self. She coldy replies, I very well know that you are *Ricciardo di Chinzica*, my Husband, and I also know that you love me very well, and that you never denied me any thing either for my Use or Diversion, but does a young Woman want nothing but fine Cloaths? *Ricciardo*, much surprized, says, Madam, consider well what you say. Would you rather be a Slave to a Pirat in *Monaco*, than Wife to a Magistrate of *Pisa*? He'll soon grow weary of you, and turn you off, and I will love you all the days of my life: and besides have you no regard to your own Honour, and that of your Family? She pertly replied, it is no time now to consider of this matter, my Relations them-

selves, when they forced me Marry you, did mightily consult my Honour. They imagined that a great Estate was the only thing that made a Marriage Life happy; and if you had been as wise in your own Affairs, as you are said to be in others, you would have considered, that an old Husband and a young Wife make very indifferent Musick. Talk no more to me of going home. *Pagnino* has used me like a Gentleman, I have received more Civility from him in one hour, than I was likely to have had from you in all your life time; and as he is not so learned as you, so he is less scrupulous, all days are alike to him, he makes no difference betwixt Festivals, Vigils, and Lent. And if *Pagnino* should turn me off, you may assure your self that I will never trouble you again. *Ricciardo*, seeing no hopes left, began to be sensible of his error, in fancying himself to be a young Man, and returns to *Pisa* very melancholy and very much disturbed; where, in a short time, he died of Grief. *Pagnino*, hearing the News, married the Widow; and as they were very well acquainted, so they lived very lovingly, and happily, ever after.

N O V E L XXI.

Massetto da Lamporecchio, pretending to be dumb, was entertained as a Gardener to a Monastery of Nuns, who were all desirous to be obliged by him.

IT is a great mistake to think that as soon as a young Girl has put on the Veil, that she has neither Passion nor Desires, and breaths nothing but Piety and Devotion. The Heart cannot be changed so easily as the Habit. A Monastical and secluded life often produces worse effects in a Cloister, than in the wide World. As those that live abroad have more reason to be wary
of

of their Reputation, so they are generally more careful to avoid whatsoever may seem to reflect upon it. It is a very ill way of Arguing, My Daughter is in religious Orders, therefore she is a Saint. There was formerly, and still is in this Country, a Convent of young Women, very much Celebrated for their Piety, which, for their Reputation sake, I forbear to name. They were but eight in number, besides the Abbess. They had an old Gardener, who not being satisfied with his Wages, would not serve them any longer, but reckoned with their Steward, and retired to the Village *Lamporecchio*, of which place he was. All his Neighbours were very glad to see him, and welcomed him home, and amongst others, one *Massetto*, an unlucky, sturdy, strong, young Fellow, and well made for Country Labour, who asked him where he had been all this while? *Nuto* (for that was the old Man's name) answered that he had lived with these Nuns. And what was your Business there says *Massetto*? To look after a large fine Garden, replies *Nuto*, and sometimes to bring them Wood. I liked my Business well enough, but they gave me such pitiful Wages, that it would hardly buy me Shoes. Besides, they are all young, and devilish wanton, they have been often ready to run distracted. They would all fain be Mistresses, and what pleased one, displeased another. In short, they have often made me at my wits end. Their Steward, when I came away, desired me to send him some body in my Place, but may God eternally renounce me, if I ever send any one amongst such a parcel of She-Devils. *Massetto* was very well pleased with this Discourse, and thought within himself, that he might make it turn to his Advantage; yet judged it convenient to conceal his design from *Nuto*, and told him that he had done well to leave them; for Women, for the most part, did not know what they would have themselves. *Nuto* being gone, *Massetto* began to consider how he might bring the matter about. He did not at all scruple the Ser-

ice, he was well satisfied he could perform it ; but being very young and brisk, he was afraid they would not entertain him. At last he thought of an Expedient which succeeded very well. The Monastery being at a good distance from the Village where he lived, and not being known to any person thereabouts, he resolved to offer himself to them, and pretend to be dumb. Being come thither, he went in with his Spade, and luckily met the Steward in the Court, to whom he made signs as if he were very hungry, and made him understand, that if he had any Business to imploy him about Wood, he was able and willing to undertake it. The Steward gave him Victuals, and afterwards shewed him some old Stumps of Trees, which he soon cleft asunder. Then he took him to the Wood, made signs to him to cut some down, and carry to the Convent. The Steward, having a great deal of Business to do, and being well pleased with this dumb Man, set him to work for several days. The Abbess, having seen him, asked who he was ? the Steward answered, a poor dumb Fellow that came hither t'other day a begging, whom I have imployed to do several things for the use of the House. I like him very well, and if he does but understand Gardening, and will live with us, I believe he will prove a very good Servant ; for he seems to be very willing to do any thing, and we have now great occasion for a Gardener. Although he is a lusty Fellow, yet the Sisters will receive no Scandals on the account of his Imperfections. You say well, says the Abbess, go and see if he knows how to work, and is able to hold it, if he be, we will give him some old Shoes, and other Necessaries. There was never any one was more desirous of Rest than *Massetto* was to Work. The Steward asked him, by signs, if he were willing to stay in the Convent ? and *Massetto* gave him to understand that he desired nothing more.

Although

Although these Sisters were not all very handsome, they were yet all very young and good-humoured, and went often into the Garden to see *Massetto* work, and took delight to play unlucky tricks with him. The Abbess, believing every thing about him to be like his Tongue, was never concerned at it. One day when he had been hard at work, and was laid down to rest himself, two young Nuns, who were walking, seeing him in that posture, stood still to view him, upon which one of them presently said Sister, what a thought do you think comes into my Head? To carry this foolish Fellow into this Arbor to know how we were begot. What a wicked thing is this you talk of, says the other, have you forgot your Vow of Chastity? We make a great many other Vows, replies the first, that we never keep. But says the other, what if we should prove with Child? Do not let us trouble our selves about that, if it should be so, we shall have time enough to contrive how to conceal it. Let us not lose the present opportunity. We have to do with a Man that must keep Counsel whether he will or not, and upon that account we need not fear a discovery. Every body in the Convent was asleep at that time; the Arbour was thick and shady, but to prevent surprize, they thought it convenient for one to stand Sentinel, whilst the other kept *Massetto* company; so one of them was upon the watch whilst the other went to wake him, who impatiently expected her, and went into the Arbour with her, where, without much entreaty, he did as she would have him. The other succeeded her immediately after, and the dumb Man pleased them both so well, that they never missed visiting the Arbour every day. Some of the other Sisters perceiving their Intrigue, resolved presently to acquaint the Abbess with it; but upon second thoughts they had a mind, rather, to taste of the same Dish. In a little time *Massetto* had obliged the whole Convent, the Lady Abbess was the last that did participate of his Benevolence: for she perceiving

the care this dumb Man took of her Nuns, was desirous to have her own share, having as much occasion as any of the rest: she took him to her own Chamber, and kept him there so long that all the Sisters made great complaints that their Gardener did not come to work. They were all equally desirous of his Company, but the Abbess often interposed her Authority, and kept him with her as long as he was fit for any thing. At last *Massetto* grew weary of so much Business, and began to think that he had acted the dumb Man long enough. Being one day with the Abbess, who would have him do more than he was able, he breaks out of sudden, saying, Madam, one Cock may serve ten Hens, but ten Men can hardly satisfy one Woman; what an hard task then have I, who have Nine to please? Pray, Madam, either abate of my Labour, or give me leave to go home. The Abbess, hearing a Man speak, whom she supposed to be dumb, cried out, a Miracle! a Miracle! and assembled the whole Convent, who instead of dismissing *Massetto*, gave out that by the power of their Fastings and Prayers, they had recovered a dumb Man to his Speech. So they made him their Steward in the room of the other, who died much about that time. Every one of them did then confess that which they could not longer conceal. *Massetto*, afterwards, being well fed and paid, did as much as he could, and left others to do the rest.

NOVEL

NOVEL XXII.

A Groom lies with Tendelinga, Queen of Lombardy. The King by chance discovers it, and cuts off his Hair that he might know him; which the Groom perceiving, does the same to all his fellow Servants, and by that means prevents being discovered.

Agilulf, King of Lombardy, Marries Tendelinga, his Predecessours Widow, a Woman most excellently accomplished both in Body and Mind. This Agilulf being a wise and prudent Prince, the Kingdom flourished more under his Reign, than that of his Predecessor. Tendelinga was the greatest Beauty of her Age, and one of the Grooms, that was a good handsome Fellow, though nothing near the Kings Stature, fell desperately in love with her. And although, commonly, great Passions are seldom subject to Reason, yet he had so much good sense to distinguish the distance betwixt the Throne and the Stable, and that it would be very fatal to him to have his Passion discovered. He saw so little hopes of success, and so much danger in the attempt, that he did all he could to suppress it. But his Distemper was too far gone to be easily cured, he was very industriously officious to serve the Queen in whatsoever belonged to his Business; and when ever she got on Horseback, which she often did, he was almost ravished if he could but touch her Petticoat. The heat of his Passion, and the slender Hopes that he had to satisfy it, served only to increase his Love. Being under this extremity, he resolved to make an attempt, choosing rather to die a violent Death, than to languish and pine away. Love is a great Master, and it is not without Reason that he is called the King of Inventions. This Groom knew that the King did not al-
way

ways lie with the Queen, that when he had a mind to do it, he went alone, in his Night-Gown, with a Wax-Candle in his Hand, and as soon as he had knocked gently at the Door, one of the Queens Maids of Honour opened it, took the Candle from him, and retired. Knowing every turning and corner in the Palace, he hoped that this Expedient would succeed. He found a way to procure a Night-Gown very like the Kings, and putting it on about the time that he imagined every body was asleep, he takes a Wax-Candle in his Hand, and going softly to the Queens Chamber, knocks; they open the Door, and a Person half asleep takes his Candle, and retires; he immediately goes to Bed to the Queen. I need not tell you that he had washed and perfumed himself, that he might not smell of the Stable, he was too cunning a Fellow to omit any thing necessary. The day before they had brought the King some ill News; and this Prince, when he was melancholy, would neither speak himself, nor suffer any body to speak to him, so the Queen was not surprized at the silence of her supposed Husband, and said never a word her self; but being astonished at his extraordinary Transports, thought it an effect of his disturbance of mind, and took every thing very patiently. This Impostor, fearing lest the King might come and find him in a place where he ought not to be, gets up, puts on his Gown, takes his Candle, and goes to his own Bed. It was not long after, before the King came to the Queens Chamber, and being in Bed with her, began to Embrace her very amorously. How comes this to pass, Sir (says she, in a surprize) that you have not been gone a moment from me, and return again so very soon? Pray, Sir, be tender of your own Health, which I value above all things. He was presently struck with Confusion, and was about to have undeceived her, but that he believed it would not only very much trouble her, but might also continue a Conversation which would be no ways pleasing

pleasing to him. He therefore thought it more convenient to leave her in the opinion she was in; but yet was persuaded that some body had imposed upon her. So getting up, he said, Madam, I'll take your Advice, and went to his own Apartment.

Agilulf made no doubt but that some of his Domesticks had play'd this Prank, and believed, that if he made a review of them all, he might discover the Person. It is impossible, (says he) but he that has been so impudent to do this Action, should be still in Confusion. Then he takes his Candle, goes into all the Chambers, where he finds every one sound asleep, and just as he was returning back, he remembered that he had not been amongst the Grooms. This Spark, who pretended to be fast asleep, when he saw the King come in, began to think himself quite undone. *Agilulf* began his Visit at one end, and found the first all quiet, and motionless; but when he came to the very Man, and feeling his Pulse, as he had done to all the rest, he finding it in a great Agitation, concluded that he it was who had been his Wives Gallant. Therefore, that he might know him the next day, he goes to one of the ends of the Stable, and takes the Scissors which they used to trim the Horses with. This poor Devil was about to get up and run away, but seeing that the King was not armed, he resolved patiently to expect his Destiny. The King comes to his Bed, and for the present contents himself with cutting off a Lock of his Hair, and then retires. The Groom, who did not expect to come off so well, presently after gets up, takes the same Scissors, which the King had inconsiderately put into the place where he found them, and cuts all his Companions Hair off, on the same side as the King had cut his, and goes to Bed without any bodies discovering him. The King got up early the next morning, and calls all his Servants before him, before the Palace Gates were open; but when he saw that all the Grooms had their Hair cut on the same side, he perceived

perceived that he had taken wrong Measures, and that his Groom had out-witted him. The King considering that he could not discover the Offender without divulging the matter, and that the Publication of such things is attended with greater Inconveniences, than there is Pleasure in the Revenge, only said to them, Friends, I pardon an Offender here; but let him that has committed it be very secret, and not repeat it. There is no body knows what I mean but he himself. Let him make good use of my Advice, be silent, and forbear any more attempts of that Nature.

NOVEL XXIII.

A brisk amorous Lady, pretending to extraordinary Devotion and Chastity, made use of a devout Friar to accomplish her Designs.

A Lady of Quality lived formerly at Florence, whose name I forbear mentioning, because she has Relations of Note that are still living there. Nature had furnished her with whatsoever could render a Person amiable, but Fortune was not so favourable to her, and her Malignant Stars had determined her to be a Trades Mans Wife, who had no other merit than being Rich. She being very proud of her Family, thought it a very great disgrace to her to have an Husband of so mean a Descent. She grew so much out of humour upon it, that she resolved never to grant him any Favours, but when meer necessity constrained her; but to find out some other Person that she thought better deserved her Embraces. She places her Affections upon a Gentleman of Florence, whom she grew so passionately in Love with, that she could not sleep all night, if she had not see him in the day. The Gentleman knowing nothing of the Respect the Lady had for him, passed the

the nights as quietly as she did unpleasantly. She durst not give him any intimation of her Passion, neither by Letters or Messages for fear of some ill Accident; for although she did not love her Husband, yet she thought it her particular Interest not to let him discover it. There being nothing more ingenious than Love, and the Lady also being naturally very Sagacious, she contrived a way that no body before her had ever thought of. She had observed that this Gentleman used often to go to a Friar, who being reputed a Man of a very holy Life, might be very subservient to her Amours. After she had well considered what Methods to take, she chose a convenient hour to go to the Convent to ask to speak with the Father, and to desire him to Confess her. After Confession, she told him that she had a Secret to reveal to him, and a Favour to beg of him. Reverend Father, you know who I am, and who my Husband is, who is as tender of me as of his own life, and never refuses me any thing. I make as suitable a return to his Love as I can, and I should be the most ungrateful Creature alive if I should not; or should do the least thing that might reflect upon his Honour, or disturb his Quiet. There is a certain Gentleman (Reverend Father) whose name I know not, nor has he any Acquaintance with me, yet he solicits me so that I cannot rest for him, whether I am at the Door, at the Window, or go out of Doors. He has the deportment of a Gentleman, is Portly, and very well shaped, and I think I have seen him often with you. These things very often expose vertuous Women to the Malice of scandalous Persons, who will report that of them which they have not in the least deserved. I have often thought to send my Brothers to tell him, that I took it very ill that he should use me at such a rate, but considering that such Messages often receive rough Answers, which not seldom produce Quarrels; I chose rather, to avoid Scandal, to make my application to you, who perhaps are his Friend, and who by
your

your Character are authorized to reprove, to beg of you, to desire him to desist for the future, and suffer me to live in quiet. If he affects Gallantry, he will very much oblige me to make his Addresses somewhere else, and perhaps he may find those who will take as much pleasure in receiving them, as they are hateful and abominable to me. The Friar, by the description she gave of his person, soon perceived that it was his Friend she meant, he commends her Vertue, and promises to perform what she had desired; and knowing her to be rich, did not forget to exhort her to Charity. After he had given her Absolution, she returns home, saying to the Friar, Reverend Father, if he denies it, pray say that I my self told you of it, and came to you purposely to complain of him. The same day this young Gentleman came to see the Friar, who, after some other Discourse, began very gravely to reprove him, for his dishonest solicitations to a vertuous Lady. The young Gentleman readily replied, that he did not know what he talk'd of, and desired him to speak more openly, and tell him what Lady he meant. She lives in such a Place, says the Father, and it signifies nothing for you to pretend ignorance, she her self complained to me of your importunities, and these follies very ill become you. Moreover, I can tell you that you will never gain your ends of her, for she is very vertuous and wise, therefore I desire you for your own Honours sake to let her alone. The young Gentleman, being more apprehensive than the Friar, presently discovered her Design, and pretending to shew some appearances of Shame, promised for the future to give no just cause of complaint. As he returned home, he went by this Lady's House, who was looking out at Window, and expressed so much Joy and Passion at the sight of him, that he was intirely confirmed that his Conjecture was right. Every day that he went through that Street, he never missed seeing the fair Lady, whose Actions and Gestures more and more demonstrated her Affections.

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The Lady, whose penetration was equal to the Gentleman's, perceived with pleasure that she had made him sensible of her Passion for him, but further to engage him, and the better to assure him of the tender respect she had for him, she goes to Confession again to the same Priest, and begins with Tears. The holy Father asks her what misfortune had befallen her. Reverend Father, says she, I must beg leave to renew my Complaints to you against the person I spoke to you of the other day. He is more troublesome to me now than before, and was so impudent yesterday to send me a a Purse and a Girdle, with this Motto, *I love you, but dare not tell you.* I was so enraged at his Impudence, that I was about to send them both back by the Woman that brought them, and desire her to return them to him: but imagining that those sort of Creatures will receive with both Hands, and that she very probably would keep them, and tell him that I had received them very kindly, I thought fit to take them my self, and brought them to you, earnestly desiring you'll be pleased to return them to him your self. And besides, Reverend Father, I humbly beg you'll tell him plainly, that if he will not desist to trouble me, as he does, I will tell my Husband, and my Brothers of it, let whatever will be the event. Madam, says the Friar, I must needs commend your Resentment, it is just, and agreeable to a Woman of your Vertue; he has broke his word with me; but I promise you I'll talk to him after such a manner, as shall oblige him to forbear giving you any more uneasiness. In the mean time, Madam, pray do not acquaint your Husband or Brothers with the matter, lest it may be the occasion of mischief. Be not afraid of what Malice may say of you, I will bear witness of your Vertue both before God and Men. She seemed to take heart at his obliging Discourse, and knowing well that the Priests are all Covetous, she gave him an handful of Gold for fifty Masses for the Soul of her Mother. The holy Father

Father took the Money, Absolved and Dismissed her.

As soon as she was gone, he sent for his Friend, and chid him very severely. You have, says he, solemnly promised me never more to trouble this vertuous Lady, and yet you have had the impudence to send her Presents, which she looks upon with abhorrence, and has given them me to return to you. He utterly denies it, but yet so coldly, that the holy Father was now persuaded, more than before, all she said was true. Have you the Face to deny it, says the Friar in a great Passion? See here what you sent her? I warrant you don't know them? The Gentleman, in a seeming Confusion, says I acknowledge my Fault, and in regard I know the Lady's inclinations I sincerely promise you not to be troublesome to her any more. The holy Father made a Pious Exhortation to him to keep his promise more religiously than he had done before, and gives him the Purse and Girdle. He goes away full of Rapture, that he had received assurances of his Mistress's Affection by such magnificent Presents, and presently goes to a place where he could shew her that he had received them. She was extremely pleased that he understood her so well, and that her Affairs were like to succeed, nothing obstructing them but her Husband's being at home. It was not long before she was furnished with a favourable Opportunity, for in a short time after his Business obliged him to go to *Genova*. He was no sooner gone, but the Lady goes to the Friar, and after a great many grievous Complaints, tells him that she was ready to burst with Grief, and could not endure the insolencies of his Friend any longer. Sir, says she, you'll be surprized when I tell, that knowing my Husband went yesterday for *Genova*, he got into our Garden in the night, climbed up a Tree just by my Window, opened the Casement, and was just ready to come in as I waked, I presently got up, and was going to cry out, but that he begged my Pardon,

Pardon, and promised to make me Satisfaction for the Affront he had offered; I was fain to rise in my Smock and shut the Window; now I'll be judged by you, holy Father, if I ought to suffer such outrageous doings. If you had but permitted me to have done what I at first intended, this had never come to pass. The Friar being all in Confusion, asked if she were sure she was not mistaken, and took some body else for him? No indeed, she replies, he told me himself that it was he. This is Impudence, beyond expression, says the Father, you have done your Duty Madam, and I shall always applaude your Vertue. But before you take any new Measures, I desire you'll let me talk with him once more, to see if I can prevail upon him to be more wise and modest, if not, you may do your Pleasure. I am content, says she, but I protest to you that this shall be the last time that I will ever speak to you about this Affair, and then she withdrew as if she were in very great perplexity.

The Gentleman came thither as soon as she was gone. The Father tells him every thing in particular, and reproaches him for not keeping his word with him, and for valuing his own so little. What have I done now, holy Father, says he? Ah! vile, abominable Wretch, cries the Father, what have you done? Have you so soon forgot the lecherous immodest Actions you attempted last night? If I have done any thing (says the Gentleman, smiling) that is infamous, I am sure you have very quick intelligence. Have you the impudence, says the Friar, to glory in your shame? Your wicked design will never succeed. What, I suppose, you fancied, because this vertuous Lady's Husband was out of Town, that she would have received you with open Arms? I am persuaded, holy Father, says the Gentleman, that you invent these imaginary Stories, that you may have an Opportunity to chastise me. Vile Creature, says the Friar, all in Rage, these are no imaginary Stories, what I tell you is too true:

Is it not a very honourable Exploit, for a Gentleman, as you would be accounted, to clamber over Garden-Walls, to climb up Trees, to get in at the Chamber-Window of a modest Lady? I tell you her Vertue is proof against all your importunities, you are her Averfion, and yet you would force her to love you. If she had not shown how much she disdains and scorns you, yet my Admonitions, and your Word and Honour, that you had given me, ought to have restrained you. I have hitherto hindered her from discovering it to her Relations, who no doubt would have dispatched you out of the World long before this; but I have given her free liberty to do what she will, if you persist to provoke her at this rate. Reverend Father, replies the Gentleman, with feigned Remorse, we all are guilty of one folly or other once in our lives, I acknowledge my self guilty of whatever you have accused me of, and now promise you, on the word of a Gentleman, that you shall never hear a word more of this matter. You have more tenderness for me than I deserve, and I acknowledge my self infinitely obliged to you, for I reap great benefit by your Advice; and indeed so he did, for he apprehended the matter rightly, and took them for Instructions from his fair Mistress; so the next night he got over the Garden-Wall, went in at the Window, by the help of the Tree, according to her Directions, who was there ready to receive him with open Arms. After they had enjoyed their more exquisite Pleasures for some time, they entertained themselves with the simplicity of the Friar, who unwittingly had been so subservient to their Amours, but consulted such methods for the future, that they should not stand in need of his Assistance.

NOVEL XXIV.

Felice, a Monk of St. Brancazio, instructed Pucio the speedy way to be saved, and so made him a Cuckold whilst he performed the Penance that was enjoyned him:

IT is said there formerly lived near St. *Brancazio*, a very honest and wealthy Man named *Pucio*. He being a very great Bigot, and much addicted to Devotion, entred himself of the Fraternity of St. *Francis*, under the name of Friar *Pucio*. He had every thing according to his Hearts content, and having no more in Family than his Wife and one Servant, he was continually at one Church or another; but being very simple and ignorant, all his Devotion consisted in saying his *Pater Nosters*, going to Sermons, and hearing a great many Masses.

His Wife, whose name was *Isabella*, was jolly, fresh, and plump, and not above eight and twenty years old. Her Husbands Devotion, and perhaps also his Age, made her keep more Fasts than she was willing to do, for the pious Man entertained her abed with nothing but Penitential Sermons, and the Lamentations of *Mary Magdalen*, or such like stuff.

A Monk, called *Felice*, of the Convent of St. *Brancazio*, who was young, handsome, witty, and a very great Scholar, returning thither from *Paris*, *Pucio* got acquainted with him, and the Monk, who knew his Character very well, was able to resolve all the Questions he proposed to him, upon which account he was very fond of him, and entertained him often at his House. As Monks are generally excellent at insinuation, so *Felice* soon got acquainted with his Wife, who for her Husbands sake received him with all the expressions of

kindness imaginable. The Monk very well knew what it was she wanted, and her amorous Glances often gave him plain indications that both their Inclinations tended the same way. *Felice* had an opportunity of speaking to her, and found her very well inclined; but yet she would not meet him any where but at home, where it was impossible for them to transact any private Affairs, because her Husband continually watched, by reason of his private Devotions. The Monk being at a plunge, not knowing what to do, at last, thought of an Expedient, well worthy of their usual probity. Walking out one day with his Friend *Puccio*, I perceive, Brother, says he, that you think of nothing but Heaven, but I see you take the round-about way to get thither. The Pope, Cardinals, and the other great Prelats of the Church have a nearer way; but they will not permit us to tell it, because it would be very prejudicial to the Priests, who live upon nothing but the Benevolence of particular Persons, who would have no need then to bestow it. But in regard you are my very good Friend, I will freely tell it you, upon your promise that you will never divulge it. *Puccio* was extreme impatient to know this rare Secret, earnestly begging *Felice* to discover it to him, protesting by all that was good and sacred, that he would never mention any thing of it without his permission. Upon this condition I can deny you nothing, says the Monk. You must understand, then, that the Doctors of the Church hold, that to be amongst the number of the Happy, you ought to perform the Penance which I shall presently tell you. But yet you must not in the least imagine that after you have performed this Penance, you shall never sin again, for as long as we live we shall still sin; but you may rest assured that the sin that you have committed before will never be imputed to you, and those that you shall commit afterwards will only be esteemed venial, and consequently not able to damn you, for which you need

need but only wash in a little holy water. This Penance then must begin with a careful Confession. After that you ought to keep forty days of Fasting and Abstinence, during which time it is not only unlawful to meddle with another Woman, but also with ones own Wife. You ought also to have an open place where you may see the Heaven without going out of Doors. About the time of Vespers you must go into this place, where there should be a large Table, and so high that the small of the Back may just rest upon the edge of it; then your Feet being on the Ground, or rather on a Peg, bend backwards down upon the Table, and extend your Arms in the form of a Crucifix, and cast your Eyes up towards Heaven, and so continue without any motion or alteration till the next morning. If you were a Scholar you should say certain Prayers that I would have given you; but not being so, it will suffice if you say three hundred *Pater Nosters*, and as many *Ave Marias*, to the honour of the Trinity; and that when you look up to Heaven, have continually in mind that God created the Heaven and the Earth; remember also the Passion of our Saviour, when you are extended as he was upon the Cross. When they ring to Mattins you may retire and repose your self on your Bed, if you think fit. You ought afterwards to hear three Masses at least, and say fifty *Pater Nosters*, and as many *Ave Maria's*. If you have any time left, and any business to transact, you may do it as at other times, and afterwards go to Dinner. You must by no means omit going to Vespers, where you must say fifty Prayers that I will give you in writing, without which all the rest will be ineffectual. At the time of Even-Song return home. I will tell you the rest another time, and if you will but take care to perform these things with a devout mind, I hope you will feel the inexpressible joys of Eternal Life before you have finished them. *Pucio* gave him a thousand thanks, and assured him he would think no-

thing too long and difficult, and that he would begin next *Sunday*.

He went immediately and told his Wife this whole matter, who presently perceived that it was a trial of the Monk, and was not long a guessing what use he designed to make of it. This Project being very much to her liking, she told her Husband that it was a very easie way to gain Eternal Happiness, and that she might bear some Share with him, she would fast with him, but that she could do nothing else. *Pucio* having begun his Penance, and *Felice* and his Mistress having agreed upon terms, he came to her at the time when her Husband was busie in Contemplation, and took his place as soon as he had left it. The place that *Pucio* had chosen for his Penance being next to his Wife's Chamber, and only separated by a slight Partition, it happened one night when the Lovers were very Buxom, they shook the Bed very much. *Pucio*, who was in the midst of his *Pater Nosters*, hearing the Bed crack, stopt short, and ask his Wife what made all that noise? She, who was much given to laughing, and now had reason so to do, told him that she trembled extremely. But what's the matter that you tremble so replies he? She laughing heartily, under the Bed Cloaths, says, my Dear, I have heard you often say that when one goes to Bed supperless one shakes all the night. Poor *Pucio*, who believed that her Fasting (as he supposed) hindered her from sleeping all night, and was the cause of this agitation, says, I have often bid you not to Fast, but in regard you have, pray go to sleep, and don't shake at that rate; for you not only make your Bed move, but what is in this Room. I know very well what I do, says she, do you mind your own business, and I'll mind mine. *Pucio* held his Tongue, and returned to his Devotion. The Lovers, notwithstanding, would not be so near the Penitent for the future, but found a Bed farther off, and so diverted themselves as long as the Penance lasted. When the Monk was gone, *Isabella* went to her
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her own Bed, where her Husband came to repose himself after his Penance. They continued the same sport during the whole time the Penance was to be performed, and *Isabella* said often to her Lover, that *Pucio* did Penance, and she enjoyed the benefit of it. She thought there was no body like a Monk, and liked him so well, that she began to be regardless of her Reputation, and kept company with him after her Husbands Penance was compleated.

NOVEL XXV.

Ricciardo Minutolo fell in love with Philipello Tighinolfi's Wife, but being unsuccessful, makes her believe that her Husband was to meet a Mistress of his. Philipello's Wife, being very Jealous, went to find him out, and lies with Minutolo, supposing him to be her own Husband.

Naples is one of the most antient, and perhaps one of the most pleasant and beautiful Cities in Italy. There formerly dwelt there one *Ricciardo Minutolo*, a Gentleman of a very good Family, and very rich: And although he had a fine Lady for his own Wife, yet he fell desperately in love with another, who was esteemed the greatest Beauty in all *Naples*, whose name was *Catella*, and was married to another Gentleman, named *Philipello Tighinolfi*, who loved her intirely. *Ricciardo* endeavoured by all manner of ways to engage Madam *Catella's* Affections, but all proved to no purpose. Being driven to the last Despair in Courting an ungrateful Creature, who would make no return, at last he did all that he could to make a Vertue of Necessity, but it was impossible for him to bring it to an end. His Love consumed him, and his Life was a burden to him, but yet he could not get rid of either. His

Relations observing him to decline daily, pressed him to give over soliciting Madam *Catella*, telling him that he had been her humble Servant so long, and had nothing to say for it, but that he had served an ungrateful Person, persuading that she ought not to love, or esteem any other besides her own Husband. He knew all this as well as they, but he could not so easily be of their side, as they could argue for it. I know not whether Jealousie is always a sign of extraordinary Love, but as for Madam *Catella* she was the most jealous Woman alive. This Passion was too predominant in her, which *Ricciardo* perceiving, he resolved to turn it to his own advantage, and seeming to be quite cured of his Love, went no more near her, but publicly declared for another; he did every thing for this new Mistress that might make the World believe he had a real Passion for her. Madam *Catella* was not in the least concerned at it, but treated him with the same customary Civility she used to do.

It being now Summer, *Ricciardo* went with his Mistress to the usual places of Diversion, and as at those places, Persons are continually going and coming, *Ricciardo* happening to be left all alone with Madam *Catella*, seemed to let a word fall by chance, concerning an intrigue of Gallantry which a certain Gentleman designed. Madam *Catella* was presently jealous of her Husband, by the obscure description he gave of him. She being naturally very suspicious, soon took the alarm, and desired him to tell who it was he spoke of. He excused himself so often, that it obliged her to press him with the greater importunity. At last he seemed to be prevailed with, and tells her she had too much command over him for him to deny her any thing, but that still he obeyed on condition that she would neither tell her Husband, or any body else, till the Event had shown that what he had said was true, and he had put her in a way to be convinced of the reality of the Fact. Madam, says *Ricciardo*, if I had the

the same Passion for you as formerly, I should be very cautious how I told you such unwelcome news: these kind of Stories are always suspected when they are told by the Tongue of a Lover, and we are apt to believe them to be only the effect of Interest; but believing you have no such thoughts of me at present, I do venture to tell you that your Husband is not so scrupulous as you are. He is to meet a Mistress to-morrow at ten in the morning at *Giannetto's* that keeps the Bath. The Lady has desired that all the Doors and Windows of the Chamber may be shut close, *Giannetto* has promised it shall be so, and this is done to prevent discovery. But were I in your place, Madam, I would go to *Giannetto's* a little before the appointed time of meeting, and go into the Bed that was designed for your Husband and his Mistress. *Giannetto* will take no notice, and I am sure you may easily get in. Then you'll be effectually convinced of your Husbands Treachery, and you may severely reprimand him, in regard he will have nothing to say in his own defence. Madam *Catella* being overcome with the Transports of Jealousie, fell into his Net, and promises him to follow his Advice, pleasing herself before-hand with the Diversion she should have in railing her Husband, if she found him at the place of Rendezvous.

Ricciardo was very well satisfied with the fair prospect he had of succeeding in his design, and goes to order the matter with *Giannetto*, who would do any thing for Money. He gives him instructions how to manage the Affair, who promised punctually to observe his orders. Madam *Catella* went home in a very ill humour, and her Husband much in the same Temper, whether he was not well, or some business or other had fallen out cross. People are generally very ingenious to torment themselves, and every Accident is made use of to improve the predominant Passion; thus Madam *Catella* took her Husbands discontent for
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a clear confirmation of the truth of *Ricciardo's* Story. The time of meeting being very near, Madam *Catella*, who imagined that her presence was troublesome to her Husband, pretended that she would go and spend an hour with a Neighbour, but goes directly to *Giannetto*, who conducts her into the dark Chamber. She presently undrest her self, and was no sooner got into Bed, but *Ricciardo* comes in, and goes to Bed to her. What Raptures do you think he was in to receive these Favours from a Person that he so passionately loved? But what greater addition to his Pleasure do you think it was, so agreeably to deceive a cruel Creature that had made him languish for her so long a time? Although Madam *Catella* reaped some comfort from the enjoyment; yet there is nothing more insupportable than to be despised. The Lady, who had been silent all this while, and had took every thing very patiently, expressed that Resentment which she could no longer conceal. Who is it, do you think, perfidious Wretch, that you have now enjoyed? I am *Catella*, false Man, and not the Woman you imagine. Is this the return you make for my Love and Constancy? I do not now wonder at your being so ill-humoured yesterday, you reserved your gay Temper for your Mistress. You are all Ice towards me, and Fire when you think you are with another. Base Creature, have you nothing to say for your self? Are you struck Dumb because I have told you of your mistake? I should serve you but right if I should scratch your Eyes out. *Ricciardo* had all the difficulty in the World to forbear Laughing, and would have embraced her without saying any thing, but she flings away from him in a fury, and says do you take me for a Child, and think to flatter me into Compliance? No, I will never forgive you, I am sorry I have been so true to you, I'll find out some way or other to be revenged on you. What should hinder me but that I should go to *Ricciardo*, who so passionately loves

loves me, and enjoy him by way of Reprizal for your perfidiousness? She was getting out of Bed, but *Ricciardo* held her; and thinking it would be of ill Consequence to let her go away under this mistake, he resolved to undeceive her. Pray Madam, says he, be comforted, I am *Ricciardo*, and not your Husband; I have obtained those Favours by a Stratagem, that you would never bestow as the reward of my Love. *Castella*, who knew his Voice very well, was so surprized that she was not able to speak. After she came to her self, she renewed her Complaints, and railed as much against the Treachery of her Lover, as she had done before against the falseness of her Husband. *Ricciardo* very ingeniously suggested to her, that having granted no Favours, but under the name of her Husband, she was not in the least Culpable, that she might be assured of his Secresie, and that this contrivance of his was nothing but the effect of the great Love and Esteem he had for her. All this Discourse signified nothing, she wept extremely, and *Ricciardo* perceiving her to startle if he offered to stir, took her by the Hand; Let me go cruel Man, says she, that I may weep my self to death. Do not do so by any means, replies *Ricciardo*, you'll suffer the most by it; people are now grown so censorious, that they will never believe that you were decoyed hither by a trick; but on the contrary they will imagine that Money drew you hither, and not being paid as much as you required, you ran away and raised this Uproar. Besides, when your Husband comes to know it, he'll only revenge himself upon you, for I am capable of defending my self. Still she poured out a flood of Tears for meer vexation; yet, as passionate as she was, she had so much liberty of thought as to see that *Ricciardo* argued rightly. Let me go again, I say, says she, and hold me no longer, I will cry no more, but I shall enjoy no Comfort in this World till I am revenged on you for this barbarous Action. You have what you desired,

fired, and I am a Sacrifice to my own Folly and Jealousie : why do you hold me ? Let there be no heart-burning betwixt us, dear Madam, replies *Ricciardo*, let us part Friends, and permit me to give you farther demonstrations of my Love. This is the first time that you have done Justice to my Affection and Perseverance, and would you leave it imperfect ? By these, and other Reasons, *Ricciardo* so prevailed upon this fair Lady, that she began to be pretty well pacified, and Love made a perfect Reconciliation. Things ended very well, and *Catella* finding the difference between a Gallant and a Husband, her Love for *Ricciardo* was ever after as great, as her former coldness and indifference.

NOVEL XXVI.

Theobaldo, being denied those Favours he used to receive from his Mistress, out of Grief leaves Florence, and returning thither some years afterwards, in the Habit of a Pilgrim, found out a way to be reconciled to her, and saved her Husband, who was just going to be Condemned to die for Assassinating him.

A Young Florentine, called *Theobaldo*, a Person of Quality, fell in Love with *Ermilina*, the Wife of *Aldrobandino Palermini*, and had the good Fortune to obtain those Favours which were due to his Merit. But Ladies have their Caprices, and Fortune is very whimsical. *Ermilina* was quite changed all on a sudden, and would not permit her Lover so much as to see her, write to her, or speak to her. He omitted nothing to regain those Favours that he had lost, but not by his own Fault, but all proving ineffectual, he resolved to Travel to some remote parts, and deprive this hard-hearted Creature, of the cruel Pleasure she took

took in seeing him languish in despair. Having communicated his design to none, but only one of his particular Friends, from whom he concealed nothing, he went to *Ancona*, and took on him the name of *Sandoleccio*; so entering into the Service of a Merchant, he Embarks with him for *Cyprus*. The Merchant was so well pleased with him, that he advanced his Wages, made him his Companion, and entrusted him with the greatest part of his Affairs. He behaved himself so well, and was so successful, that in a little time he grew very rich, and had great Credit. Still his Mistress, and Love, ran in his mind, and he had often very strong Inclinations, that made him wish to see *Florence* once again, but it was seven years before he positively resolved to return thither. Chance at last determined him. One day walking out Melancholy, intending to sing a Song that he had formerly made on his Amours, he began to think all on a sudden of the merit of *Ermilina*, the pleasure he formerly took in her Service, and the Favours he had received from her, and resolved immediately to return to *Florence*. He presently takes Ship, and arrived at *Ancona*, from thence he sends his Effects to *Florence*, to a Correspondent of his Partners, and habiting himself like a Pilgrim, sets out the next day. He lodges at an Inn, that two Brothers kept, next Door to *Ermilina*. His first hopes were, that passing by this House, he might see his Mistress, but finding the Doors and Windows shut, he believed that either she was dead, or that she was removed from thence. Being very Melancholy, he goes by his Brothers House, and seeing them in Mourning, it afforded him more matter of Astonishment. He went into a Shoemakers Shop, and cheapens a pair of Shoes, and after a short Discourse, asks him who those people were in Mourning for? The Shoemaker said it was for one *Theobaldo*, a Brother of theirs, who having been absent a long time, and being come again into this City, was Assassinated

fined about fifteen days ago. They say (says the Shoemaker) that one *Aldrobandino Palermi*, who is in Prison for this Crime, is found guilty of it. This *Theobaldo*, we speak of, was in love with *Aldrobandino's* Wife, who surprized him disguised, and coming to lie with her. *Theobaldo*, being very sorry for *Aldrobandino's* misfortune, and very glad to understand that his Mistress was well, went to his Lodging with his Head full of a thousand different Ideas, and hardly slept one wink all that night. Lying on the lowermost Floor, about midnight he heard some Persons walking about the House, and saw a light which seemed to him to come from above Stairs. He got up, and opening a little Wicket very softly, he saw two Men, who spoke to a jolly lusty Woman, who waited upon them with a Candle in her Hand, and very softly told her that *Aldrobandino* had confessed that he had murdered *Theobaldo*, and now they were out of Danger, provided they could but keep their own Counsel. *Theobaldo* presently thought those two Men were his Landlords, but was confirmed when he heard them open the Door, and go into their own Room. *Theobaldo* made some Melancholy remarks on the mistakes and errors to which the mind of Man is subject, and could hardly conceive how his Brothers should take another for him. He represented to himself to how great hardships Ignorance and Prejudice often expose the most Innocent, and justly condemned the blind severity of the Law, which under a pretence to discover Truth, and punish the Guilty, oftentimes, by the violence of Tortures, extorts false Confessions, and makes the Innocent, through excess of Pain, acknowledge themselves guilty of what they never committed. After he had ended these Reflections, he spent the rest of the night in consulting how he might save *Aldrobandino*, and at last believed he had hit on the right way. As soon as he thought it a fit time of the day, he went to *Ermilina's* House, and luckily finding the Door open, he went into a little Hall,

Hall, where he found his Mistress very Disconsolate, and all in Tears. Madam, says he, do not torment your self, you shall suddenly have cause to rejoyce. You are a Stranger to me, honest Man, and how can you pretend to know what now afflicts me, and what will Comfort me? It is but this very moment that I came hither (says the Pilgrim) God sent me from *Constantinople* to Comfort you, and deliver your Husband from the danger which he is in. The Lady, who never gave any credit to these sort of Folks, says to him, in regard you came from so far off, how come it to pass that you know my Husband and me? Madam, says he, you will presently judge by what I shall tell you; then he gives a whole account of her Husband's Affair, tells her who she was, how long she had been married, and many other particulars, which made her take him for an holy Prophet. Then she threw her self at his Feet, and told him, that in regard he came to save her Husband, he should lose no time. The Pilgrim raised her up, and says. Madam, give earnest attention to what I am about to say, and let it remain as an eternal Secret with you. God has revealed unto me, that it is for a Crime that you have committed, that this Affliction fell upon you, and if you do not make Reparation, you will be no sooner delivered out of this Tribulation, but another will fall upon you. I have been guilty of a great many sins, replies the Lady; but holy Man, pray tell what this in particular is that you speak of? I will do all that I am able to make Reparation. Had you never any Gallant, says the Pilgrim? The Lady was the more surprized at this Question, because, before, *Theobaldo's* Friend, who only knew the Secret, had imprudently let fall some words upon this Subject, that very night the false *Theobaldo* was kill'd, she did not believe any person knew it. So fetching a deep sigh, she said, I plainly perceive that God reveals all Secrets to you, and therefore it would be in vain to conceal any thing from you. I did Love the unfortunate *Theobaldo*,
who

who my Husband is accused of Assassinating, I shall always lament his Death, and protest that notwithstanding the seeming Cruelty wherewith I treated him, neither his long Absence, or his miserable Death, will be ever able to make me forget him. This *Theobaldo*, that your Husband is said to have murdered, is not the same *Theobaldo* that was your Lover (says the Pilgrim) but pray, Madam, inform me what was the reason that induced you to treat your Lover so barbarously? Nothing at all, says the Lady, only Confessing once to a cursed Priest, to whom I was obliged to declare the Love I had for *Theobaldo*, and the Favours I granted him, he told me that if I did not immediately forbear to converse with him any more on such an account, I should burn eternally in the devouring Flames of Hell, which so terrified me that I immediately threw him off, upon which he fell into a deep Melancholy; but in good truth, if he had staid here, I am sure my Resolution would have altered, and I should not have been able to refuse admitting his Love. But he gave himself intirely up to Despair, and is gone. This is the sin, Madam, says the Pilgrim, for which this present Calamity is befallen you. I am very sure that *Theobaldo* never offered any Violence to you. You thought him worthy of your Love, and you Loved him voluntarily. You entertained him so obligingly, that made him Love you a thousand times better than he did before, notwithstanding you discarded him basely, upon a Scruple, which you ought to have thought on before. You gave him your Heart, and he lookt upon it a Treasure that peculiarly belonged to him, and yet you took it away from him. By your Confessors good leave, this is a sort of Theft, I am a Priest my self, and know them better than you do. Time corrupts the best things, and the more excellent any thing is in its Nature, the worse it is when it degenerates. Priests were formerly holy Men; but now adays the most part of them carry nothing about them that is holy, besides their Habits,

bits, and these also are quite different from those of the Primitive Times, those were made of a coarse Stuff, and very scanty, these are of fine Cloth, and very large. Priests formerly designed nothing but the Salvation of Mens Souls, and now they aim at nothing more than their Wives and Wealth. They have invented a thousand ways to frighten Fools, and to make their Biggots believe that Sins are expiated by Alms and Masses, which they are well paid for. So they have found out a Secret to enrich themselves at the Publick Charge. And as they well know that their Abundance proceeds from the impoverishing particular Persons, there is nothing but what they will do and say to amass Riches, that at last they may remain the sole Possessors. They rail against Usury, and unlawful Gain, as Sins that tumble Men headlong into Hell, and yet they never make any scruple to lay up a Fund to purchase Preferment, when an opportunity presents it self. When they are told that they preach up what they do not observe themselves, they think it a sufficient answer to say, *Do as we say, and not as we do*, that is to say, fill our Purses, commit your Secrets to us, be Chast, Patient, pardon Injuries, and speak ill of no Man. But to come to your own Case, which was the design of this Discourse, this is to have power to plunge themselves into the Vices opposite to the Vertues we were speaking of, which they could not do with so much ease and security, if the Laity did interfere with them. Who is ignorant that the Monks could not be debauched without Money? And how would they have it, if the Laity expended it themselves? This is the reason why they take so much pains to declaim against a voluptuous Life, which they would have no body lead besides themselves. If any particular Layman makes love to a Lady, they think it absolutely requisite to take her into their own Hands, and if they are not patient enough to forgive the outrages they commit; yet they dare not dishonour their Family. If the Monks are such Saints

as they would pretend to be, why do not they imitate the example of our Saviour, who first practised, and then taught? Those that exclaim most violently in the Pulpit against Fornication, will be the first, themselves, that endeavour to debauch a Woman. I do not speak of the Laity, but the Priests themselves. I know a thousand that justly deserve this Character. If it be a Sin to be kind to a Lover, it is sure a greater to murder him. The first is a Sin to which Nature inclines us, the other proceeds from a cruel and wicked Mind. Now, if you have not murdered your Lover, you have done as much as you could to destroy him, and consequently, in regard you are the occasion of his Death, or Exile, you are not more to be justified, than if you had actually killed or banished him. But to proceed, did *Theobaldo* deserve to be treated at this rate, because he loved you as his own life? Ought not you rather to have made him some small Returns? He had Merit, was well Descended, was a Man of Honour, had Youth and good Deportment; and your Hypocritical Confessor would never have spoke against such a Gentleman, unless he had a design to have succeeded him, when you had turned him off. You are now punished at present. You would kill *Theobaldo* without any Reason, and your Husband is now ending of his Life causelessly on *Theobaldo's* account. Therefore, if you would save your Husbands Life, you ought to make Reparation for the Injustice you have done to your Lover. If ever he return you ought to shew him tenderness and respect, and love him as you did at first. I am very sensible of my Fault, says *Ermilina*, and would to God it were in my power to make Satisfaction; but *Theobaldo* is dead. The Pilgrim replied, *Theobaldo* is not dead, you shall see him alive very well, when you are ready to give him your Heart. Indeed, Reverend Father, you are much mistaken, I held him in my Arms when he was stabbed in several places, and bedewed his Face with my Tears, for which I had a great deal of

of Scandal cast upon me. Would to God he were alive, his Presence would revive me as much as my Husband's Liberty: *Theobaldo*, thinking it then a proper time to discover himself, presented her with a Ring that she had formerly given him, when he was in her Favour, and asked her if she knew it. She fetched a deep Sigh, and said I know it very well, it is a Ring I gave *Theobaldo*: 'Tis *Theobaldo* that returns it to you, Madam, says he, don't you remember me at all? And just as he had said so, he plucks off his Pilgrims Habit. *Ermilina* believed she saw a Person risen from the dead, and was about to run away, but *Theobaldo* caught hold of her, and kept her. She continued sometime under a great Consternation; but at last she began to remember his Voice, and examining his Face, she was fully convinced that it was he. It is impossible to express their mutual Caresses, which being over, *Theobaldo* left the other matter for a more fit time; for the getting of *Aldrobandino's* Liberty would admit of no delay. He presently went to him, and found him without the least hopes of life. As soon as the Prisoner saw him, he thought him to be a Confessor that was sent to him. I have Compassion on your Innocence, *Aldrobandino*, (says *Theobaldo*, drest like a Pilgrim) and came hither to procure your liberty. I only require one thing from you, that is, as soon as you have made your Innocence appear unto the World, you will be heartily reconciled to *Theobaldo's* Brothers who prosecuted you, who had not done it, if they had not believed you guilty of their Brothers Blood. Although Revenge is very sweet (says *Aldrobandino*) yet I freely forgive them, at the request of so generous a Friend. I am very innocent of the Crime of which I am accused, but Providence thought thus to punish my other sins, which are not a few. The Pilgrim satisfied with this answer, bids him take Courage, and promised to bring him very good News to morrow.

From the Prison he went before one of the Judges, who was a just and sagacious Person. My Lord, says the Pilgrim, I am persuaded that you would be troubled, if you should punish the Innocent for the Guilty, which has made me presume to come to inform you, that *Aldrobandino*, is intirely guiltless of *Theobaldo*'s death, and to discover the real Murderers. This Judge, who was never very well convinced that *Aldrobandino* was guilty of this Crime, and seemed to consent with the rest of the Judges with regret, was very glad to hear the Pilgrim say so. He examined him, and being informed by him of what he heard the night before, he presently sent and apprehended the Pilgrims Landlord. There was no need to put them to the Wrack. They confessed that they had murdered the very Person that *Aldrobandino* was condemned for, upon a suspicion of Jealousie. Then *Theobaldo* left the Judge, and went to his Mistress, who impatiently expected him, and was alone, the better to entertain him. He gives her an account of the success of his Affairs, and assured her that her Husband would be at liberty to Morrow, for joy whereof they spent the night together. In the morning he entertained her with the account of what pleasant Designs he would bring about, begs her to be secret, and goes to see how *Aldrobandino*'s Affairs stood. The whole Court being fully convinced of his Innocence, ordered him to be discharged. A little while after the two Criminals were condemned and executed. Every body knew that *Aldrobandino*'s Life and Liberty was owing to the Pilgrim. All his Relations came to wait upon him at *Aldrobandino*'s House, to make him a Compliment of thanks, where also he was nobly treated, and very much Carested, but especially by Madam *Ermilina*, who understood more than all the rest:

Having spent some days in rejoycing, the Pilgrim claimed *Aldrobandino*'s promise to be reconciled to *Theobaldo*'s Brothers, who were in great Consternation at so sudden a change. *Aldrobandino* said he was very ready
to

to do whatever he commanded him. Then, says the Pilgrim, do you make an Entertainment to morrow, for them and their Wives, and I will go and propose the Accommodation. *Aldrobandino* left the whole matter to him, he goes to his Brothers, and gives them such Reasons that prevailed on them to wait on *Aldrobandino*, and be reconciled to him, which he heartily desired, and to that end he invited them and their Wives to dine with him to morrow. They all appeared in Mourning, and they were as perfectly reconciled as could be wished for, striving to exceed each other in Civility. The Entertainment was not attended with such Mirth as is usual on such occasions, but was accompanied with a profound Silence, which was very unpleasant to the Ladies. But the Pilgrim soon remedied this affair, by discovering himself, to the inexpressible joy of the whole Company. Gentlemen and Ladies, (says he) I see nothing but *Theobaldo* is wanting to compleat your Joy, he is in your Company, though you do not know it, I will shew him you presently, then plucking his Pilgrims Habit off, he stood up in his Waistcoat. The whole Company was strangely surprized, every one look'd upon him very earnestly, and yet could hardly believe their own Eyes. But they were soon convinced that it was he, when he had given them an account of his Adventures, and mentioned all their Relations and Kindred, and many other things, which no body but he could know. His Brothers and Sisters presently ran and embraced him. *Aldrobandino*, and the rest, did the same, the Women fell about his Neck with Tears in their Eyes, and every body, but *Ermilina*, was in Rapture and Extasie. Her Husband was surprized at it, and openly blamed her for it: She answers, that there was no body was more willing and ready to pay the utmost respects to him, or had more reason to do it than her self, having restored a Husband to her that was dearer to her than her own life; but the false Reports that were spread abroad t'other day, when she wept

for the death of the supposed *Theobaldo*, obliged her to be more cautious, and to forbear expressing her acknowledgment of those great Favours he had bestowed on her, in a way suitable to their Merit. A very good Reason, says *Aldrobandino*, but in regard I permit you, regard not what Slanderers say, do what becomes you, and trouble your self about nothing else. *Ermilina*, who desired nothing more, embraces *Theobaldo*, and expresses a thousand Endearments towards him. They were all very well pleased at *Aldrobandino's* Entertainment, and the mutual Civilities that passed, established an Amity, and good Intelligence between the two Families: *Theobaldo* made them put off their Mourning, and the Entertainment that began in Sorrow, ended in Joy and Mirth. *Theobaldo* treated the next day, and many days were spent in Feasting and Rejoycing, and People for some time look'd on him as one risen from the dead; nay his own Brothers were not yet thoroughly satisfied that it was he, nor perhaps would ever have been, if they had not happened to discover who he was, that they had taken for him. Some People of the Country of *Lugiana*, going one day by his House, and seeing him at the Door, Complimented him by the name of *Fativolo*. He answered them, in his Brothers hearing, that they took him for another, they knew by his Voice, that they were mistaken, and begged his Pardon; but, say they, there was never two Men more alike in the World, than you and our Friend *Fativolo*, and before we heard you speak, we verily believed that you were he. It is about fifteen days since he came hither, and we have never heard of him since. There is no difference at all betwixt you and him, besides your Voices and Cloaths. Pray what Cloaths did he wear, says *Theobaldo's* eldest Brother? such as we do, say they. Then it plainly appeared, beyond all doubt, that they had taken *Fativolo* for *Theobaldo*. Who being come home very rich, managed matters so prudently, that he enjoyed his Mistress ever after free from all suspicion.

NOVEL XXVII.

Ferondo takes a Powder, which made him sleep so long, that they thought he was dead, and so buried him. An Abbot, who was his Wifes Gallant, takes him out of the Grave, and puts him in Prison, making him believe that he was in Purgatory. Afterwards he pretends to raise him from the Dead, and makes him own a Bastard, that he had by his Wife during the time.

IN *Tuscany*, there was an Abby situate in a very solitary place; whose Abbot was very much in years, and was esteemed a very holy Man, the business of Women only excepted; but he managed it so privately, that it did not in the least blemish his Reputation. Near unto this Abby there dwelt a rich Farmer, named *Ferondo*, a very dull stupid Fellow; he was acquainted with the Abbot, who entertained him only to divert himself with his Folly. *Ferondo* had a very jolly Wife, whom the Abbot fell very much in Love with, but the Clown being extreme jealous, would never suffer her to be out of his sight, so the Abbot despaired of ever succeeding. Still he would be much in *Ferondo's* Company, who sometimes brought his Wife to the Abby. The Abbot one day walk'd out with them into the Garden, and discoursed them about sacred things. He talk'd so well on this Subject, that the Woman took him for a great Saint, and having desired him to be her Confessor, she asked her Husbonds leave, which he readily granted. The Abbot was very glad to have such a Penitent, and hoped now he should have an opportunity to further his Amours. He soon run over the more gross Sins, but the Family Affairs were longest in Discussing. He asked her if she and her Husband lived lovingly together. She answered that she had no reason

to complain of him; but that he was a very hard and unreasonable Man, and made her very uneasie through Jealousie. The Abbot replied, that it was a hard case that such a Woman as she should be married to a jealous-pated Fellow, and that he was perswaded that such ridiculous conceits, must needs occasion her many uneasie days; but told her that Jealousie was not an incurable Distemper, and that he did not question but to Cure her Husband, and to that end he would give her an infallible Remedy, provided she would be secret. The Penitent solemnly promises the utmost secrecie. But pray, holy Father, how will you Cure my Husband of his Jealousie? He must be sent to Purgatory says the Abbot. How so, Reverend Father, says she? Can any one go into Purgatory whilst they are alive? No, he must die first, replies the Abbot, and when he has been there long enough to be cured, we will pray to God for him, and he will be restored to life again. But when she heard him say restore him to life again, she said, and must I remain a Widow all the while? Without doubt, says he, for after he is brought to life again, if he finds any other Man with you he will become more jealous than ever. I would willingly (says she) endure any thing to Cure him of his Jealousie; and to procure me a little more liberty than I have at present. That is very well, replies the Abbot, but what Recompence shall I have for my trouble? Whatsoever you please, Reverend Father (says she) if it be in my power to perform. You can do as much for me as I can do for you, says the Abbot. I will procure your ease and repose. You ought to preserve my life, love me only, as much as I love you, and as there is nothing that I will deny you, so don't you deny me any thing, not your very Bed. The Woman was strangely surprized to hear such a Compliment from the holy Abbot. He told her that it was a greater matter of surprize to see the wonderful effects that her Beauty had on a Man, who was accustomed to see none but Celestial

Celestial Beauties. For although he was in holy Orders, yet he was Flesh and Blood as well as other Men, and that he would keep her Company, and be instead of a Husband to her, during the time that *Ferondo* was in Purgatory. He also told her, that the Soul being the Seat of holiness, those Actions which respected the Body only, did not at all affect the Sanctity of the Soul, and that she being assured of Secresie, had the less reason to deny what he desired of her; besides he promised to present her with some rich Jewels. She hung her Head down, and said neither ay, nor no. The Abbot then perceived that she was half persuaded, and persisted to convince her by sacred Arguments, that he desired nothing of her that was sinful, and that it was a commendable thing for her to comply with him. She very bashfully answered, that she was willing to obey all his Commands, provided that her Husband was first in Purgatory. He shall be there very speedily. But first send him to the Abby to me. Then he put a Ring on her Finger, which served to put her in mind of her Promise.

Some days after, *Ferondo* coming to the Convent, the Abbot resolved to send him into Purgatory, by giving him a Power that would make him sleep for a longer or shorter time, according to the proportion of the Dose. This Powder had such an extraordinary quality, that while its Operation continued, every one that saw the Person thought that he was really dead. He gave *Ferondo* as much as would make him sleep three days, he walks out with him into the Cloister, as soon as he perceived that he began to be sleepy; at last he falls down all along, the Abbot cries out for help, some bring Water, and some Vinegar, to recover him, but all in vain, there was no sign of life in him, and every one thought he was dead. They sent for his Wife and Relations, who came and wept over him. They buried him with the usual Ceremonies, and put him into a pretty large Vault. At midnight the Abbot, and

a *Bolognian* Monk, who was his Confident, took *Ferondo* out of the Vault, and conveyed him into an obscure Cave, which was a Prison for the Monks when they had committed any Enormities. Whilst *Ferondo* slept, the Abbot took his Cloaths, went to wait on his Mistress, who now having her Liberty, and being well rewarded, denied him nothing. The Abbot going and coming pretty often, was sometimes met in the way, and so a Rumor was spread about that *Ferondo* was come again; but his Wife who knew better, was not at all concerned at it. When *Ferondo* waked, he did not know where he was, till the *Bolognian* Monk, coming in, under the form of an Angel, with Rods in his Hand, and gave him five or six severe Strokes, which made him cry out bitterly. Alas! Alas! where am I says he? In Purgatory, replies the Monk. Am I dead then, cries he? Undoubtedly, says the Monk. Then *Ferondo* began to weep, and bemoan himself, and his Wife and Son, and talk abundance of ridiculous stuff. There's Bread and Wine, says the Monk, which your Wife sent me to pray to God for you, which the Lord of this place hath commanded me to give you. What must I do with it says *Ferondo*, do the dead Eat? Without question, replies the Monk. I have a very good Wife, says he, but we never know the value of things but by the loss of them, Hunger pinching him he eat and drank, and complained that his Wife had not sent him the best Wine. Then the Monk began to lash him again. *Ferondo* roars out, and asks him what he was so severely beaten for. I am ordered, says the Monk, to whip you so twice every day for being Jealous, and abusing your Wife, who was so loving and tender of you. Indeed, says *Ferondo*, I must needs own that my Wife was one of the best Women in the World; but I never knew that Jealousie was a Sin, if I had, I would never have committed it. Take this, says the Monk, and be so no more, if ever you should return upon Earth again. What, says *Ferondo*,

Ferondo, can one return thither again, after one has been once dead? You will return thither again after a thousand years, replies the Monk. A thousand years? cries *Ferondo*, that is a very long time, nevertheless, whenever I return, I faithfully promise you that I will never be Jealous any more, nor ever complain of her again, but only for the bad Wine she sent me this morning. She should also have sent me a Candle, for this place is as dark as Pitch, and a Bed to lie on. She did send you both, but the Candles are burnt while Masses are said for your Soul, and you shall have a Bed after some days more Penance, for we have it here. Then *Ferondo* said, but for God's sake tell who you are. I am one that is dead, like you, replies the Monk, and because I was Jealous as you were, God hath condemned me to Correct you, until both our times of Penance shall be compleated. Is there no body but us two here, says *Ferondo*? There are many millions more (says the Monk) but you can neither see nor hear them, nor can they see or hear you. Whilst *Ferondo* was in Purgatory, the Abbot and his Wife passed the time very agreeably. But a small common Accident disturbed their Mirth, and allay'd their Pleasures. The Woman proved with Child; which, as soon as she perceived, she told the Abbot of. Then he began to think it a fit time to raise the Husband from the dead. To this end they first told him that the Prayers of the Abbot, his Wife, and other Friends, had prevailed with God to permit him to return upon Earth again, then they gave him a Dose of the same Powder, to make him sleep for four hours only. Whilst he was asleep, they put on his Cloaths, and carried him into the Vault, where he lay before. When he was awake, he could discern a little glimmering of light through the chinks of the Vault, and cry'd out aloud let me out. Some Person hearing his Voice, went and told the Monks of it, who immediately ran and found *Ferondo* coming out of his Tomb, which he had made a shift to open.

When

When they saw him they all ran away, the swiftest of Heels ran first to the Abbot to carry the News. He went out with them to see this great Miracle, and met *Ferondo*, who told him that his own and his Wifes Prayers had raised him from the Dead, and that he was eternally obliged to them both. The Abbot told him he had made very earnest Intercession to God for him, and that he was very glad that his Prayers had prevailed; and advised him to make all hast to his Wife, and comfort her, for she had been in Tears ever since he was Dead. The Abbot highly extolled the greatness of this Miracle to his Monks, and ordered them to sing *Miserere*. All that met *Ferondo* ran from him, as if he had been a Ghost. His Wife also was much frightened, or else pretended to be so. At last every body was satisfied, when they heard him speak, and relate the dismal wonders of the other World, and what happened to him there. But what is most pleasant is, that he really believed himself to be Father of the Child which his Wife had during this time, but sure he did not reckon right, or else imagined that this Birth was as miraculous as his pretended Resurrection. *Ferondo* attributing his Resurrection to the power of the Abbot's Prayers: the Reputation of his extraordinary sanctity obtained amongst all those who were persuaded of the truth of the Miracle. He lived afterwards with his Wife, without the least Suspicion or Jealousie, and she and the Abbot met together as often as they conveniently could, and made themselves very merry with the stupidity of her Husband.

NOVEL XXVIII

Giletta de Narbon cures the King of France of a Fistula, and demands the Count de Rouffillon in Marriage, as her Reward. The Count, out of pure Complaisance to the King, Marries her, but leaves her and goes for Florence, where he fell in Love with a beautiful young Lady; but lies with his own Wife, when he thought he had enjoy'd his Mistress. The Countess was brought to Bed of two Sons, and by that means matters were accommodated betwixt her and her Husband.

ESnard, Count de Rouffillon, one of the Nobles of France, being very sickly, kept Girard de Narbon, a Physician, always in his House. This Count had a young Son named Bertrand, who was brought up with several other Children, about his Age, to keep him Company, and amongst others one Giletta, his Physicians Daughter. This young Girl was very much taken with young Bertrand, and Desires increasing with Age, this Liking grows into Love, which Love proved so great, that it is hardly to be believed that so tender an Age could be able to produce so strong a Passion. The Count, who had been infirm all his days, dies, and leaves the King Guardian to his Son Bertrand, who presently sent for him to Court, to the great mortification of Giletta, who would have followed him, but that upon serious consideration, she thought it would reflect upon her Character. But a very favourable opportunity soon presented it self; the King having a Swelling in his Stomach, it turned to a Fistula, which all his Physicians could not Cure. Giletta, whose Father had Communicated several rare Secrets to her, was persuaded that she could Cure the King, and goes immediately to Court, where her first business was to
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see her Lover, the very sight of whom extremely revived her. She soon got admittance to the Kings Presence, and desired him to let her see what his Distemper was. As soon as she saw it, she said she did not question but to cure it, and offered to undertake it. The King laughed heartily at her, and told her that all his Physicians, and most of the ingenious Men in his Dominions had used their utmost skill, without the least appearance of Cure, and how could so young a Creature as she, pretend to succeed? She told the King that she was Daughter to *Girard de Narbon*, whose Reputation was Celebrated throughout the whole Kingdom, and that he had left her a great many rare Secrets, and if his Majesty would be pleased to trust himself in her Hands, she would venter her life, that, by Gods assistance, she would perfectly Cure him in eight days, and for the better Security he might keep her in Custody, and put her to the most cruel death, if she did not perform what she promised; but if she did Cure him, then she desired that his Majesty would be pleased to grant what she ask'd, provided it was no ways detrimental to his Royal Person, the Princes of the Blood, or his Kingdoms. The love of life, which is natural to all Men, but particularly Kings, who are generally more addicted to it than others, inclined this Prince to accept of the Proposal. *Giletta* then made a Powder, with which she perfectly cured him in less than eight days, to the great astonishment of his Physicians, who expected nothing but to see her pay dear for her rash folly; but to their great mortification, instead thereof, saw her caressed and esteemed by the King, who bid her make her demand, and he was ready to grant it. Some thought she would have asked a great sum of Money; others thought she would desire some great Preferment at Court, but they were all amazed, when they heard her only desire Count *Bertrand* for her Husband. The King presently sent for the Count, and asked him if he were willing to Marry the young Lady there

there present. The Count could not deny but that she had Beauty and Merit, but yet said that a Person of his Quality ought not to debase himself so much, and the disproportion between them being so great, he desired his Majesty would be pleased to excuse him. The King answered him that in regard he insisted only on Quality, he could easily supply that defect, and told him, in short, that the Kings of *France* did not use to be disobeyed, and therefore bid him Marry the Lady, and he would do whatsoever might contribute to their satisfaction. The Count well knew that this must be a Law to him; but it was such a Law as he obeyed with the utmost regret imaginable. When the Count was married, he desired the King that he might go home to Consummate the Marriage. The King, who had now performed his promise, freely consented. The Count was no sooner got on the Road, but he left his Spouse just as he found her, and went to *Florence*, where he remained a long time in the Service of the *Florentines*, then in War with the *Senesi*.

The new married Lady was much disturbed at this Adventure, but yet hoping that time and her good Conduct, might restore her Husband to her, went to *Roussillon*, where she was received as the Counts Wife. When she came there she found things very much out of order; but by her Prudence she soon reduced them into a very good condition. This got her the esteem and love of Great and Small, and every body very much blamed the Count, for treating a Woman of her Merit so uncivilly. When she had quite settled Affairs, she sent two Gentlemen to her Husband, to tell him that if she were the occasion that he did not come to *Roussillon*, she would presently leave it. The Count answered very surlily, that she might do as she pleased; but that he would never live with her until she had that Ring, which he had on his Finger, and was brought to Bed of a Son of his own getting. He had a great esteem for the Ring, and always wore it, supposing it

to be endued with some secret Vertue. The Messengers not being able to get any other answer, returned to give their Mistress an account of their ill success: The Countess was very disconsolate, and was at a stand what to do; at last, after some consideration, she sent for the best, and most considerable, Persons of the Country, and told them that her living amongst them hindered them from having the satisfaction of enjoying their Lords Company, upon which account she resolved to leave them, and spend the remainder of her days in Pilgrimage. She desired them to take care of the Government of the Country, and to acquaint the Count that she was gone, and resolved never to see *Roussillon* more. They endeavoured all they could to persuade her from this Resolution, but it was to no purpose. She furnished her self very well with Money and Jewels, and went away accompanied only with one of her Relations, and one Servant, no body else knowing whether she went. When she was got out of *Roussillon*, she disguised her self, and those with her, and then made all the hast she could for *Florence*. She lodged with an old Widow, and was there some time before she enquired after her Husband; but at last seeing him ride along the Street at the head of his Company, she asked her Landlady who that Gentleman was? She told her he was a Stranger that had an honourable Post in the Army, and was called there Count *Bertrand* of *Roussillon*, and that he was passionately in Love with a very fine Lady hard by, but one of no Fortune, and she believed she had already answered the Counts desires, her Mother knowing nothing of it, who was a Woman of strict Honour and Vertue. The Countess being informed of both their names, and where they dwelt, went to see them, and told the Mother that she desired to speak with her in private. After Compliments were over, they went together into a Chamber; and being both sat down, the Countess presently tells her, that she begged the freedom to ask a Favour of her, which she

she was capable of performing, and for which she would satisfy her to her Content; but that great Secresie was absolutely necessary. The *Florentine* told her she might assure her self of Secresie, and that she would serve her to the utmost of her ability, in any thing that was Just and Honorable. Upon this Assurance the Countess tells her who she was, and gives her an account of the beginning and progress of her Love, what happened after she was married, and the Answer her Husband had given to the Messengers she sent to him, and managed the whole Relation so naturally, and with such an air of Sincerity and Truth, that she presently gained Credit with the *Florentine*, who most compassionately condoled her misfortunes. The Countess was well pleased to see the beginning so favourable, which encouraged her to come to the main point, and told her that she understood that her Husband was in love with her Daughter, and by that means it would be in her power, to do what she desired of her. I know, says the Countess, that Fortune has not been just to your Merit, and that the smallness of her Fortune is the reason why your Daughter is not married yet; but do you but find out a suitable and advantageous Match for her, and you shall find that in recompence of your good Service I will advance her a very good Portion. I would have you send one you can confide in, to my Husband to tell him that your Daughter is ready to be at his Service, provided she were but sure that he really loved her, for a proof of which she desired him to send her the Ring he had upon his Finger, which she was told he valued so much; which, if he send, I desire you would give it me. Then appoint a day for him to lie with your Daughter, and let me go in her stead. If it please God that he get me with Child, and I shall be safely delivered of a Son, he may then keep his word, and yet we may live happily together. The *Florentine*, who wanted neither Spirit nor Honour, was very unwilling to comply, fearing it would reflect on her

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Daughters

Daughters Vertue; but at last considering that it was for her advancement, and all to accomplish an end that was commendable in it self, promised the Countess that she would presently go about what she desired. The Count was very unwilling to send the Ring, but at last he did. The next day the Count came and lay with his Wife, instead of his Mistress, and never knew it, although he lay often with her. At last the Countess was big with Child, and brought to Bed of two Sons. When she perceived her self big, she returned to her old Widows, having presented her Benefactrix with a considerable sum of Money, and some Jewels of great Value. The *Florentine* took her Daughter, and went to her Relations in the Country, to avoid any more of the Counts Visits. The Count being informed that his Wife had left *Roussillon*, returns thither. The Countess was very glad when she heard of his departure; and after she had lain in at *Florence*, she thought convenient to return home her self, and came to *Montpellier* with her two Children. Understanding that her Husband was at one of his Country-Houses, attended by a great company of both Sexes, she went thither in the same Habit that she wore at her going away, and came just as they were going to sit down at Table. She went into the House with her two Children in her Arms, and seeing the Count, fell down at his Feet and wept. I am your unfortunate Wife, says she, and am come to beg of you to remember the Answer you gave to the Gentlemen that I sent to *Florence* to you. Here is your Ring, and two Sons instead of one, receive me then as your Wife according to your promise. The Count knew the Ring very well, and although he thought the Children had very much of his Air in them; yet he could not imagine how that should come to pass. The Countess gave him an account of the whole matter. He was convinced, and commended her Sence, Constancy, and Affection, and being overcome by the entreaties of those present, and

and very well pleased to have two so fine Sons, raises the Countess up, embraced her a thousand times, takes her and entertains her as his Wife, ordered her Cloaths, suitable to her Quality, and many days were spent in Feasting and Rejoycing.

NOVEL XXIX.

Philipello renounces the World, and brings up his Son in a Wood, from his tender infancy, (to make him insensible of the Charms of the fair Sex) where he had no Companions but Birds and Beasts; yet, notwithstanding, as soon as he saw some young Women, he was in a strange Rapture.

Nature will shew it self in despite of Education, and the fair Sex have such peculiar Charms, that oftentimes, in a moment, they can conquer and triumph over the most resolute. There was one *Philipello*, a Citizen of *Florence*, of very mean Extract, but very rich, and a great Trader. His Wife and he loved each other dearly, and made it their constant endeavour to be mutually pleasing and obliging to each other. Death, which spares none, came and interrupted this happy Union, took away the Wife, and left the Husband in extreme sorrow, with a Son about two years old. This loss did so much affect him, that he resolved to quit all Society, and dedicate himself, and his Son, to the Service of God. He gave all that he had to the Poor, he went and dwelt in a Wood, where he built him a small Hut, and had nothing to live on, but the Charity of his Friends. His chief care was to bring up his Son in a Devout way, and to hinder him from seeing any Women, which obliged him to keep him so strict that he had no other Companions than Birds and Beasts. He was eighteen years old before he ever

went out of the Wood, or knew that there was any such thing in the World as a Woman or Girl. His Father going one day to the City to receive Alms, he asked him whither he was going. I am going (says he) to *Florence* to Beg. My dear Father, replies the Son, you are old now, and are not able to undergo the Fatigue; besides God may soon take you to himself, and then what will become of me that know no body? How can I subsist among the wild Beasts of this Forest? Pray let me go to *Florence* with you, that I may know those from whom you receive Charity, and then I, who am better able, will go and Collect the Alms of your Friends, whilst you Repose your self here. The old Man was very well pleased with so reasonable a request, and believing that his Son was firmly established in his Devotion, and sufficiently fortified against the Temptations and Vanities of humane life, took him with him to *Florence*. The young Man was like one dropt down out of the Clouds, and gazed and stared upon every thing that presented it self to him; and being charmed with Admiration, at the Palaces, Churches, and indeed every thing he saw, he asked his Father what they were called. Whilst he was asking Questions, and admiring those things he had never seen before, he saw a company of young handsom Ladies coming from a Wedding. As soon as he saw them, all other Objects vanished out of his Thoughts, and he asked his Father with a more than ordinary passionate Concern, what they were; so that the old Man began to be alarmed. Don't mind them Child, says the good old Man, they are dangerous things. But what do you call them, replies the young Man? They are Geese, Son, says the Father. The young Man, for the future, could admire nothing else, and begged of his Father to let him see one of these Geese. Don't think of them my dear Child (says the Father, all in amazement) they are very mischievous things. But, Father, says he, were these mischievous things made so? Indeed, Father, I do
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not understand what you mean ; but, for my part, I never saw any thing so fine and amiable in my life. Ah ! Father, if one of them would but live in our Wood, I should be always a feeding it. Then the Father plainly saw that force of Nature was greater than that of Education, and repented that he had exposed his Son to a Temptation, from which all his future Care and Endeavours would not be able to defend him.

N O V E L X X X .

Tancredi causes his Daughter's Lover to be strangled, and sends her his Heart in a Gold Cup.

T*ancredi*, Prince of *Salerno*, had only one Daughter, whom he so passionately loved, that he would hardly consent to Marry her to the Duke of *Capuce's* Son, he not being able to suffer her out of his sight. She was not long married before she was a Widow, and came home again to her Father. This Princess, whose name was *Sigismunda*, was young, beautiful, and of a high and lofty Spirit. Her Father, who still loved her with the same Ardour and Affection, and who could he hardly brought to consent to Marry her the first time, never made any mention of a second Marriage, and she thought it immodest in her to discover any Inclination towards it ; so being without any hopes of a Husband, she resolved to have a Gallant. After she had nicely observed all the Gentlemen that resorted to her Father's Court, she found no Person so much to her liking as a young Courtier, called *Guiscardo*, a Person of no great Descent ; but a Man otherwise of great Vertue and Merit, Qualities which this fair Lady preferred before all others. She saw him often, and was one that could guess what a Man was

at the first sight. In a little time she fell so passionately in Love with him, that she could not forbear praising him publickly. This Gentleman soon perceived that the Princess had a Respect for him, but durst not discover his mind, so they both loved one another, but could not tell how to let each other understand it. At last the Princess found out an Expedient, she sent him an hollow Cane, in which was a Letter containing Instructions, what to do the next day. *Guiscardo* presently thought that the Princess had not sent him such a Cane without some design. He strictly searches it, found it hollow, opens it, and discovers the Letter. He presently perceived her meaning, and thought himself the most happy Man alive.

At one of the Corners of the Palace there was an old Cave, cut out of a Rock, which had no light but what came through a narrow hole, that was made with abundance of difficulty through the side of the Mountain, and it was all over grown with Brambles and Briars, because they had made no use of this Cave for a long time. The entrance into it was by a pair of Stairs very near to one of the ground Chambers of the Princess's Apartment; but it was so long since any body had gone down them, that they were quite forgotten. 'Twas Love brought it to *Sigismunda's* remembrance. She opened a great Door, not without much difficulty, and went in and viewed the Cave, observed the narrow hole, and instructed her Gallant how he should get down through it. *Guiscardo*, being informed by his Mistress of the height of it, knit Knots in a Rope, a little distance one from another, to facilitate his getting up and down, and put on a Leather Coat to defend him from the Thorns; so tying one end of his Rope to a Tree, the next night he went down into the Cave, where he staid all night. In the morning the Princess dismissed all her Attendance, and went to find her Lover, whom she conducted to her Chamber, where they passed the time without interruption, enjoying

enjoying all the Pleasures that Love was able to procure them. After they had consulted how they should meet again; the Princess reconducts him to the Cave, shuts the Door, and calls her Ladies about her. *Guiscardo*, staid till night, and then got out the same way he went in. But Fortune, who is always fickle, was jealous of the Pleasures these two Lovers enjoyed. The Prince used to come often into his Daughters Chamber alone, and sit and talk with her. One day, when *Sigismunda* was walking with her Maids in one of the Gardens, *Tancredi* comes in the Chamber without being heard or seen by any body, he found the Windows shut, and the Curtains drawn close about the Bed, sitting down upon a Chair, he laid his Head upon the Bed, and put the Curtain over him, as if he had a mind to hide himself, and so fell asleep. The Princess knowing that her Lover was at the place of Rendezvous, dismissed her Maids, and went to him to bring him to her Chamber, where without any suspicion they both lay down together on the Bed, as they used to do. *Tancredi* slept for some time, and then awaking, heard the two Lovers at their amorous enjoyments, he was so mightily enraged, that at first he had a mind to call in Witness of their infamy; but at last he was so considerate as to think it was better not to discover them, and revenge himself with as much Privacy as he could. The Lovers were a long time together there without discerning the Prince, at last they parted, *Guiscardo* went to his Cave, and the Princess to the Garden. The Prince, as old as he was, slipped out of a Window, and got away before any body saw him. At night he set Sentinels, and seized *Guiscardo* in his Leather Coat, just as he came out of the hole of the Cave. They brought him before the Prince, who upbraided him with Ingratitude, and told him, with Tears in his Eyes, that the Favours he had bestowed on him, deserved better Returns from him than such an abuse to his Honour, as he himself was Eye-Witness of his com-

mitting. *Guiscardo* had nothing to say for himself; but that the power of Love was so great, that it had no respect to a Sovereign. The Prince ordered him close Prisoner. The next day he went to his Daughters Chamber, as he used to do, who knew nothing of what had happened, and with Tears in his Eyes, says, Daughter, I had always such an Opinion of your Vertue and Honour, that it would never enter into my Head to conceive that you would prostitute your self to the greatest Man in the World, much less to one whose Birth and Extract is so far inferior to yours. Amongst so many Great Men that are at my Court, is there none but *Guiscardo* that could please you? A Person of a mean and obscure Descent? Was it for this that I preferred him? My Anger and Grief are equal upon this account. I am not yet resolved what to do with respect to you. The tender Affection, I always had for you, pleads in your behalf, and the Wickedness you have committed calls upon me for Vengeance. I am not in the same suspence with respect to *Guiscardo*, whom I have caused to be apprehended just as he came out of the hole of the Cave, but am resolved to sacrifice him to my just Resentment. But, before I proceed any further, pray let me hear what you have to say for your self. *Sigismunda* perceiving that her Intrigue was discovered, and that *Guiscardo* was in Custody, was about to express her sorrow by Tears, (weak Apologies) but very often made use of by the fair Sex. But she being one of a great Spirit, overcame that customary Weakness, and believing her Lover would speedily be put to death, she resolved not to make any Application for her self, but was willing to accompany him she loved so dearly. Sir, says she, to her Father, (not as a Woman in Sorrow, but with dry Eyes, and in a bold and even Temper) I shall deny nothing, nor ask any Favour of you. I shall neither implore your Love or Clemency in my behalf, all that I have to do is to defend my Honour, and then act as my Courage

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shall inspire me. I love *Guiscardo*, and am beloved by him. I shall love him as long as I live, which will not be long, and if that Passion continues after death, I do declare, unto you that I shall love him then. *Guiscardo's* Vertue, and the delay you have made to Marry me again, conduced more to this Amour than the frailty of my Sex. As you your self are neither Iron nor Brass, so you may well imagine that I am neither. I have been married, am now young, and how could I withstand such Natural Inclinations? It was not Chance that determined in Favour of *Guiscardo*. I have preferred him before all others for just Reasons, and his Merit is his Advocate. It is the foolish Caprice of Men that has established such distinctions. If *Guiscardo* was not nobly Descended, that was Fortunes fault, and not his own. In the time of *Adam* we were all equal, and it is only Vertue that ought to make any distinction amongst Men, and those that enjoy the most ought to be called Noble. But the Corruption of Mens Minds hath long since changed this Law, which now consists only in an unaccountable Birth. But, if we argue Rationally, the more Vertue any Man has, the more Honourable is he; upon this account, therefore, if you will but weigh things impartially, you must be convinced that *Guiscardo* is the most noble Person in your whole Court, and your Words, as well as my Eyes, are Witnesses of it. You your self have extolled *Guiscardo* above all others, and as I had opportunity of knowing him, I have been convinced by Experience, that you gave him nothing but what was his due; but if I am deceived, you are the cause of it. You may as well upbraid me with his Poverty, but only that would be a Scandal on your self, that you have no better rewarded a Man of his excellent Merit. But Poverty is no bar to Nobility, if it were, what would become of the Royalty of the Kings and Princes of former times? Riches ebb and flow. Such as formerly fed Sheep, and tilled the Ground, may now be grown very Rich,
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and such as are now the Darlings of Fortune, may soon be reduced to the condition of Shepherds. As for what you intended to do with me, I am not in the least solicitous, do your pleasure. I shall not intreat you to forbear imbruing your Hands in my blood, if you have determined so to do, perhaps you may be saved that trouble, for I do assure you I will follow *Guiscardo's* Fate. Forbear weeping then, and put us both to death, if you think we have deserved it.

The Prince, who knew very well the greatness of his Daughters Spirit, but did not think that she would do as she said; went, and presently ordered *Guiscardo* to be strangled. They took out his Heart, and the Prince put it into a golden Cup, and sent it to his Daughter, and commanded the Messenger to tell her, that her Father had sent her that Present to comfort her under the loss of that she loved most dear, as she had comforted him under the loss of that which was most dear to him. *Sigismunda*, who imagined what would happen, had prepared a Poison made of the Roots of certain Herbs, to be ready at Hand upon occasion. When she saw the the Present, and heard the Message her Father had sent, she doubted not but that it was her Lover's Heart. My Father (says she to him that brought it) hath unwittingly bestowed a Tomb on his Heart which it justly deserved. I know that he always loved me very well, but he has given me fresh Assurances of it, by the Honour he has done this Heart. Pray return him my thanks, and tell him they will be the very last. Then she took the Heart, and kissed it a thousand times, with Tears and Complaints, that surprized and terrified the Ladies about her, who did not know whose Heart it was, nor what would be the Sequel of this mournful Ceremony. Thou pretious Heart! says she, thou who hast often so pleasantly diverted me, thy Course is finished, thou art freed from the Miseries and Sorrows of this life. Thy very Enemy hath judged thee worthy of a Tomb of Gold. There's nothing remains to
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compleat thy Funeral, but her Tears whose only joy thou wert in thy life time. Unmerciful Father ! I did resolve to die with dry Eyes, and very much composed ; but I cannot resist the tender motions which the best of all Hearts inspires me with. Dear Heart, thou wast once all my delight ! after my Tears have rendred thee due homage, I will follow thee into the other World. It is the way that all must go, and I cannot this long Journey in better Company. Then she gave her self intirely up to Tears and Sorrow, and made all her Ladies weep with her, who did all that they could to comfort her, but to no purpose. Then she took the Poison, and put it into the Gold Cup, and having mixed it with her Tears, drank it up very resolutely, and threw her self upon the Bed, holding the Cup in one Hand, and the Heart in the other, which she put as near to her own as she could possibly. The Prince being informed of what had happened, by one of her Servants, being afraid what the event would be, ran immediately to her Chamber. When he saw her in that miserable condition, he shed a flood of Tears. Then the Princess with a faint Voice, being just ready to expire, said to him, Father, forbear to shed those Tears which signifie nothing, and which I do not desire. But if you have any remainder of Affection for me, do not deny my last request, that is, that I may be publickly buried with *Guiscardo*, although you would not permit us to live together. The Prince was so much afflicted, that he could make no answer, but withdrew. As soon as he was gone, the Princess began to feel the approach of death, and putting her Lovers Heart just against her own, she took her leave of her Ladies, and expired. The Princes Sorrow was beyond expression, he repented him of his Cruelty, but it was then too late. He ordered both the Lovers to be Interred in the same Tomb, with great Pomp and Ceremony, and the whole Court and City lamented the tragick end of these two unfortunate Lovers.

NOVEL

NOVEL XXXI.

A Friar made a Venetian Lady believe that the Angel Gabriel was in love with her, and lay with her very often under the form of that Angel. But at last, being surprized, he gets out of Window, and hid himself in a poor Man's House, who exposed him the next day in St. Mark's place, disguised like a Savage Man; where, being known by others of the same Order, he was committed to Prison.

AS there is nothing more sacred amongst Men than Religion, so there is nothing that is more abused to base and sinister ends. This is the Cloak, that is generally worn, to hide the most villainous Actions, and this prophane Liberty is in a great Measure owing to the Clergy themselves. There dwelt at *Imola* a most notorious Villain, who was so well known to be such, that if he ever did any good Action, People always believed it to be otherwise, he had got such a very bad Character. Finding that he was too well known in the place of his Nativity, he came to *Venice*, designing to perpetrate those things in this famous City, that he could not do where he was known. He pretended to turn Penitent, and very Devout, and the better to retire, to lament his sins, he turns Cordelier, and takes upon the name of Friar *Alberto* of *Imola*. There was never any Man made a greater external shew of Devotion, and no Cordelier ever talked more of Penance and Mortification. In short, from a professed Villain, as he was before, he seemed to become a great Saint all on a sudden, though there was no change at all wrought in his Heart. Being made Priest, he never Celebrated Mass but he wept abundantly at our Saviours Passion: And as his Tears cost him nothing, having them

them at command, when he pleased, to grace his Sermons: he soon got such great Reputation for Sanctity, that he was generally made Executor in Wills. Saint *Francis* himself had not a greater Reputation in these parts than this new *Cordelier*, who quickly got to be Confessor to the most considerable Persons of both Sexes. It happened that a young Lady, named *Lisetta*, Wife to a rich Merchant, who was gone into *Flanders*, about affairs of Trade, came to be Confessed by him. After she had superficially run over a Catalogue of her sins, the Friar askt her if she had not a Gallant. The Lady, hot and angry, like a true *Venetian*, askt him what his Eyes were made for? Do you believe (says she) that I am a common Beauty? I should have more Lovers than I desired, if I were not very difficult to be pleased. But my Perfections being extraordinary, I preserve them for Persons of the best Quality. She talk'd a thousand such like extravagancies in praise of her own Beauty, which she often called Celestial. Friar *Alberto* soon found that this Lady was very fantastical, and mightily conceited of her own self, and thought that he might easily turn it to his own advantage, and so became very much enamoured with her, but waiting for a more favourable Conjunction to reprove her, he thought fit then only to reprehend her mildly, and told her that the great opinion she had of her self, was an effect of Vain-Glory; and Self-love, which she ought to moderate. *Lisetta*, who was not addicted to raillery, answered him very angrily that he was a stupid Fellow, and did not discern the difference there was in Beauties. *Alberto* was not willing to provoke her any more, so gave her Absolution, and dismissed her. Some days after he goes to wait on her, and having took her aside, fell down at her Feet, and intreated her to forgive him for what he had said to her the other day when she was at Confession, for which he was so severely chastised that he was now come to beg her Pardon. And who is it, says she, that has thus chastised

chastised you? The night after you had confessed (replies the Friar) being at my customary Devotion, in my own Apartment; I saw a great light all on a sudden, and turning about to see what it was, a very handsom young Man fell upon me, and beat me so severely with a great Cudgel, that he quite stun'd me. After he had used me at that rate, I ask'd him who he was, and why he beat me so? He answered that he was the Angel *Gabriel*, and that he had corrected me for being so rash to censure the heavenly Beauty of *Madam Lisetta*, who next unto God, he loved and admired above all things. Then I begged his Pardon, which he granted, on condition that I would come to you, and get your Pardon also, or else he threatned, that he would put me to the most severe Tortures. How furious, Madam, are the Angels when they are angry? Pardon me then, dear Lady, and I will tell you what the Angel said besides. *Lisetta* was ravished to hear a Story that flattered her so agreeably, and took it all for truth. Then in a very haughty tone (says she) did not I tell you before that my Beauty was Celestial? Notwithstanding I am sorry for what has happened to you, and that you may be safe for the future, I do pardon you, on condition that you declare what it was that the Angel said else. Madam, says the Cordelier, you are the most happy of all Women. The Angel *Gabriel* is passionately in love with you, and would have long since come and lain with you, but out of fear of displeasing you. But if you intend to enjoy this happiness for any time, you must be very secret. He bid me tell you that he will come and spend some part of a night with you, whenever you shall judge it convenient. And though Angels have no Bodies, yet he will assume one, and come and visit you in humane shape. Pray then tell me when you will have him come, and in what Figure he shall appear to you. She very pleasantly answered, that if the Angel loved her, she also loved him as well, and that he should be very welcome whenever

whenever he would do her the Honour to come and see her, and he should find her always alone in her Chamber, provided he would promise to love no Woman besides her self, and that he might come in what Form he pleased, if he did not put her in a fright. The Friar then said, Madam, pray, let me desire one Favour of you, in recompence of what I have suffered for you, to permit him to take my Body, for whilst the Angel animates my Body, he will send my Soul into Paradise, and I shall be there all the time he is with you. It is but just, replies Madam *Lisetta*, to let you have this Comfort, to make you amends for the blows you had. Then the Friar took his leave of her, who was so impatient to see her Angel, that she thought every moment to be an Age.

Alberto was well pleased with what progress he had made, took the best Provocatives he could get, beforehand, to prepare himself for his business; and as soon as it was night he took another Friar along with him, and went to Madam *Lisetta's*. As soon as she saw him come into the Chamber, in white Habit, she fell down on her Knees before the Angel, but he lifted her up, gave her his blessing, and made signs for her to lie down. She presently obeyed, and the Angel followed quickly. *Alberto* was a very handsome Man, and of a very vigorous Constitution, and Madam *Lisetta* was Nice and Delicate, and so he did not want much time to make her understand that Angels of his Stature are better performers than her Husband. The Scene was as often repeated as she could wish for, and the vacant time was employed in discoursing of the Celestial Glory. It beginning to be very near day, the Angel thought fit to retire, did what was necessary in order for his return, went to his Associate, who the Maid had taken to Bed with her for fear of Spirits. As soon as Madam *Lisetta* had dined, she goes to Friar *Alberto*, to give him an account of her Adventure with the Angel *Gabriel*, and tells him what things he had told her of the Celestial

stial Glory, to which she adds a thousand Fictions of her own Fancy, but says never a word of the principal matter. *Alberto* answered that he did not know how things went with them, but as for himself, he appearing to him the last night, to have an account of the success of his Message, sent his Soul into a place of most exquisite Pleasure, where it remained till morning, but as for his body he did not know what become of it. Your Body (says she) was all night in my Arms with the Angel *Gabriel*, and the better to satisfy you, look under your left Breast, and you will find a mark that will remain there a long time, which was the effect of a passionate Kiss that I gave the Angel. After a long Conference on this Subject, Madam *Lisetta* went home, and the Angelical Cordelier paid her several Visits without the least interruption. But at last Madam *Lisetta's* simplicity proved fatal to him. Being one day with one of her Acquaintance, and the Discourse happening to be about Womens Beauty, she preferred her self before all others, and said, my Dear, if you did but know who I have the Honour to oblige, you would certainly allow me the preference. Her Friend, who was desirous to know who it was, told her that she might tell her who he was, for she might be sure she would believe her. My Dear, then, says Madam *Lisetta*, very pleasantly, I should not tell, but in regard I can conceal nothing from you, I tell you it is the Angel *Gabriel*, who loves me as dearly as his own self, and thinks me the finest Woman in the whole World, or at least tells me so. Her Friend had much to do to forbear laughing, but putting on a serious Countenance, told her that if the Angel *Gabriel* were her Lover, and had told her so, she believed that nothing was more true, but she could scarce think that Angels did such kind of things. You are very much mistaken, my Dear, says *Lisetta*, for I am sure he is quite another kind of Person than my Husband; besides, he protests to me that they make Love in Heaven, as well as here,
and

and that he fell in Love with me, because there is no, Celestial Beauty that equals mine; nay he comes very often and lies with me. Do you understand me now? Her Friend was very impatient till she got somewhere to laugh heartily at her Folly and Ignorance. In the Evening, being in a great company of Ladies, she entertained them with the Angelical Love of Madam *Lisetta*, giving a full account of it from beginning to end. These Ladies told their Husbands, and other Women of it, and at last it came into so many Hands, that in less than two days it was the publick talk of the Town. *Lisetta's* Brothers-in-law hearing of it, resolved to know what sort of Angel this was. Friar *Alberto*, understanding that *Lisetta* had been prattling, went one Evening to her, designing to chide her for her imprudence, but the Brothers in-law lying in Ambush, and seeing him go in, he had hardly put off his disguise, before he heard them at the Chamber Door, and having no other way left to escape, he threw himself out of a Window into a River, that was under it, and so swam to the other side without getting any harm. He happened to meet with a House open, and begged of the honest Man that lived there to preserve his life, telling him such a formal and pitiful Story as drew Compassion from him. Next morning the Man goes out, and locks Friar *Alberto* in. The Brothers-in-law, missing the Angel, gave Madam *Lisetta* very hard words, and went away, carrying those things that the Angel *Gabriel* had left behind him, along with them. This Adventure being made publick, this honest Man happened to hear on the *Rialto*, that the Angel *Gabriel* being surprized, lying with Madam *Lisetta*, did swim over the River, and nobody could tell what was become of him. Then he began to think that this Angel was the Person that was at his House, so goes home and examines him about the matter, discovers it, and threatens to deliver him up to *Lisetta's* Relations, if he would not give him five hundred Ducats. Friar *Alberto* found means to procure

cure the sum demanded, and desired his Landlord to assist him in his escape. The Landlord told him that he could think of but one way to do it securely. This day is a sort of Diversion on St. *Mark's* Place, where every one may bring a Man disguised like a Bear, or Savage Man. If you think fit to be dressed in one of these Habits, I will lead you thither; when the Sport is over I will lead you from thence to some place of safety, for if you should be discovered, says this honest Man, *Madam Lisetta's* Relations, hearing that you are here, will send so many People to watch all the Avenues, that it will be impossible for you to go from hence without falling into their Hands, if you do not resolve to do as I advise you. Fear made Friar *Alberto* accept of his Proposal. The Man then anointed him all over with Honey, and covered him all over with downy Feathers, and ordered him so, that he appeared like a Savage indeed. Then he got it proclaimed by Sound of Trumpet, that whosoever had a mind to see the Angel *Gabriel* should repair to St. *Mark's* Place. When he came into the Street, holding his Savage by a Chain, and going before, he was presently encompassed by a multitude of Folks, who were all amazed, and said they could not imagine what he was. Being come to St. *Mark's* Place, he chained his Savage Man to a Pillar, and left him exposed to the Wasps for some hours. When he thought that there were Spectators enough, he makes as if he were going to unloose his Savage, but takes off the Feathers that disguised his Face, crying out as loud as ever he could, Gentlemen, see here the Angel *Gabriel*, who is descended from Heaven, and came on Earth to Solace the *Venetian* Ladies in the night time. Friar *Alberto* was presently known, and there was a great Shout for half a quarter of an hour; they offered the greatest indignities to him, and every one strove to throw something or other that was nasty in his Face. The News being come to the Convent, six Cordeliers came and

and brought him an Habit, conducting him to the Convent followed by a great Crowd of People, shouting all the way they went. They put him into Prison, and it is said that Shame and Sorrow soon shortened his days.

NOVEL XXXII.

The Adventures of three Sisters and their Lovers.

A Rich Merchant, whose name was *Narnald Cluad*, dwelt at *Marseilles*, a person but of mean Extract, but yet a Man of great Honour and Probity. He had a very numerous Family, and amongst other Children three Daughters, the youngest of which was about fourteen. They were all just upon the point of Marriage, only staid till their Father returned, whose business at that time had called him into *Spain*. The eldest Sister was called *Ninetta*, the second *Magdalena*, and the third *Bertella*. A young Gentleman, named *Restagnon*, was in Love with *Ninetta*, whose Passion met with Reciprocal entertainment. *Restagnon* had but a very small Estate; but his Genteel Deportment made amends for that Defect, and by the bravery of his Mind he won the fair Lady's Heart, and had received Favours by way of Anticipation. Whilst *Restagnon* quietly enjoyed the Pleasures of Love, two young Gentlemen, one called *Poulques*, and the other *Huguet*, fell in Love with *Ninetta's* two Sisters; the first with *Magdalena*, and the other with *Bertella*. *Restagnon*, being informed of this Intrigue by *Ninetta*, resolved to make use of this opportunity to advance his Fortune. He got acquainted with them, and went with them to visit their Mistresses, where he had the pleasure to see his own at the same time. Being grown intimate Friends, he invited them one day to a Treat, and after he had as-

ured them of the sincerity of his Friendship, by as many strong Reasons as he could invent, he told them that he had a Thought he should be very glad to Communicate to them. I must needs tell you, my Friends (says he) that I love *Ninetta*, and you also love her two Sisters; now, if you will but do what I would have you, it will be a means to make us all three happy. You are very rich, and I am not so, now if you will but let me enjoy part of your Estates with you, and agree upon a place whither we may retire, and live in Common, I will engage to make the three Sisters follow after us, and bring away good part of their Father's Wealth with them; and then what happiness will be like ours? The two Gentlemen, being extremely taken with the Proposal, presently embraced it without any further Deliberation. Some days after *Restagnon* got to be in private with *Ninetta*, and told her of the agreement he had made with her two Sisters Lovers, desiring her to assist him, all she could, in facilitating the matter; which she the more readily consented to, hoping by this means to enjoy the Company of her Lover with more freedom. She assured him she would take care to manage her Sisters, and that all he had to do was to find out a convenient place for them to go to. *Restagnon* informed his Friends of this happy beginning, and after they had resolved upon the Isle of *Candia*, for the place of their abode, they sold their Land under pretence of turning Merchants. They bought a Ship, which they fitted out very privately, expecting a favourable opportunity to set Sail. *Ninetta* found her Sisters so well inclined, and told them so many fine Stories, that they were very impatient to be gone. The long-desired moment being come at last, the three Sisters, who had formed their design before, found out a way to come at their Fathers Money and Jewels, and took as much with them as they were able to carry, and so went to find their Lovers, who waited for them; so they all went presently on board, made all the Sail they could

could, and having a favourable Gale of Wind, they soon arrived at *Genova*, where they staid some time to refresh themselves. Being safely arrived at *Candia*, they settled near the City of that name, and bought them very fine Houses, and lived very splendidly, kept their Hawks and Hounds, and had all the Diversions that Nature and Art could supply them with. But as too much Plenty often cloy, and the most exquisite Pleasures lose the delicacy of their taste, when they are too often enjoyed; so that passionate Love that *Restagnon* had for *Ninetta* began to cool, when he was glutted with Fruition. Being entertained one day by a Gentleman of that Country; he there saw a young Lady with whom he was presently enamoured. *Ninetta*, perceiving his great affection towards her, became extreme Jealous, and could not be at rest till she, in very reproachful manner, had told him of it. But as opposition inflames Desire, so the more *Ninetta* endeavoured to obstruct *Restagnon* from the enjoyment of his Mistress, the more she increased his Passion towards her. At last she fell into a deep melancholy, and her aversion towards *Restagnon* began now to be as great as ever her Love for him was before. She believed, and perhaps not without just cause, that he had received those Favours from her Rival that he ought not to have had from any but her only; so giving her self up to Rage and Despair, she resolved to dispatch her faithless Lover. To this end she made her application to an old *Greek*, who was exquisite at the Art of Poisoning, who prepared her a Water, which she gave *Restagnon* one day when he was very hot, and little suspected any such thing. This Poison was so strong, that he lived but one night after it. The other two Brothers and Sisters very much lamented his death, and *Ninetta* her self was not deficient to shew all the exterior marks of Sorrow. Some months after the old *Greek* was taken up for another Crime, and when he was upon the Rack confessed that he had a Hand in

Restagnon's Death. Upon this the Duke of *Candy* ordered *Ninetta* to be seized, who presently confessed the whole matter. *Foulques* and *Huguet* were strangely surprized when they understood what *Ninetta* was apprehended for, and endeavoured all they could to save her life, but it was all to no purpose, for the Duke was resolved not to shew her any Mercy. The Duke having for a long time made an amorous application to *Magdalena*, who was young and very handsome, but without any success; made her believe that if she should pretend to shew a seeming Compliance to his desires, it might save her Sisters life. To this end she told the Duke that she would do whatever was in her power to oblige him, provided he would save her Sisters life, and be secret. This Proposal prevailed with him, and Love triumphed over Reason and Justice. He then, by his Mistresses consent, ordered *Foulques* and *Huguet* to be secured, under pretence of being Accessory to *Restagnon's* death. Then he went privately to *Ninetta*, and gave out that he had caused her to be drowned, but conveyed her to her Sister, and desired her to send her out of the way, lest when it should be known that she was still alive, he should be obliged to execute her. *Foulques* and *Huguet* were released after some days imprisonment, and believing that *Ninetta* was really drowned, did all they could to comfort her Sisters. Although *Magdalena* was very careful to conceal *Ninetta*, yet *Foulques*, at last perceiving that she was there, was extremely amazed; then he began to remember the kindness the Duke had for *Magdalena*, and did not question but she had now sacrificed her Honour to save her Sisters life. *Magdalena* did all she could to conceal the Truth from him, but all in vain; and on the contrary his suspicions were so great, that after some Questions attended with Rage and Fury, he made her confess what had passed. She endeavoured with Cries and Tears, to get Pardon, but nothing could assuage his Anger, or hinder him from running his

his Sword through her. When he had given her her death's Wound, he contrived how he might escape from Justice, and goes to *Ninetta* in a very pleasant manner, tells her that he came to fulfil her Sisters Promise to the Duke, and to carry her out of the reach of his Cruelty. *Ninetta*, who was in continual fear, was very willing to go along with him, and never thought of taking leave of her Sister, but away they go both together to the next Port, and Embark before any body knew they were gone. The Duke being informed that his Mistress was murdered, ordered *Huguet* and his Mistress to be apprehended, who knew nothing either of *Magdalena's* death, or that the other two were fled. The Tortures they were put to made them confess that they, and those two that were escaped, were guilty of her death. Now as nothing but death attends such a Confession, they bribed their Goaler, and fled with him to *Rhodes*, where they miserably ended their days.

N O V E L XXXIII.

Gerbino, contrary to a Treaty, fights a Ship of Tunis, with a design to steal away the King's Daughter, who was there. The Barbarians knowing his intention, kill the Princess. Gerbino takes the Ship, and gives no quarter. After, at his return to Court, he is beheaded.

LOVE does not always enter in by the Eyes, but sometimes creeps in at the Ears also, as this following Story will evince. *William the Second, King of Sicily*, had a Son and a Daughter. The Son he named *Ruggieri*, and the Daughter *Constantia*. *Ruggieri* died before his Father, and left behind him a Son called *Gerbino*, which the Grandfather took care of to bring up.

Art being joyned to Nature, made him a most accomplished Prince. He was celebrated for his Vertue and Valour, not only in that Kingdom, but also Foreign parts, and more especially in *Barbary*. Fame carried an account of his extraordinary merit to the Daughter of the King of *Tunis*, who was then tributary to *Sicily*. This Princess was esteemed, in the judgment of those that saw her, the most beautiful Creature that Nature ever produced, and most accomplish'd both in Body and Mind. She took a particular Pleasure to hear talk of great Men, and she had been told such great things, of the Valour, and other Vertues of *Gerbino*, that imagining him to be a great Man, she could not forbear loving him upon the bare Relation she had of him. The Beauty and Merit of the Princess of *Tunis* was not less famous in *Sicily*, than the Valour and other great Accomplishments of *Gerbino* were in *Tunis*, and if the Princess loved the Prince upon the account of his Fame, the Prince loved her no less. He was passionately desirous of seeing her, but waiting for a favourable opportunity, he sent her a Compliment by two of his Friends, that went to *Tunis*, with Orders to make her as sensible as possibly they could of the great esteem he had for her. At last he found a way to make an offer of his Person, and best Services to her, by one that he sent to her, who pretended to be a Jeweller. She received both the Messenger and Message very kindly, and sent the Prince a very obliging Answer, and one of her richest Jewels, which he received as a token of their mutual Love. They often sent Letters and Presents to each other by this Messenger, and desired with equal Passion to see each other: But this way of Converse being long and private, it happened in the mean time, that the King of *Tunis* promised his Daughter in Marriage to the King of *Granada*. The Princess was under great Affliction at this Contract, and was often thinking to make her escape to her Lover, but the little prospect she had of succeeding

ceeding, hindered her from making the Attempt. *Gerbino* was driven to the utmost Despair at the News of this Marriage, and resolved to take her away by force, when they were carrying her by Sea to her Husband. The King of *Tunis*, by chance, happened to hear of their Amours, and of *Gerbino's* Design, and being well acquainted with the Bravery of this Prince, knew it was impossible for him to oppose him, so he sent Ambassadors to the King of *Sicily*, to notifie the Marriage of his Daughter to him, and to desire his Approbation, and safe Conduct, and Protection. The King of *Sicily*, who knew nothing of *Gerbino's* Love, fulfilled his desires, and sent him one of his own Gloves as a Token of his sincerity. The *Barbarian* had no sooner received it, but he sent his Daughter away under a strong Guard in a Man of War, provided with all things Necessary. The Princess, seeing all things prepared for her departure, sent a Man privately to *Palermo*, with orders to Compliment *Gerbino*, from her; and tell him, that she was to go speedily for *Granada*, and that now he had an opportunity to shew whether he was as brave as the World believed him to be, and loved her as well as he would have her think he did. *Gerbino* was much troubled at the safe Conduct, which the King, his Grandfather had promised. Notwithstanding he resolved to Sacrifice all to his Love and Honour, and goes to *Messina*, and presently gets two Gallies ready, on board which he put none but choice Men, and so sail'd for *Sardinia*, by which he believed the Princess must pass. He had not been long there, before he saw the Ship, in which his Mistress was, sailing very slowly. *Gerbino* encouraged his Men to Bravery, and animated them by the hopes of Plunder, declaring, that, for his part, he desired nothing but the Princess, who had obliged him to take up Arms for her, and who was on Board these *Barbarians*. They all answered with a Shout, and sounding of Trumpets, and immediately ran to their Arms, and the Rowers did all they could to lay the Princesses

Princesses Ship aboard. The *Barbarians* seeing the Gallies coming towards them, and not being able to escape for want of Wind, resolved to make what defence they could. *Gerbino*, being come up with them, sent a Boat aboard them, to demand the Captain to surrender. The *Barbarians* complained of their breach of Faith, alledging the King of *Sicily's* safe Conduct, showing his Glove, and protesting that they would not yield till the last extremity. *Gerbino*, who had got a sight of the Princess, was all on Fire, and slighted all they said, sent again to tell them that they must either resolve to deliver up the Princess, or fight. They continued obstinate, and began to let fly Shoals of Arrows. The Fight was bloody, and with great loss on both sides. At last *Gerbino*, seeing that the event was hazardous, took a small Vessel, which he had brought from *Sardinia*, set it on fire, and by the help of their Gallies run it on board the Infidels, who seeing that they must now either surrender or die, brought the Princess above Deck, and showing her to *Gerbino*, murdered her before his Face, and threw her into the Sea, and said to him, there, take her as the reward of your treachery. *Gerbino* being prodigiously enraged at the sight of such horrible cruelty, and desiring rather to die than live, grappled their Ship, and boarded it in despite of all resistance, and killed on every side all that came before him, he saved all he could to reward his Men, and then set fire to the Ship, and returned to his own Gally, very much troubled at his Victory. He recovered the Princess's Body out of the Sea, and after he had wept over it for a long time, he set Sail for *Sicily*, and interred her in great pomp at *Ustia*, an Isle over against *Trepanum*. The King of *Tunis* being informed of what had happened, sent Ambassadors to the King of *Sicily*, to complain of this notorious violation of his Promise. The King was extremely troubled, and could not refuse doing him Justice; he ordered *Gerbino* to be apprehended, and condemned him to be
beheaded,

beheaded, which was done in his presence, notwithstanding the earnest applications all the great Men at Court, made in his behalf, choosing rather to want an Heir to inherit his Crown, than to be esteemed a faithless Prince.

N O V E L XXXIV.

Isabella's Brothers having killed her Lover, he appeared to her in a Dream, and shewed her the place where they had buried him. She finding his Body, cuts off his Head, and kept it a long time in a Flower-Pot.

THERE were three Brothers at *Messina*, that were Merchants, who after their Fathers decease had very great Estates. They had an only Sister, who was young, very handsome, and genteel; her name was *Isabella*, whom they would not have Marry, because they had occasion for her at home. They had one *Lorenzo*, a young Man of *Pisa*, that managed all their Affairs. He was so good humoured, and well carried, that *Isabella* could not forbear loving him. *Lorenzo* soon perceived it, and quitting all others, he devoted himself intirely to her Service. As they both had the same Design and Intention, so it was not long before they came to a Conclusion. The beginning of their Amours was accompanied with all the Success and Secresie they could desire; but at last, *Isabella* being got up one night to meet her *Lorenzo*, the eldest Brother perceived it, and was any Eye-Witness of the Intrigue. He said nothing till the next day, and then told his two Brothers what he had seen. After they had well weighed the matter, they resolved quietly to pass by what they could not discover without disgracing themselves and their Sister, and to tarry for a favourable opportunity, in which they might remedy it without any inconvenience.

convenience. They shewed the same Kindness and Respect to *Lorenzo* as they used to do; but their amorous Conversation still continuing, they were afraid of the ill consequence of a Sport so subject to Casualties, and resolved to break it off. One day they pretended to go out of Town for their Diverſion, and took *Lorenzo* along with them, who made no scruple of going, having never observed any alteration in them towards him. Being come to a very private place, they all fell upon him and stabbed him. When they had had buried him, without being seen by any body, they returned to *Messina*, and gave out that they had sent him abroad about their Business, as they used to do. But he not returning, and *Isabella* not being able patiently to endure his Absence so long, she often asked her Brothers when he would return. She was so importunate with them one day, that they chid her severely, upon which she was full of Tears, though she did not know why, and grew very Disconsolate, but durst not inquire any more after him. She often called upon him in her sleep, and with Tears in her Eyes complained of his long stay. She did not enjoy one moments Comfort, out of the longing desire she had to see him again. One night, after she had been weeping for her dear *Lorenzo*, and being at last fallen asleep, he appeared to her all disfigured, and his Cloaths torn, and says to her, you complain of me without cause. Your Brothers have murdered me, *Isabella*, and I cannot come to see you any more. They have buried me in such a place; farewell, and do not call upon me again. *Isabella*, being awake, believed her Dream as strongly as if it had been an Article of Faith, and wept exceedingly. The next day she took no notice to her Brothers, but went with a Servant, she could trust, to the place that her Lover had described to her, where they buried him. She look'd to find where the Earth was softest, and it was not long before she found her Lovers Body, which was not yet putrified. This dismal sight drew

drew abundance of Tears from her, accompanied with Sighs and bitter Complaints. But considering that that was not a place to weep in, she had a great mind to carry his Body away, but that being too difficult for her, she was content with taking his Head only; and put the rest of his Body under ground. She wrap'd the Head in her Handkerchief, and went home, and had occasion for no other water to wash his dear Head with, but her Tears only. She kissed it a thousand times, and wrapping it in a piece of Silk, she put it into a great Flower-Pot, and put Earth upon it, and set there some Roots of sweet Basil, which she watered either with Rose-water, Orange-flower-water, or her own Tears, and would be always sitting by this Pot, that contained the precious Remains of her dear *Lorenzo*. She often wept so excessively, that the Basil would be wet with her Tears. The great Care she continually took of it, and the Nourishment it received from the Head, made the Basil flourish finely, and smell very fragrantly. On the contrary, *Isabella* wasted to nothing, her Eyes sunk in her Head, her Face grew thin and meagre, and was now as frightful as it had been amiable before. Her Brothers were surprized to see her so altered, not knowing what should be the occasion of it; but when the Neighbours told them, that she did nothing but continually sit and cry by the Flower-Pot, they were very angry with her, but seeing that she would not forbear, they took it away from her. She often in a great Passion asked them to give her the Pot again; but not having it, she took it so much to Heart, that she fell sick, and during all the time of her illness would be still asking for her Pot. Her Brothers being surprized, that she should be so Fond of such a thing, had a mind to know what was in it, and upon search found a dead Man's Head, which they knew to be *Lorenzo's* by the curled Hair. The Consternation they were in, and the fear of being Discovered, made them soon bury the Head, and to secure themselves,

themselves, left *Messina* privately, and went to dwell at *Naples*. As for *Isabella* she was always asking for her Pot, and wept till she died.

NOVEL XXXV.

Gabriotto and Andrevola intirely loving each other, tell each other their Dreams. Gabriotto dies suddenly, and Andrevola is accused of it; but the base usage she received from the Podestate redounds to her Honour, and was very serviceable for her Vindication.

Messer Negro da Ponte Carraro, a Gentleman of *Brescia*, had a Daughter, whose name was *Andrevola*, a Lady excelling in all the Endowments both of Body and Mind. She fell in Love with a young Gentleman hard by her, one but of a mean Extract, but otherwise a very compleatly accomplished Person. This fair Lady took an opportunity to discover to her Lover the Kindness she had for him, by the help of a Chamber-Maid who was her Confident. They often met together in her Father's Garden, where they always parted with mutual Satisfaction. They were as free together as if they were married, and that nothing might alter their Love and Affection, they married themselves by Consent and Promise; so that if mutual Agreement were sufficient to make a legitimate Marriage, they wanted nothing. Thus they continued to enjoy one another like Man and Wife. It happened that *Andrevola* dreamed, that being in the Garden with *Gabriotto*, and embracing him she saw a frightful black thing come out of him, and this terrible thing seized on her Lover, and they both vanished together; and so Fear and Grief waked her, and although upon waking she summoned all the strength of her Reason to her assistance, yet she could never divert her self

of the Fear which this Dream had possessed her with. She was so much affected with it, that she did all she could to put off a meeting which she had promised her Lover the next night, but not being willing to disoblige him, or give him any cause of suspicion, she met him as usually. After some tender Caresses he asked her what was her reason that she was so unwilling to meet him. She tells him her Dream, and the Fright it put her in. He laughs, and tells her Dreams signified nothing, and that they proceeded only from over-full, or too empty Stomachs. If I should give any credit to Dreams, says he, I dreamt such a one last night, that would have prevented me from coming hither. Methoughts as I was Hunting in a stately Forest, I met with a beautiful milk-white Hind, which soon grew so familiar with me, that it followed me from place to place; so I put a Collar of Gold about its Neck, and put a Gold Chain to it, which I held in my Hand for fear of losing it. Sitting down to rest my self with my Hind, which laid its Head in my Lap, methought a dismal fierce hunger-starved black Lions came from I know not whence, and fell upon me, tore my left side, and was tearing out my very Heart before I could make any resistance. The pain which I imagined I felt, waked me, and I presently laid my Hand on my left Side, to feel if there were any alteration; and finding none, I could not forbear laughing at my own credulous Folly. I have often dreamt very strange Dreams, and yet there has neither Good nor Harm befall me. This Dream of his increased her Fear the more, but she concealed it as well as she could, for fear of disobligeing him. And although they were continually Caressing and Embracing each other, the Lady was afraid, though she did not know why, nor of what, and look'd upon her Lover more earnestly than usually, and turned her Eyes to and fro, to see if nothing black appeared, when all on a sudden *Gabriotto*, Embracing her, Sighs, and in a trembling

bling tone, says, Help me, dear Madam, I am a dead Man. He had no sooner spoke these words, but he fell down at her Feet. She sits down, and lays his Head in her Lap, and kisses him, and asks what ailed him, but he was not able to answer her, and the very next moment he expired. No Grief was ever like hers, she wept and called him an hundred times, she touch'd him, and finding him stark cold, soon perceived his misfortune. Her Chamber-Maid, who heard her cry out, came and found her overcome with Grief. And after they had both of them bedewed his Cheeks with their Tears, the Lady full of Despair, says to her Chamber-Maid, in regard I have lost that which was most dear to me in the World, I am resolved to die my self; but before I execute this Design, I would fain find out some way to preserve my Honour, and to order things so that my Lover may be honourably Interred. Her Maid told her, that was the way to lose him in the other World, as well as she had now lost him in this, for if she laid violent Hands on her self, she would go directly down to Hell, where the Soul of her Lover was not gone, he being so good a Man; that it was better for her to be comforted, and to Pray to God for his Soul. And as to his Burial, they might either bury him in the Garden, or else carry him out, and the first that found him would acquaint his Relations, who to be sure would Inter him honourably. *Andrevola* hearkned to what her Maid said, although she did not approve of it. God forbid, says she, that one that I loved so dearly should be buried like a Dog, or laid in the open Streets. I have shed my Tears over him, and I will order it so, that he shall have his Relations too, if I can. Then she bid her go to her Chamber, and fetch a piece of white Damask which was in the Closet, and wrap'd him up in it, and so afterwards carried him to his own Door, which was not far off, saying, that if it would not be a comfort to his Relations, it would be to her, to see him Interred with those

those Honours that were due to him. Then she put a Pillow under his Head, and a great quantity of Roses, and took the Ring off her Finger, which he had given her in pledge of Marriage, and put it upon his, sighing and weeping bitterly, and so fainted away. As soon as she came to her self, they took the Shroud one by one end, and the other by the other, and so endeavoured to carry him to his own Door, but were surprized and seized by the *Podestà's* Officers, who were in pursuit of a Malefactor. *Andreola*, who was more willing to die than live, told them she was ready to go before the *Podestà*, and declare the whole truth. And she offering to go voluntarily, they would not suffer any Body to lay Hands on her, nor touch the Corps, for fear of being accused of his death. The *Podestà*, being told of the matter, sent for *Andreola* into his Chamber, and examined her; he sent for Physicians to view the Body, who told him that *Gabriotto* was neither killed nor poisoned, but was suffocated by an impostumation that grew near his Heart. The *Podestà*, seeing by their opinion that *Andreola* was innocent, would have her to admit him to enjoy her private Favours, and promised to discharge her if she would but condescend to his humble request; but meeting with an obstinate repulse, proceeded to offer Violence to her, who defended her self courageously, and reproached him very severely. Day being come, her Father was told of what happened, and came to her Assistance, bringing some of his Friends along with him. The *Podestà*, being willing to prevent *Andreola's* accusing him, tells her Father that he had a mind to try his Daughter, and that he could not sufficiently praise her Vertue and Constancy; and although her former Husband was a Man of mean Birth, yet that he was willing now to Marry her himself, if they would both consent. As soon as the *Podestà* had done speaking, she threw her self at her Father's Feet, and said, It is not necessary that I should tell you of my misfortune, you have been sufficiently

ently informed of it; but I must humbly beg Pardon for marrying a Man I loved, without your leave. I desire not Pardon to prolong my Life, but that I may die in your Favour. *Messer Negro*, who was old, and naturally good natured, took her up and wept, and told her very mildly that he was not angry that she was married; but that she could not repose so much Confidence in him as to acquaint him with it. But in regard things were so, and as he would have acknowledged him for his Son-in-Law in his life time, if he had known it, so he would shew him what respect he could now he was dead. He was as good as his word, and *Gabriotto* was not Interred like a private Citizen, but as a person of the first Quality. The Relations on both sides strove who should exceed each other, and the whole was performed with extraordinary Magnificence. A little time after the Funeral was over, the *Podestate* renew'd his Courtship, and her Father spoke to her, but she would by no means hear of it; but entreated her Father, if he thought fit, to permit her, and her Confident, to retire into a Convent. He granted her request, and she proved as great a Proficient in Devotion, as she was before in Love.

NOVEL XXXVI.

*The Death of two Lovers, who rubb'd their
Teeth with Sage.*

THERE was at Florence a young Virgin, named *Simona*, one of Natures Darlings, though Fortune frowned on her. Although she was forced to get her Living with her Fingers ends; yet she was very much enamoured with the pretty Discourses of a young Man named *Pasquino*, of her own Rank, and Servant to a Clothier; he took care of the spinning of the

the Wooll. *Simona* being one of their Spinstresses, he always desired her more than any other, to take care of his Masters Goods. *Pasquino* thus entreating, and *Simona* being very well pleased to be so entreated, the one being forward, and the other not very proud, it happened that they joyned their Tools together, and were so well pleased with it, that they entreated each other to continue such a pleasant way of Conversation, which they found so much to their mutual Satisfaction. *Pasquino*, having a great mind to meet his *Simona* in a place where they might have more liberty, and out of danger of being surprized, appointed a certain Garden, where she promised to come the next Sunday after Dinner. The day being come, she told her Father that she and *Lagina*, one of her Comrades, were going to get St. Gallo's Pardon, but went to meet *Pasquino* in the Garden, where he, and one of his Companions, named *Strambo*, were. *Lagina* and *Strambo* grew very soon well acquainted together, and the two Couples separated, one went to one end of the Garden, and the other to the other. *Pasquino* and *Simona* sitting by a great Bed of Sage, and talking about a merry making that they intended to have at another time, he takes a Leaf, and begins to rub his Gums, asserting that there was nothing better to cleanse them with. He had not rubbed them long before, but he grew pale, and lost his Sight, Speech, and at last his Life. This dreadful sight made *Simona* cry out, and call *Strambo* and *Lagina*, who immediately ran to help her. *Strambo*, seeing that *Pasquino* was not only dead, but his Head was swoln, and his Body full of black spots, accuses *Simona* of poisoning him. The Neighbours run to see what was the matter, and finding the dead Body much swoln, tax *Simona* with poisoning him, who stood as if she were out of her Senses with Grief, and in so great Confusion, that she was not able to say one word in her own defence. They seize her, and carry her before the *Podestate*, where *Strambo*, and two other of

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Pasquino's

Pasquino's Acquaintance that came in, charge her home with the Murder, and endeavour to make it very evident and clear. But the Judge, not being able to comprehend that *Simona* owed him any Ill-will, could not think her guilty, and therefore went with her to the Corps, and the place where he died, and finding some difficulty in the account they gave of his death, had made *Simona* give a particular Relation of it in the very place; who, the better to shew how it was, took a Leaf of the same Sage, and rubbed her Gums just as *Pasquino* did. Her Accusers look'd upon all this as a very frivolous Defence, and insisted a fresh that she was guilty, and demanded Judgment might pass upon her, whilst she, poor innocent Wretch, out of regret for the loss of her dear *Pasquino*, and out of fear of suffering for a Crime which she never dreamt of committing, fell down under the same Symptoms, as he had done, to the great amazement of the Spectators, so the Loves and Lives of these two Lovers ended in one day. Happy both of them, if they love as well in the other World as they did in this; but more happy *Simona*, for her Death vindicated her Innocence, and did Justice to her Memory. When the *Podestare* began to recover the Surprise, he perceived that the Sage was poisonous, and therefore ordered it to be pluck'd up and burnt. They found a Toad of a prodigious Bigness under the Roots, and it was supposed that it had poisoned the Sage, which had been the death of those two Persons. No Body durst venture to kill this Monster, therefore they threw Fire enough upon it and the Sage, to consume them both. After the Accusers took care to bury them both together in St. *Paul's* Church, which was the Parish where they lived.

NOVEL XXXVII.

Girolamo, being obliged by his Relations to leave his Mistress, goes to Paris, and upon his return found her married. He attempts to Enjoy her, and not succeeding, dies for Grief. She came to his Funeral, and Expires upon his Corps.

TIS a thing of ill Consequence to pretend to force Nature, or to act in opposition to the Sentiments of the Soul. If Love is a Disease, it is such a one as the gravest Counsels cannot tell how to Cure; and the only way to make it mortal is to apply too violent Remedies, as appears by this Novel. There lived formerly in *Florence* a very rich Merchant, whose name was *Leonardo Segbieri*, who had only one Son by his Wife, whom he called *Girolamo*. He died presently after his Son was born, and leaving a good Estate behind him, his Mother had Tutors to instruct him, who made him a very fine accomplished Gentleman. As he grew up he used to play with a Taylors Daughter, much about his Age, that lived hard by, whose name was *Silvestra*. The more he grew, the more liking he took for her, which in process of time became Love. They equally loved each other, and their greatest pleasure consisted in seeing one another. His Mother observing this extraordinary familiarity, was very much displeased at it, and perceiving that it daily increased, thought such a match so much below her Son, would rebound very much to his disadvantage and dishonour, declared her mind to his Tutors, telling them that their Pupil, being but fourteen years old, was so enamoured with this Wench, that she was very much afraid he would Marry her one time or other, if it were not timely prevented. She was of opinion that Absence

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would

would soon obliterate these Endearments, which seemed to be nothing but the Impressions of Childhood. Upon this account she judged it necessary to send him to *Paris*. Then his Tutors went to him and told him, that being now almost at Man's Estate, he ought to begin to look after his own Affairs himself, and to this end he ought to go to *Paris*. That is a great City, and was an excellent School for Youth, and after he had improved himself by the Conversation of fine Gentlemen, who were there in great numbers, he might return to *Florence* again. The young Man was very attentive to what was said, but presently, without ever considering, replies, that all this might be done, and that he would not go to *Paris*. They courted and entreated him, yet could not prevail upon him to change his Resolution. His Mother severely reprov'd him for being disobedient, and was more vexed to think that he would Marry this Girl, than for his not going to *Paris*. At last, finding that rough means did but make him more obstinate, she tries what fair means would do, and managed her part so well, that she prevailed upon him to go to *Paris* for a year, with a promise to return when it was expired, but they did not keep their word with him, but kept him there two years. At his return he found his Mistress married, which troubled him extremely, for Absence had increased his Passion. But the matter was past all help, and he must take it patiently. He learnt where she lived, and believing that she had the same Affection for him, as he always had preserved for her, he went and came often by the Door, but was so unhappy as to find that she had quite forgot him, yet he endeavoured all he could to regain that place in her Heart, which he had lost. Finding all that he did, signified nothing, he resolved to speak to her, though it cost him his life. He knew some people, who acquainted him how every corner of the House lay, so he gets in one evening, when she and her Husband were gone to see a Neighbour,

bour, and hid himself behind the Curtains of their Bed. They come home, and went to Bed, and the Husband soon fell fast asleep. Then *Girolamo* stept softly to *Silvestra*, and laying his Hand upon her Breast asked her very softly if she were asleep. She being quite awake was about to cry out, but he prevented it, telling her, it was he, her dear *Girolamo*. She, in a great fright, says, why do you run such an hazard as this? Get you gone, I conjure you, we cannot love now as we did formerly, you see I am married, and am bound in Duty to think of no other Person besides my Husband, therefore pray let me entreat you to be gone. If my Husband should chance to wake he very angry; and you would be an occasion of making us live uncomfortably together, which we have never done yet. This Discourse cut him to the Heart, he then put her in mind of former Kindnesses that had passed betwixt them; but neither Prayer nor Promises could prevail. Being in despair to find her so strict to her Duty, he begged of her for pity to let him but lie by her a little while to warm himself, saying that he was almost starved with waiting there so long. She being very tender and compassionate, permits him, on condition that he would neither touch her, nor speak to her. But he did not long enjoy this Favour, for as soon as he lay down he was so overwhelmed with grief, that he presently Expired without speaking one word. *Silvestra* wondered very much that he lay so still, and hearing him say nothing of going, desired him to do it speedily; but having no answer, she imagined he might be asleep, and pulling him to wake him, found him as cold as Ice, and to her great surprize soon perceived that he was quite dead. Being at a great loss what to do in this unhappy Affair, she thought fit to ask her Husbands Advice in the matter, as if it had been another Bodies case. Then she told him the Story in another name, and ask'd him what he would do in such a business. He said that they should carry the dead

Body to his own House, as privately as they could, to prevent the Woman's Reputation, who according as she had represented the matter, was not in the least to be blamed. This is our case now, says she, and so took her Husband's Hand, and laid it upon the dead Man, then he got up very much out of humour, saying never a word to his Wife, lights a Candle, and disposes of the Corps as he had advised. The Mother was very outrageous at the death of her Son, but finding no Wound or Bruise about him, they sent for Physicians, who opened him, and gave their opinion that he died with Grief. On the Funeral-day his Mother, Relations, and Neighbours followed his Corps to the Church very mournfully. Whilst *Girolamo's* Relations and Friends were lamenting his hard Destiny, *Silvestra's* Husband was desirous to know whether they had any suspicion of him, and bids his Wife get a mourning Hood on, and croud in amongst the other Women, and hear what they said, whilst he would do so among the Men. *Silvestra*, who began now to be compassionate, when it was too late, got a mourning Hood, and went to see him dead, that she would not admit to the favour of so much as an innocent Kiss. How difficult is it to penetrate into the power of Love. *Girolamo*, who in his greatest Prosperity was not able to move her, now in this dismal condition strangely affected her. This doleful sight increased the flames of her Love. As soon as she saw the Corps, she pressed through the Croud, and throws her self upon it. She had no long time to weep in, for she had no sooner kissed him, but excess of Grief, that had before broke her Lovers Heart, now seized on her in the same manner. The Women endeavoured to comfort and recover her before they knew who she was; but taking her, one by one Arm, and another by the other, they found her stark dead; and looking in her Face, they saw it was *Silvestra*. This fresh subject of Sorrow, very sensibly affected the Women, and made them pour forth Tears again

again in abundance. The news of this second Accident soon spread, and coming to her Husband, he was so overcome with Grief, that he would not admit any Person to comfort him. But the excess of his Affliction did not deprive him of the ordinary use of his Reason, but told what had happened the night before to *Girolamo* and his Wife; then every one was of opinion, that Grief was the cause of both their deaths. All that were present lamented their sad Destiny, and after they had dressed *Silvestra* according to Custom, and performed the usual Ceremonies, they laid them both in the same Grave. So Death did that for these two Lovers, that Love it self could not do.

N O V E L XXXVIII.

Guillaume de Rossillon kills his Wife's Gallant, and makes her eat his Heart, which she understanding, threw her self out of the Window, and was buried with her Lover.

THE People of *Provence* report, that there formerly dwelt amongst them two Knights, Men of extraordinary Note. One was called *Guillaume de Rossillon*, and the other *Guillaume Gardastain*. They were both of them very brave, and loved each other intirely, and went always together to all Sports and Exercises of Chivalry, wearing always the same colours. *Rossillon* had a very fine Lady to his Wife, who *Gardastain* began to be much enamoured with, notwithstanding the Friendship that was contracted betwixt them. He was so often commending her Person, that the Lady her self, to her Satisfaction, soon saw that he was in Love with her. She was very impatient to receive some Compliment from him, which she was resolved to return in such a manner, that he might have all

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all the Satisfaction he could desire. It was not long before he had an opportunity, and things succeeded with reciprocal joy. But their meetings were either two frequent, or else not well managed, for the Husband soon discerned how matters went, and his Aversion for *Gardaſtain* grew preſently as great, as his Love and Friendſhip was before. But he was more politick in his hatred, than he had been before in his friendſhip, and determined to kill him that had diſgracefully betrayed him. To this purpoſe there happened to be a Juſting in *France*, proclaimed by Sound of Trumpet. *Roffillon* preſently ſent *Gardaſtain* word of it, and deſired that he would come and ſee him, that they might conſult about going together. He was mightily pleaſed at this News, and ſent him word that he would come and Sup with him to morrow. *Roffillon*, having ſo fair an opportunity of executing his Revenge, got on Horſeback in the morning, armed Capapee, taking ſome of his Servants along with him, and lies in wait for him in a Wood, through which he muſt paſs, being about half a League from his home. After he had tarried ſome conſiderable time there, he ſaw him coming with two Servants only, all unarmed, miſtruſting nothing. As ſoon as he came near him, *Roffillon* runs full ſpeed at him with his Lance, and run him quite through the Body, upon which he died immediately, without ſpeaking a word. *Gardaſtain*'s Servants preſently turned back and rode home, not knowing who it was that had killed their Maſter. *Roffillon* being victorious diſmounts, takes his Knife, and opens the deceased, takes out his Heart, and carries it along with him, and ſtrictly charges his Servants never to diſcloſe what had happened. The Lady, who knew that *Gardaſtain* was expected, and wondering why he tarried ſo long, asked her Husband what was the matter he did not come. He answered, that he had ſome Buſineſs that fell out, that he could not come till to morrow. This answer was not at all pleaſing to the Lady, notwith-
ſtanding

standing she was obliged not to discover any Concern. When *Rossillon* lit off his Horse he gave the Cook the Heart, telling him it was the Heart of a Boar, and bid him dress it as neatly as he could, and bring it up upon a Silver Plate. The Cook used all his Art to make a Hash of it. *Rossillon*, being set down at Table with his Lady, began to think of the Crime he had committed, and having no stomach to eat, the Hash was brought in, but he did not touch a bit of it. His Wife, whose Stomach was very good, tasted of it, and liked it so well that she eat it all up. How do you like the Hash, says he to her? Excellently well, replies the Lady. I do not at all wonder at it, Madam, says *Rossillon*, that you like that dead, which pleased you so much when it was alive. Be not surprized, the Riddle is easie to be unfolded. You have eat the Heart of *Gardaftain*, your Gallant. Never was any Grief comparable to this Ladies; Sorrow and Astonishment kept her speechless for some time; but recovering her self, she fetch'd a very deep Sigh, and said, you have acted the part of a base and perfidious Knight. *Gardaftain* never offered any Violence to me, and if I did love him, it was my own voluntary Deed, and so it was I only that should have felt your Resentment; if you had but given your self time to consider. God forbid that so dainty a Dish, as the Heart of the brave *Gardaftain*, should ever be mixt with any other Food. Then she rises up all on a sudden, and throws her self out of a very high Window, and was dashed all to pieces. *Rossillon* began now to be sensible of his Fault, Fear seized him, and he fled presently. The next day the whole matter was discovered to the most minute Circumstance; and *Gardaftain*, and the Lady's Friends, gathered what they could of their two Bodies, and buried them together, with abundance of Tears and Sorrow, and graved some Verses on their Tomb, that expresses the cause, and manner of their Death.

NOVEL XXXIX.

Ruggieri having drunk a Potion, fell asleep by his Mistress, who believing he was dead, made her Servant carry him, and put him into a Chest that was at a Joyners Door. Two Fellows steal the Chest, and carry it home before they knew what was in it. Ruggieri wakes, and makes a great noise, upon which they cry out Thieves, he is apprehended, committed and tryed, but his Mistress clears him by producing her Servant, and has those that stole the Chest, fined.

M*Azzeo della Montagna, a very celebrated Chirurgion of Salerne, married a very young Maiden of that City. He was a second Ricciardo di Chizica, for the Fasts and Abstinences, that he was continually preaching to his Wife, who otherwise had every thing according as her Heart could desire, either for fine Cloaths, or pretious Jewels. But she, like a discreet Woman, not being satisfied with what ordinary Provision she could have at home, resolved to Regale her self abroad. Having seen several Gentlemen thereabouts, she at last determines in favour of one Ruggieri da Ferali, who was accounted the most lewd and debauch'd Person in all Salerne. But she wanting a Man of Strength and Vigour, more than a Man of Probity, made no scruple at his Character. Ruggieri understanding that this Lady had a kindness for him, endeavoured all the ways possible to engage her. The Lady did not love to act by Proxy, so procured a Conference with him, by the assistance of a trusty Servant. Ruggieri, presently saw from whence all these things proceeded, and doubted not but to manage them to good advantage. The Lady desired if he had any love for her to leave off his Robberies, and other Villanies,*

lanies, which had got him such an ill name in the World, and that if he would oblige her in this, he should never want Money. Whilst these Lovers were thus privately diverting themselves, the old Chirurgeon happened to have a Patient under his Hands, whose Leg was broke all to Shivers. *Mazzeo*, who was an able and well experienced Man in his Profession, presently saw how matters stood, told his Patients Relations, that it was impossible to Cure it without cutting it off, and that he would not then venture his Reputation upon the success. His Relations were willing to run this hazard, rather than to let him die without doing any thing, and consented that the Chirurgeon should do whatsoever he thought necessary on this occasion. Therefore fearing lest his Patient would not be able to bear the pain of the Operation, he resolved to make him sleep, by a water of which he had the Secret, and then perform the Operation the next night: So he prepares this somniferous Potion, puts it into a Vial, and sets it in his Chamber-Window, without telling any body of it.

The very Evening that he was to perform this great Operation, he received a Letter from one of his intimate Friends in *Malsi*, who desired him to come thither with all speed, because there were a great many of his Acquaintance that were wounded in a Quarrel that happened the day before. So he deferred the cutting off the Leg till the next day, and immediately went for *Malsi*. The Lady knowing that her Husband could not lie at home that night, sent for *Ruggieri*, and shut him in her Chamber, till some Persons in the House, that she thought had an Eye upon her, were gone to Bed. Now, whether it was that *Ruggieri* had travelled hard that day, or had eaten very salt Meats; but he was very thirsty, and by chance seeing the Glass with the sleeping Potion in the Window, took it for nothing but fair Water, and drank it all up. Presently after he fell fast asleep, and the Lady coming and finding him so, shook him, and bid him get up, but he neither stirred
nor

nor answered. Then she shakes him again, and cries get up you drowsie sleeper, What do you come here to sleep? She continuing to shake him still more furiously, made him fall off a Chest, upon which he lay down when he began to sleep, without the least shew of sense or motion. At this the Lady began to be strangely surprized, and pluck'd him by the Nose and Beard, but found not the least sign of life. Upon which she began to be extremely troubled, believing him really dead. She wept and lamented with as little noise as she possibly could; but considering with her self, and fearing the matter should be discovered, she began to contrive how she might dispose of the supposed dead, and preserve her Reputation. She calls her trusty Servant, tells her what had happened, and asked her Advice. Her Confident was very much astonished, but would not believe he was dead, till she had pinched him, and burnt him with the Candle, which he endured without the least motion, and then she was of the same opinion. The Lady being at a stand where to carry him to prevent suspicion, her Servaant told her that she had seen a great Chest stand late at night at one of their Neighbours Door, who was a Joyner, which would be a very convenient place to put him in, provided it were not lock'd, and I will give him two or three Stabs, with my Knife; and he being publickly known to be a vile dissolute Fellow, every body will think that he was killed in some villanous attempt. The Lady approved all but the stabbing him, which she would not consent to. The Servant goes to see whether the Chest were there still, and open, and found every thing to her Satisfaction; so taking *Ruggieri* upon her Shoulders, her Mistress goes before to see if the Coast were clear, and she soon laid him in the Chest. Two Brothers, that were Usurers, being come that very day to live within two or three Doors off the Joyners, having seen this Chest, resolved to carry it home to their own House. They watched till they saw no body in the Street, and then

then went out and brought away the Chest without regard either to the weight, or what was within it. They put it into their Wives Chamber, and so went to sleep. *Ruggieri's* time of sleeping began to be expired, and he waked a little before day, with a Head full of amazement. Opening his Eyes, and seeing nothing, and stretching out his Hands, and finding himself in a Chest, he could not well tell whether he was asleep or awake. Still I remember very well (says he to himself) that yesterday in the evening I was with my Mistrels, and now methinks I'm in a Box. What can be the meaning of this? Was there any unfortunate Accident fell out, which obliged them to hide me here? This consideration made him lie still, and listen if he could hear any thing. The Chest being too narrow, and he lying there a long time in the same posture, the side on which he lay being very sore, he endeavour'd to turn upon the other, and the Chest standing on uneven ground he overturned it, which made such a noise that it waked the Women, who were very much frightened, but durst not speak one word. The Chest being opened with turning, he believed that in case any thing should happen, it would be better to be at liberty than shut up, so he got out, and went feeling about from one side to another, either for the Stairs or Door, to make his escape. The Women being awake, and hearing him, trembling said Who is there? *Ruggieri* not knowing their Voice, made no answer. Having no body to assist them, they leapt out of Bed, ran to the Window, and cried out Thieves. The Neighbours presently beset the House on every side. This hurly burly raised their Husbands, and being much surprized to find *Ruggieri* there, seized him and carried him before a Magistrate. The ill Reputation he had, caused him to be put to the wrack presently, upon which he confessed that he got into the Usurers House with a design to rob them, upon which he was condemned to be hanged. The next morning it was known all about
the

the City, that *Ruggieri* was taken robbing of the *Usurers House*. The Lady and her Servant were strangely surprized, and began to think, that what they had transacted the night before, was nothing but a dream, but considering what danger her Lover was in, put her in to great perplexity.

The Chirurgeon, upon his return, missing his Vial, was in a great passion. His Wife, whose Head was busie about other matters, very sharply said that a small Vial of water, that was lost by mischance, did not deserve to have so much noise made about it, as if there were no more water in the World. The Husband told her she was much mistaken to think it was common water, it was water purposely prepared to make persons sleep, and that he made it for such a one. She replies, that's more than I knew, but the loss is not irreparable, and the best remedy is to make some more. Then she began to imagine that her Lover had drunk it up. Whilst this happened, the Confident, who, by her order, had been to hear what news she could of *Ruggieri*, returned, and told her that no body gave him a good word; that all his Friends and Relations had left him, and that every one thought him a dead Man. She told her also, that she had heard the Joyner, and another that she did not know, in a high dispute about the Chest, the Man said he had bought it of him, and that he had sold it again to the *Usurers*, for he had seen it there that morning when *Ruggieri* was taken. The Joyner denied that he had sold it them, and that if they had it, they stole it, and so they went to the *Usurers* to find out the truth of the matter. Now (says the Servant) by this you may plainly see how *Ruggieri* came into their House; but how he came to life again, that's what I cannot comprehend. Then the Lady told her the story of the water, and desired her to do her utmost to save her Lover, and preserve her Honour. She promised to do all that was in her power, if she would but tell her what she should do in the affair. The

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Maid found out an Expedient, which she approved of very well, and soon put it in execution. She goes directly to *Mazzeo*, and desires pardon for a Fault that she had committed. Her Master not knowing what she meant, asked her what the Fault was. Then she fell a crying, and said, Sir, you know *Ruggieri*, he is in love with me, and what by Inclination, and what by Compulsion, I love him: he has courted me for about a year, and understanding that you did not lie at home yesterday, by Entreaties and Promises, he prevailed upon me to let him come and lie with me. As soon as he was in my Chamber, he began to be extreme thirsty. Not knowing what to give him to quench his thirst, being afraid lest my Mistress might suspect something, if I went to fetch either Wine or Water, I called to mind that I had seen a Vial of water in your Chamber Window; I went and fetched it, and he drank it up. You have been vex'd for the loss of your water, and I have been very much disquieted about it. Dear Sir, give me leave to tell you, that this dismal water will cost *Ruggieri* his life, therefore I humbly beg of you to permit me to go to see if I can save him. You have been very justly punished for your Lewdness, says old *Mazzeo*, you thought to have had a lusty Gallant, and found nothing but a senseless Sleeper; go and do what you can to save him, for I Pardon you both, but pray for the future get some other place of Rendezvous than my House. This happy beginning gave her great grounds of hope; she immediately goes to *Ruggieri*, and prevails with the Gaoler to let her speak with him in private. After she had told him what he should say when occasion required; she went to the Provost, and spoke to him her self. The Provost finding her a brisk airy Lass, began to have a months mind to her, and the better to succeed in her design, she shew'd not more Coyness than what was necessary to inflame his desire the more. Well, that affair being over, she tells him that *Ruggieri*, who was condemned for a Thief, was intirely innocent

of the matter of which he was accused. Then she told him all that she had said before concerning her Amours with *Ruggieri*, adding that the water had put him into such a deep Sleep, that believing him to be dead, she put him into the Chest. She likewise gives him an account of the Discourse between the Joyner and the Man that said he had bought this Chest, and at last makes him sensible how probable it was, that *Ruggieri* was carried into the Usurers House. The Provost, finding it would be very easie to unriddle this whole matter, sent for the Chirurgeon, who confirmed the the Story of the water, and gave an account of its quality. He also sent for the Joyner, the Man that bought the Chest, and the Usurers; and after a long examination he found that these last had stoln the Chest. Then *Ruggieri* was brought in, and ask'd where he lay the night before, who answered he could not tell; but does remember, that going with a design to to lie with Signior *Mazzeo's* Maid, he drank a water which laid him so fast asleep, that he found himself in a Chest in the Usurers House, without being able to tell how he came thither. The Adventure being very odd and diverting, the Provost made every one tell his Story over again. So he discharged *Ruggieri*, and fined the Usurers ten Ounces of Silver. *Ruggieri*, his Mistress, and her Confident were very well pleased with this Sentence. Their Amours afterwards were very successfully repeated, and they were often very merry on the advice the Confident had given to Stab him with her Knife.

NOVEL

NOVEL XL

Chimon becomes wise by falling in Love. He runs away with his Mistress Iphigenia, for which he is imprisoned at Rhodes, from whence Lyfimachus procures his Release, and afterwards assists him to regain Iphigenia, and carry her and Cassandra off, just as they were going to be married. They bring them to Candia, marry them, and afterwards are recalled into their own Country.

THE antient Histories of Cyprus mention a Gentleman of that Country, whose name was *Aristippus*, of noble Descent, and very Rich. Fortune had been unkind to him in one thing only. Amongst his other Children he had a Son, more comely and better proportioned than any of the rest, but so stupid, that he never hoped that he would ever be capable of doing any thing. He endeavoured all he could to repair the defects of Nature by Education, but all signified nothing; for he was not only incapable of Learning, but could not receive the least tincture of Common Civility. Every thing he did was very unpleasant and troublesome, his Voice was like the roaring of Thunder, and his Gesture and Actions were more like a Brute Beast than a Man. Therefore they called him *Chimon*, which in their Language signifies a great Beast: *Aristippus*, his Father, sent him into the Country, that he might not have such a disagreeable object constantly before him. *Chimon* was there in his Kingdom, being better cut out for the Conversation of Clowns than Gentlemen. Living this sordid Country life, it happened as he was walking about from Field to Field, with a long Staff on his Shoulder, about noon he went into a little delicate shady Wood, for it was in May. Walking carelessly about, by chance he came

into a fragrant Meadow, enclosed with stately Trees, adorned with a pleasant clear Fountain, near which he espied a beautiful young Lady asleep, with two Women and a Man-Servant, who were asleep also. This fair Lady's Cloaths were so fine, that you might discern the delicate colour of her Skin through them, and from her Waist downwards she had nothing but one pinked Petticoat. As soon as *Chimon* saw her, leaning upon his Staff, he says never a word, but gazes in as great admiration as if he had never seen a Woman before. His Savage and Brutal Mind, that hitherto was incapable of any generous Impression, now told him that this was the most beautiful Creature that he ever saw. Then he began to examine particulars, and observed every individual Perfection. He praises her Hair, Forehead, Nose, Mouth, Neck, Arms, but especially her Breast, which began just then to appear. He passionately desired to see her Eyes, which sleep had robbed him of the pleasure of, he was often going to wake her to give himself that satisfaction; but beginning now to use Reason, she seeming to him the most beautiful Woman that he ever saw, he fancied her a Goddess, and believed he ought to act more respectfully, and wait till she awaked. Thus from a stupid, dull, ignorant Clown, on a sudden he became a good Judge of Beauty, and to know that he ought to pay more Veneration to Divine than Humane things. Although he was naturally rude and impatient; yet the extraordinary Pleasures his Eyes procured him, obliged him to wait patiently. At last *Iphigenia* (for that was her name) awaked, and was as much surprized to see *Chimon* in this Posture. He was known by every body on two accounts, his own Beastiality, and the honourable Character his Father had. As soon as this fair Lady saw him, she called him by his name, and asked what drove him thither; but *Chimon* did not answer one word. When he saw her Eyes open, he looked stedfastly on them, and found there-

in more pleasure than he ever knew before. She finding him silent, was afraid that his Boarishness might prompt him to offer some Rudeness to her, so wakes her Women, who presently got up and went away. Then *Chimon* speaks, and says, that he would go along with her. The Lady then was very much afraid, and begged of him not to go, but she could not hinder him. When he left her he went straight home to his Father, and told him that he would live in the Country no longer. His Father was much disturbed at it, but not knowing what had made him change his mind, he let him live as he pleased. Soon after *Chimon*, to his great surprize, desired that he might wear such Cloaths as his other Brothers did, which his Father very gladly consented to. But it became matter of universal astonishment to all who knew him, to see him affect to keep Gentlemens Company, and behave himself like a Person of Quality. He not only soon acquired those Accomplishments that commonly belong to a Gentleman, but grew a great Proficient in all the Liberal Arts and Sciences. His Voice was quite altered, and he sang finely, and played excellently well on several Instruments. He was an incomparable Horseman; and behind none for all Exercises, both at Sea and Land: In short he became the compleatest Gentleman of his time. 'Twas *Iphigenia* that wrought these Miracles, her fair Eyes made an entrance for Love into his Heart, that before was inaccessible to all good Motions. Love was no sooner Master of his savage Heart, but it unveiled those sublime Vertues that were inclosed in it, as in a Cloud or close Prison, and exposed them to open view. Although *Aristippus* was not very well pleased with the Passion his Son had for *Iphigenia*, yet considering that Love, from a Brute, had made him a Man, he not only permitted it, but also bid him follow his own Inclination. *Chimon*, now beginning to be weary with fighting to no purpose, often asked *Chipseas*, *Iphigenia's* Father, leave to Marry her, but he

always excused it, saying she was Contracted to *Pasimundo*, a Gentleman of *Rhodes*. Therefore, when *Pasimundo* sent for his Mistress, *Chimon* thought it high time to let her understand what a great esteem he had for her. And as it was her that made him to become a Man, so he persuaded himself, that if he could but get her, he should be immortalized, and resolved to do it, or perish in the attempt. He acquainted some of his Friends with his design, and gets a Man of War privately fitted out, and sets out to Sea to wait for *Iphigenia*, whose Ship was attack'd by *Chimon* the next day after she set Sail. They on Board made all things ready to defend themselves, but *Chimon* grappelling their Ship, leaps on Board, not tarrying till any body followed him, but with his Sword in his Hand made a great Slaughter. The *Rhodians* being daunted at his Courage, threw down their Arms, and submitted. *Chimon* being Conquerour, told them that it was neither Interest, nor Ill-Will to them, that made him take up Arms against them, but the Love which he had for *Iphigenia*, and that his only ambition was to be Possessor of that Person for whom he had such an infinite esteem. Her Father (says he) has denied her me in Marriage, and I am resolved to obtain her by the point of my Sword. I design honourably to Marry her, and I am sure I have as just Pretensions to her as *Pasimundo*, all that I demand of you is to deliver her to me. The *Rhodians*, who were none of the most stout Men in the World, presently delivered her, who shed Tears in abundance. *Chimon* endeavoured what he could to pacifie her, and put her aboard his own Ship. Being in an extasie of Joy at his good Success, he first spent sometime in comforting *Iphigenia*, and then held a Council, wherein it was resolved not to return so soon to *Cyprus*, but to go for *Candia*, where he believed, on the account of the Friends and Relations that he had there, he might live securely and pleasantly with his fair *Iphigenia*. But Fortune disposed of things

things otherwise, for soon after the *Rhodians* had left them, the Sky was covered all over with Clouds, and there arose so great a Storm at the beginning of that night in which *Chimon* had promised himself so much pleasure, that the Seamen had much ado to stand upon Deck to do their Duty. At this misfortune *Chimon* began to despair, and all on Board were in a great fear, especially *Iphigenia*, who fancied every Wave that dash'd against the Ship would prove her Grave. She began to curse *Chimon's* desperate Love, and said that the Gods had sent this Tempest as a punishment for his Temerity. The Storm still increased, and drove the Ship near upon the Isle of *Rhodes*, but they not knowing where they were, and believing they were far from Shore did all they could to make to Land. At last they came into a small Harbour where the *Rhodians* had arrived some time before. Day approaching, *Chimon* and his Men were very much surprized to see themselves at *Rhodes*, and within an Arrows flight of the very Ship, out of which they had taken *Iphigenia*. Being all very much dispirited at this second misfortune, and fearing what would be the event, *Chimon* did all he could to get out of a place that was likely to prove so fatal to him: but the wind being directly in his Teeth, it was impossible for him to do it; but on the contrary, a great Wave drove him upon Shore, where a great many People got about him, and some of the Men belonging to the Ship from whence they had taken *Iphigenia*, being ashore, knew them and ran to the next Village, to tell that *Chimon* and *Iphigenia* were both come into that Port. *Chimon*, perceiving this, endeavoured to convey his Mistress into a Forest that was hard by, but they were too quick for him, for a great many of them came well armed and seized them all, and carried them Prisoners to *Rhodes*. *Pasimundo* complaining to the Senate of the injury that was done him by *Chimon*, they ordered *Lyfimachus*, who then commanded in Chief, to go with a strong Guard, and apprehend

him, and committed him close Prisoner. Thus this poor unfortunate Lover lost not only his Liberty but his Mistress, from whom he had yet received no greater Favours than some poor Kisses. *Pasimundo* did all he could to have *Chimon* and his Companions put to death; but in regard they had been very civil to those that guarded *Iphigenia*, they were only condemned to perpetual Imprisonment. Whilst *Pasimundo* was making great preparations for his Wedding, Fortune, who is always inconstant, seemed to repent of the Injury she had done *Chimon*, and presented a very fair opportunity for his deliverance. *Pasimundo* had a Brother younger than himself, but no way inferior to him in Merit. His name was *Ormisda*, he was in Love with a beautiful young *Rhodian* Lady called *Cassandra*, with whom *Lyfimachus* was also enamoured, and who had been hindred from marrying her by divers cross Accidents. *Pasimundo* having a mind to kill two Birds with one Stone, and save the Charges of two Weddings, contrived that he and his Brother should be both married together. This was a very melancholy Story to *Lyfimachus*, who resolved to venture all to prevent it. After he had thought of all the ways he could, he approved none so well as to carry her away; which he could very easily do, upon the account of the command he had, but thought that this opportunity would very much derogate from the glory of that success which he promised himself. Yet he resolved to Sacrifice this small nicety to the Interest of his Love. But not thinking himself alone sufficient to undertake so great an enterprize, he pitched upon *Chimon*, and his Companions, who were then Prisoners, as the fittest persons to assist him in his design. So he goes to *Chimon* the night before, and tells him that being under the same Circumstances as he was, he believed he might safely trust him with a Secret, in which they both were equally interested. *Pasimundo* (says he) has taken *Iphigenia* from you by force, and his Brother *Ormisda* would also deprive

deprive me of my dear *Cassandra*. These two Weddings will be consummated in a very few days, and we have no other way left than to take away our Mistresses by force of Arms. What pleasure is there in Life, when we have lost that which is most dear to us? So if you'll be ruled by me, we'll run the Risque, rather than endure to see the injustice they are going to offer us. *Chimon* was inspired with fresh Courage at this so unexpected Discourse, who immediately told him he might securely depend on him, and that he need say nothing more, but tell what he would have him to do. *Lyfimachus* tells him the very day when the Marriages were to be Celebrated, and that they two ought to go at that very time accompanied with some other Persons that they could depend on, and take away their Mistresses in the sight of all the Guests, and carry them on Board a Ship that should be ready to set sail. The day on which they were to put their Design in execution being come, *Chimon* and his Associates were secretly set at liberty. Then *Lyfimachus* divided his Men into three small Bodies. One he ordered to guard the Harbour that they might not be hindred in their Retreat, the second he set at *Pasimundo's* Door, whilst he, *Chimon*, and the other entred the House, and secured the two Brides. As soon as ever they got in, they overturned all the Tables, seized on the Ladies, sent them immediately on Ship Board, and soon followed themselves. This unexpected Accident was very surprizing to all present, and every one drew his Sword. *Lyfimachus* and *Chimon* defended themselves on each side, and got down Stairs, where *Pasimundo* was ready to attack them, but *Chimon* cleft his Head by a stroke of his Scimeter, and laid him dead on the Floor. *Ormisda* running to his assistance, met with the same fate. Thus having killed or disabled all those that opposed them, they retired in good order to their Ship, soon embarked, and set Sail in the sight of a great many armed Men, who made all the hast they could to Rescue the two Ladies.

After

After they had past some very pleasant days at Sea, they arrived at *Candia*, where their Relations and Friends received them very honourably. Each married his own Mistress, and every one in general wish'd them all Happiness and Prosperity. This business, for some time, was the occasion of some Disturbances between the *Cyprians* and *Rhodians*, but at last things were very successfully and amicably accommodated, and very much in favour of *Lysimachus* and *Chimon*, each being recalled into his own Country, where they and their Spouses ended their days in most pleasant and chaste Enjoyments.

NOVEL XLI.

Constantia being in Love with Martuccio Gomito, and hearing that he was dead; in despair went on Board a small Vessel all alone, which happened to be driven to Susa. From thence she went to Tunis, where she found her Lover alive, in great Reputation with the King. He married her, and they both return to Lipari very rich.

Lipari is a small Island on the Frontiers of Sicily, where formerly lived a very handsome young Maiden, called *Constantia*, of a very good Family; who fell in Love with a young Man of the same Isle, whose name was *Martuccio Gomito*, who wanted nothing to render his Person acceptable: but Fortune had used him as niggardly, as she had been liberal towards the fair one. *Martuccio*, who had many Reasons kindly to entertain her Love, often asked her Father's leave to Marry her, who always refused him, only on the account of the disparity of their Fortunes. Being very much perplex'd at this Denial, he made a shift to procure a small Vessel, resolving to turn Pirat, and never

ver to see *Lipari* again, till he was very rich. He sailed along the Coast of *Barbary*, for some considerable time, seizing and plundering all Ships that were not able to resist him. He was very cunning and successful, and in a short time grew very rich. But as Covetousness is never satisfied, and oftentimes we lose all by endeavouring too hastily to increase what we have; so at last he was taken, with all that he had thus unjustly got, and carried into *Tunis*, where for a long time he remained Prisoner under extreme misery. News coming to *Lipari* that *Martuccio* and all his Crew were lost; *Constantia*, who was very much troubled at his departure, now felt an immense weight of Grief at this his sad misfortune, and resolved not long to survive him. But having not Courage enough to lay Violent Hands on her self, she found out an Expedient, whereby she must be under absolute necessity of perishing, which was to take a Fisher Boat, which she found in the Port, with all its Furniture, (because the Fishermen were but just gone out.) In she goes, and as the Women in this Island generally understand sailing, so she sets up the Sail, and takes the Oars, and sets forward for the Main. When she thought she was got far enough, she threw away her Oars and Rudder, and wrapping her Head in a Mantle, she lay down in the bottom of the Boat, and so delivered her self up to the mercy of the Winds, thinking that the Boat would either overset, or else split against some Rock, hoping, that though, when she came to it, she should be very unwilling to die, it would be impossible for her to avoid it. But for all this, her Expectation was frustrated, for the Sea proving Calm, and what Wind was blowing fair for the Coast of *Barbary*; about two days after her setting out she was driven upon a place which is not far distant from *Susa*. All this while she never lift up her Head, and so could not tell whether she was on Land, or at Sea. It happened that the Boat run a-ground

ground just as a poor Woman was washing some Fishermens Nets, who being surprized to see it come in with full Sail, and no body appear, thought that the Men were asleep, and so stept into the Boat, where she found this young Woman fast asleep, in the Posture we spoke of before; after she had called her several times, at last she waked. This old Woman, by her Habit, finding her to be a Christian, asked her in Latin how she came thither all alone. The young Maiden hearing her speak Latin, thought the Wind had brought her back to *Lipari*; so presently starting up, looked about her, and not knowing where she was, asked the Woman what Country that was, who informed her she was near *Susa* in *Barbary*. Then she took on immoderately, that God would not permit her to die, and being surprized with fear to find her self amongst *Barbarians*, with whom her Honour was in danger, she fell a weeping bitterly. This honest Woman was so touch'd with Compassion towards her, that she brought her home to her Cottage; and when she had given an account of her Adventure, she gave her some coarse Bread, Fish, and Water, being the best Cheer she had, but could scarce persuade her to eat. Then *Constantia* asked her in Latin what Country she was of. She told her she was of *Trepanum*, that her name was *Carapresa*, and that she was Servant to some Christians that were Fishermen. *Constantia* was very much revived, when she heard her name, and began now not to be so desirous of death as she was before, though she could give no reason for it. Then she earnestly begged of the old Woman to have pity on her Youth, and to assist her to escape those dishonours she was afraid would be offered her; but never told her name, or from whence she came. *Carapresa*, who was a very good Woman, left her in her Cottage, and went to put her Nets up. When she came back, casting her Mantle about her, she brought *Constantia* to a very considerable
Person

Person in *Susa*, for whom she often did Service, who was a very charitable and generous Lady, telling her that she would give her a very good Character, and that this Lady would love her as her own Child, if she behaved herself well, and did what in her lay to deserve her respect. The Lady was so sensibly affected with *Constantia's* misfortunes, that she could not forbear weeping, when *Carapresa* gave an account of them. Then kissing her Forehead, she took her by the Hand, and led her into her House where she lived with other Women, who wrought in Silk and Leather, having no Man in the House with them. *Constantia* soon grew very ready to do any thing that was set her, which gained her the respect of her Mistress, and all her fellow Servants; and besides, she very soon learned their Language. Whilst this fair young Maiden, whom her Father had given over for lost, lived thus at *Susa*, it happened that one of the greatest Lords of *Granada* laid Claim to the Sovereignty of *Tunis*, and raised a vast Army to put himself in Possession. *Martuccio*, who now perfectly understood the Country Language, and what great preparations the King of *Tunis* made for his own defence, tells one of his Keepers that if he could but speak with the King, he could inform him how he should infallibly defeat all the power of his Adversary. The Keeper told his Master, who presently went to the King, who sent for *Martuccio*, and asked what his Project was. He told his Majesty, that if he did but send abundance of his own Arrows into the Enemies Camp, it would without all doubt gain the Victory. Pray how, says the King? Your Majesty (says he) must have the Strings of your Bows much finer than ordinary, and the Notch in the Head of the Arrow, so narrow that it will only fit your own Strings, yet this must be done with the utmost Secrecie, lest the Enemy should be provided against it. Thus when your Enemies have shot all their own Arrows away

away at you, they will be obliged to gather up those which your Men have shot into their Camp; now their great Strings will not go into your small Notches, and so your Arrows will be unserviceable to them, whereas their great Notches will serve very well for your fine Strings; by this means you will be supplied continually with store of Ammunition, and your Enemies have none they can make use of. This King, who was a wise Prince, approved very well of his Advice, followed it, beat his Enemies, and gave *Martuccio* a very great Post. Then his Fame being spread all over the Kingdom, *Constantia* understood that her dear *Martuccio*, whom she thought had been dead a long time ago, was still alive, in perfect Health, and made a great Man; so she took Courage, and began to have some reviving hopes. Now Love, that was almost extinct, received fresh Vigour in her Heart. She told her generous Patroness all the Circumstances of her Life, and desired her permission to go to *Tunis* to feast her Eyes with the sight of him, that her Ears had made her so passionately desirous of. She very much commended her Constancy, and went along with her, and brought her to one of her own Relations, which entertained them both very honourably. *Carapresa* also went with them, whom they sent into the City to gain some information of *Martuccio*, who brought word, that he was in very good Health, and in great Reputation and Esteem. Then the old Lady goes to *Martuccio*, and tells him the most agreeable and welcome news of his dear *Constantia's* being with her; saying that she had a Servant that was of *Lipari*, who was very desirous to speak with him in private. *Martuccio* returned very hearty thanks for her news, and followed her immediately. When *Constantia* saw him, she was ready to die with excess of Joy, and not being able to contain her self, ran and embraced him, and could not utter one word, but fell into a flood of Tears.

Tears. At first *Martuccio* could hardly believe his own Eyes; and stood silent for some time, through amazement, at last fetching a deep Sigh, said, and art thou alive my dear *Constantia*, whom I thought to be dead? At these words he threw himself into her Arms. They gave each other a particular account of all their Adventures, and then *Martuccio* went to the King, told him what had happened, and beg'd Leave to Marry *Constantia* after the Christian manner. The King being surprized at the strangeness of this Story, was very desirous to see *Constantia* himself, who soon convinced him of the truth of all that had been said; so he gave them free leave to Marry as they pleased, and made them very noble Presents. *Martuccio*, also, nobly rewarded his Mistresses good Patroness, and had her conducted to *Susa* very honourably. Not long after they got the King's leave to return to *Lipari*, took *Carapresa* along with them, and were received with all the Joy and Welcome imaginable, where they ended their days in Plenty and Pleasure.

NOVEL XLII.

Pietro Boccamazza, running away with his Mistress, is set upon by Thieves, the Lady escapes into a Forest, and at last comes to a Castle. *Pietro* is taken by the Thieves, but at last escapes, and luckily comes to the Castle where his Mistress had taken Sanctuary. They are married and return to Rome.

A Young Roman, whose name was *Pietro Boccamazza*, descended of a very illustrious Family fell in Love with *Angelina*, the most Celebrated Beauty in all Rome: her Father's Name was *Gigliozzo Saullo*, a Person of mean Extract; yet very much respected at Rome. This Gentleman being very comely, and well pro-

proportioned, was as much admired by the Lady as she was by him, which he perceiving, demands her in Marriage. His Relations were very angry with him that he should entertain such a thought, and told the Lady's Father, that they should take it very ill of him if he gave any encouragement to this matter.

Pietro being obstructed on all sides, was very much dejected, and very angry with his own Relations, and if he could have prevailed upon *Angelina's* Father, he would have married her in despite of them all. He considered all the obstacles that lay in his way, and finding nothing to depend upon, but the true Affection his Mistress had for him, resolved to cut the Knot he could not untie. So he and the Lady agreed on the matter, and one morning getting on horseback, they rode away for *Alagna*, where he had some very good Friends. When they were about four Leagues from *Rome*, *Pietro* not being well acquainted with the way, went too much towards the left, and going by a small Castle, out of it came twelve armed Horsemen, and set upon them. *Angelina* first saw them, and cried out to her Lover, let us take care of our selves, for here are Men coming to attack us, upon which she presently got into a Wood that that was hard by. He being surprized, and not seeing them, they seized on him before he could so much as think which way to save himself. They asked him who he was, and upon his answer finding that he was their Enemies Friend, they dismounted him, and after they had stript him of all he had, they were going to hang him up in one of the Trees, when all on a sudden five and twenty other Horsemen who lay in Ambuscade, cried out kill them, kill them. The Thieves left *Pietro* to defend themselves, but seeing they were over powered in number, ran away, and were vigorously pursued by the others. *Boccamazza* made use of this favourable opportunity, put on his Cloaths, mounts his Horse, and goes into the Wood whither his Mistress had fled for safety. He wandered

wandered up and down, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on another, but could find no *Angelina*; he Hollows, and calls her by name, but could hear no answer. Then the Joy that he before had for escaping so great a Danger, was changed into a deep Sorrow, which issued in a great quantity of Tears. Not daring to go back, he still went on, not knowing whither he went, or how Fate would dispose of him. Then he called to mind the Savage Beasts, with which that Forest abounded, and was afraid of himself, but in greater perplexity for his Mistress, whom he expected every moment to find torn to pieces. Wandering about all the day, fatigued with Travel, Hunger and Grief, at night he tied his Horse to a great Tree, which he got up into, to secure himself from the wild Beasts, and durst not Sleep one wink, for fear of falling down; but continually bemoaned his misfortune. *Angelina*, whose misfortune was equal to her Lovers, was got so far into the Wood, that she could not find the way back, but roved up and down all day long, tormenting her self, and complaining of her hard Fortune. At last, leaving her Horse to go where he would, she happened to fall into a Path, which, she following, brought her to a small Cottage just at close of day. There she found an old Man and his Wife, who wondering to see her at such a time, asked her why she came thither. At this question she fell a weeping, and tells them that she had lost her Company in the Forest, and asks them how far it was to *Alagna*. The old Man told her that was not the way to it, and that it was above six Leagues off. Then she inquired if there were no place thereabouts where she might lie that night, but understanding that there was none she could reach, before it was quite dark, desired them to permit her to be there with them. The old Man said with all my heart; but I must tell you that we are troubled with the *Banditti*, who lie skulking in these Woods. If it should happen that they should Plunder us, while you that are

Young and Handsome are here, they would be very rude to you, and it would not be in our power to Protect you. I tell you this, because if any mischief should befall you, you should have no reason to blame us. This Discourse put her into a great Consternation, but, it being late, she chose rather to be exposed to the Mercy of Men, than to be devoured by brute Beasts. So she went in to them, supped, and lay with them all night in her Cloaths, passing the greatest part of the night in deploring her own, and her Lovers misfortunes. About break of day, hearing the noise of a great many People travelling, she presently gets up, and runs into a Yard that was behind the Cottage, and gets into a Stack of Hay that was there. She was hardly got into it, when these Persons broke in at the Door, and seeing her Horse bridled and saddled, asked where they were that owned that Horse. They told them they knew of no body, for they took up the Horse a stray, and so set him up. Then the chief of the Rogues said, in regard the Horse wants a Master, he shall be mine. The whole Gang of them ran in and ransack'd every corner of the House. One of them ran his Javelin into the Hay where *Angelina* was hid, which came so near her left Breast, that she was afraid they had wounded her, and was just going to cry out. After they were gone, she durst not appear for some time, but lying still concealed, the good old Man asked his Wife what was become of her. *Angelina*, hearing this, got out of the Hay, and the old Man told her, that it being now day, he would carry her to a Castle, which was but two Leagues and a half off, where she would be sure to be safe, but that she must go thither on Foot, because the *Banditti* had taken away her Horse. The Lady was almost ravished at this good news, and immediately went along with him, and came thither between seven and Eight in the Morning. This Castle belonged to a Gentleman of the Family of the *Orsini*. This Lady, who was a very devout Person, happened

happened to be at home, who knew *Angelina* as soon as ever she saw her, and received her very Courteously. After she had given her an account of her unfortunate Adventure, the good Lady was very much concerned for *Pietro*, he being one of her Husbands particular Friends. When she understood where it was that he was set upon, she concluded that he was Murdered, and told *Angelina* that she would have her tarry there with them, till they had an opportunity of Conducting her safely to *Rome*.

But to return to *Pietro* in the Tree, where we left him, bemoaning his misfortunes. He was thinking, when day light came, he might get out of the Wood by the help of his Horse, if it happened to escape the Teeth of the wild Beasts. But his Expectations were soon at an end, for he presently saw his Horse encompassed by above twenty Wolves together. The poor Beast hearing the noise of their approach, broke his Bridle, and stood upon his Defence. For some time his Feet and his Teeth preserved him, but at last they were too hard for him, got him down, and devoured him to the very Bones. About break of day, he began to be very cold, and seeing a Fire, which he supposed to be about a League and a half off; when it began to be a little light he got down out of the Tree, and went thither, being alarmed all the way he went, by fear of undergoing his Horses Fate. There were Shepherds there a merry making, who took pity on him. He warmed himself, and they made him eat, then he told them of his misfortune, and asked if there were no place thereabout that he might retire to for safety. They told him there was a Castle but a League and a half off. He begs of one of them to be so kind to go along with him thither, which he readily did. As he was going thither, he chanced to meet with a Man that he knew, whom he treated with about finding out *Angelina*, but the Lady of the Castle seeing him, called him, and shew'd her to him out of her Window.

What Raptures of Joy do you think he was in at the sight of his Mistress? And *Angelina* was no less ravished to see her Lover. The Lady, who already had an account of his Adventure, very modestly reprimanded him for offering to Marry without his Relations consent, but seeing him resolute, and also considering the extraordinary Beauty of fair *Angelina*, and the constant and firm Love she had for him, said, what do I concern myself for? They both equally Love and Respect each other. They are both equally my Husband's Friends, and their Design is honourable. Besides, methinks, Providence seems to approve of this Marriage, having preserved one from being hanged, and the other from being kill'd with the Javelin, and both from being a Prey to the wild Beasts. What then makes me withstand the will of Providence? This short Reflection presently changed her Opinion, and she told them, in regard I see that you are resolved to Marry each other, I will be so far from hindering you, that I design to have your Wedding kept here at my Husbands Charge, and then I will use all my Interest to reconcile you to your Relations. The two Lovers were in an Extasie of Joy at this pleasant alteration in her. The Wedding was as splendid as could be in so solitary a place. Some days after the Lady went with them to *Rome*, where she found *Pietro's* Relations very much enraged, but she soon managed matters so Prudently, that they were all very well reconciled. All parties seemed satisfied, and the married persons lived together in all the Enjoyments of Love and Pleasure.

NOVEL XLIII.

Lizio da Valbona finds Ricciardo Manardi lying with his Daughter, and makes him Marry her.

Lizio da Valbona, a Gentleman of Romania, after being married some years, had a Daughter by his Wife *Giacomina*, who growing in Beauty as she grew in years, was at last the most Charming Lady in the whole Country. She being their only Child, her Father and Mother loved her most intirely, and look'd very carefully after her, in hopes to Marry her very advantagiously. A young Gentleman, whose name was *Ricciardo*, of the Family of the *Manardi* of *Brettinoro*, went often to see *Lizio*, and was as kindly received by him, and his Wife, as if he had been their own Son. One day *Ricciardo*, seeing this fair Lady, who now was just marriageable, fell desperately in love with her, yet did all he could to conceal it. But Ladies have a very quick penetration in these matters, and she, to her Satisfaction, soon observed the Conquest her Beauty had made, and for her own part was not insensible of the Merit of the Gentleman. He attempted several times to discover his Passion to her, but the fear he had of displeasing her, hindered him. At last, resolving to make his Love known better than his Eyes could declare it, he spoke to her, and was pleasingly surprized to find his Passion to meet with a reciprocal one in her. After he had said a thousand very tender and endearing things, being encouraged by so promising a beginning, he concluded, that, in regard they were both of a mind, it would not be very difficult to find out means to enjoy the Fruits of their Love. The Lady told him that she was so strictly watched that it was impossible for them to be

in private for any time together; but if he could find out any Expedient, she would consent to whatsoever he did propose for her to do, that would not reflect upon her Honour. After *Ricciardo* had considered a while, he told her that if she could but get to lie in the Gallery that was next the Garden, he would engage to climb up to her. She told him, that if he were sure he could climb up, she would engage to have leave to lie there. The next day the young Lady complained to her Mother that the extraordinary heat had hindered her from sleeping all the last night. Sure you jest, Child, (says her Mother) to talk at this rate, the Weather is very moderate. But Mother, says she, young Folks are more sensible of heat than old? That's very true, replies the Mother, but can I order heat and cold as I please? We must be content with the Seasons as they come, perhaps it will be cooler next night, and then you'll rest better. I hope so, says the Daughter, but it is not very usual for the nights to grow cooler, as the heat of Summer increases. What would you have me do for you then, says the Mother. That you and my Father will please to let me have a Bed set up in the Garden Gallery. That is a fine airy place, and I shall have the pleasure of hearing the Nightingale sing, it is infinitely better than our Chamber. Her Mother promised her to speak to her Father that evening. *Lizio*, who was old and peevish, told her; does your Daughter want the Nightingale to sing her to sleep? I'll make her sleep at the singing of Grasshoppers.

The young Lady, hearing this answer, would not sleep all the night following, but it was rather Vexation than Heat that hindered her, nor would she let her Mother close her Eyes, but kept her awake all night long, by continually complaining of the Heat. As soon as the old Woman got up, she went to her Husband and said, have you no natural respect for your poor Girl? What matter is it where she lies? She could not rest at
all

all this night for the Heat. She is but a Child still, and is it so great a wonder for a Child to be pleased with the Nightingales singing? The old Man very surlily said, don't trouble my Head about your Nightingales, let her lie where you will. So she set her up a Bed in the Gallery, and promised that she should lie there the next night. Then she gave *Ricciardo* notice by a private sign agreed on betwixt them. When this young Lady was gone to Bed, old *Lizio* locks the Gallery Door, and goes to Bed himself. *Ricciardo*, believing they were all fast asleep, got upon the Wall by a Ladder, and from that Wall, with a great deal of difficulty and danger, got to another, and so at last to the Gallery, where the fair one was ready to receive him with all the joy imaginable. They spent the night very agreeably, and made the Nightingale sing several times. But the night being short, and Lovers great improvers of time, they slept both together till morning, either out of heat or weariness; they were both naked upon the Bed, the Lady with her right Arm embracing her Lover, and with her left holding that which is never called by its proper term to Ladies. *Lizio* being up, and remembering that his Daughter *Catherina* lay that night in the Gallery, opens the Door very softly, and goes to see whether the Nightingale had sung her to sleep, so opening the Curtains, and seeing the Lovers in this posture, he goes to his Wife, and tells her, your Daughter had a very great mind for a Nightingale, and she has caught one, come and see how fast she holds it. So he leads her into the Gallery, and shews her her Daughter holding the Nightingale, that she had so great a mind to hear sing. Madam *Giacomina*, who did not suspect any such thing from *Ricciardo*, was going to make a noise, and upbraid him with the Fact he had committed, but her Husband prevented her, saying, have a care what you do, you see our Daughter Loves him, and she shall have him, he is a Gentleman, Rich, and has very

good Relations, and he shall not get easily off this business, if he does not Marry her; then *Catherina* may put her Nightingale in the right Cage. The Mother began to be a little pacified by what her Husband said, and the rather because she found her Daughter had a good night, and had slept very sound, and caught the Nightingale. At last *Ricciardo*, waking, found it broad day, was very much surprized, and told his Mistress, we are undone, the light will discover us. *Lizio* heard him, and drawing the Curtains all on a sudden, says, we shall do well enough. Then *Ricciardo* thought himself undone indeed, and cried out often, that he would forgive him and spare his life, saying, Sir, I acknowledge that I have offended you, and deserve to feel the utmost severity of your Resentment. Truly, says *Lizio*, I have not deserved this treatment at your Hands, I loved you, and did confide in you, and you have made me a very ungrateful return. But in regard it was the heat of Youth that made you commit this Fault, it is in your power to save your own Life, and repair my Honour. If you do not Marry my Daughter presently, prepare your self for another world. At these words the young Lady waked, let go the Nightingale, and fell a crying for shame, begging her Father to spare *Ricciardo*, and entreating *Ricciardo* to do what her Father required. The confusion he was in for what he had done, the desire he had to make Reparation, the fear of death, but above all the love he had for his Mistress, soon determined him what to do, and he presently answered that he was very willing to Marry her. Then *Lizio* takes a Ring off his Wife's Finger, and *Ricciardo* Espouses *Catherina*. Then the Father and Mother both retire, and leave the two Lovers to Repose themselves, judging they had occasion for it. They were not long together before they did that married, that they had done before when they were Lovers, but I am not apt to imagine with the same passionate Desire. Some days after the Marriage was celebrated publicly. The Relations

lations on both sides being invited, and all performed with extraordinary Magnificence, and the Guest were not better pleased with their Entertainment, than the Bride and Bridegroom with their Marriage.

NOVEL XLIV.

Guidotto da Cremona, dying, left one Daughter, who was beloved both by Giovanni di Severino, and Minghino di Mingole; by the two Rivals fighting, the Lady was found to be Giovanni's Sister, and so was married to Minghino.

Guidotto da Cremona, and Giacomino da Parvia, both Natives of Lombardy, being grown old, and worn out with the Fatigues of War, having born Arms from their Youth, retired to Fano, there to end their days in Ease and Repose. These two Persons grew acquainted in the Service, and contracted an intimate Familiarity and Friendship together. *Guidotto* dying, and having neither Relation or Friend, in whom he could repose more Confidence than in *Giacomino*, left him sole Executor of all his Estate, and the Guardianship of his young Girl, then about ten years old. The troubles in *Faenza* being over, every one had liberty to return thither. Amongst others, *Giacomino* having formerly lived there, was one, who finding it a very agreeable place to dwell in, transports all his Effects thither, and carried *Guidotto's* little Girl along with him, whom he loved as dearly as if she had been his own. As she grew in Age, so she did in Beauty, and was esteemed the most accomplished Lady in all those parts; being endowed with so many excellent Qualifications, I leave you to determine whether she wanted humble Servants. Amongst many others, two young, handsome, well-bred Gentlemen, had a very great kindness for her,

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ones name was *Giovanni de Severino*, and the others *Mingbino di Mingole*. These two young Men, who formerly had been most intimate Friends, grew the most irreconcilable Enemies, as soon as they knew they were Rivals. Each of these courted this Lady for a Wife, before she was full fifteen, but finding their honourable Pretensions were unsuccessful; they both set their Brains on work how to carry her away by force. *Giacomino* kept an old Servant Maid, and a Valet called *Griavello*. *Giovanni* gets acquainted with this Valet, makes him a Confident of his Amour, promising great Rewards if he would assist him in it. *Griavello* told him he could do him no great service in the matter, for whenever he spoke to the Lady in his favour, she would not hear him; and all that he could do for him, was to introduce him into her Company, when his Master was abroad. *Giovanni* told him he desired no more of him. *Mingbino* got the Servant Maid into his Interest, by whom he had sent so many Messages, that the fair Lady seemed already to have determined in favour of him. Things being thus to be managed, *Griavello* acquaints *Giovanni* that his Master was invited one night to Sup with one of his Friends, and that if he came and made such a sign, he should find the Door open. The Servant Maid, knowing nothing of *Griavello's* Intrigue, acquaints *Mingbino* also, that her Master was gone abroad, with instructions to be at the Door, ready to come in when she had made a sign that she told him of. Night being come, each of them provided themselves with Friends and Arms, for fear of a surprize, and to possess themselves of the best Post they could. *Giacomino* being gone out, *Griavello* and the Maid strove how to get each other out of the way. *Griavello* would have her go to Bed, and she would have him go to wait on his Master; but each of them having their particular design, so neither of them would stir. *Griavello* being tired with these debates, made his Signal, and went and opened the Door. *Giovanni*, and two

of his Friends presently rushed in, and finding the young Lady in the Hall, were going to carry her off. The Lady could make no resistance, but skreamed out, and so did the Servant Maid. *Minghino*, and his Companions, hearing the noise, ran in, and finding they were about to run away with his Mistress, he drew his Sword. Whilst both Parties were engaged, the Neighbours came in with Arms and Lights, and understanding what *Giovanni* had done, they took *Minghino's* part, delivered the Lady, and secured her in *Giacomino's* House. Before the Tumult was over, the Captain of the Guard came and seized on several of them, and amongst others, on *Giovanni* and *Grivello*. When *Giacomino* came home, and heard what had happened, he was very angry; but finding that the young Lady was not in the least to blame, he was somewhat appeased, and resolved to Marry her speedily, to prevent all such matters for the future. The Friends of both Parties understanding how things had been carried, and fearing that *Giacomino* would prosecute them very rigorously, went to him, and desired him that he would be pleased to consider it was but a frolick of Youth, and that they came to offer him what Satisfaction he desired. *Giacomino*, who was a Man of sound Sence and great Experience in the World, answered civility with civility, and told them they should do as they thought fit themselves, and that he had no more interest in the matter than they. They have, says he, assaulted a young Maiden of this City, for I must tell you that she is neither of *Cremona* nor *Pavia*, as you imagine, but of *Faenza*, and that neither he that delivered her in charge to me, nor I my self, ever could tell who was her true Father. They were surprized to hear that she was born at *Faenza*, and after they had returned *Giacomino* thanks for his great civilities, they desired him to inform them how she came into his Hands. *Guidotto da Cremona*, says he, with whom I served a long time in the Wars, was my intimate Friend. When this City was ransackt
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and plundered, he served under the Emperour *Frederick*, and being one that strove for Booty as well as others, he went into a House which he found richly furnished, but no body in it; as he went out he saw this Child under one of the Stairs, which was then not above two years old. As soon as ever the poor Wretch saw him, she called him Father, which moved so much compassion in him, that he carried her to *Fano*, where he dying some years after, left me her *Guardian*, and *Executor* to all his Estate, making me promise to Marry her when it was convenient, and to give her all that he had left in the World. There happened then to be present one *Guiglielmo da Medicina*, who was with *Guidotto da Cremona*, at the taking of *Faenza*, and knew that it was one *Bernardino's* House that *Guidotto* had plundered. Pray *Bernardino*, says he, mind what he says. I am as much amazed at it as you, replies *Bernardino*, (who was there present) for I remember, at that time, I lost a Daughter about the same Age as *Giacomino* speaks of. This is undoubtedly yours, says *Guiglielmo*. I had often a mind to talk with *Guidotto da Cremona* about this matter; but by the description he gave of the House that he plundered, I am fully persuaded it was yours, and if so, there is no question to be made, but that it was your Daughter that he carried away. But is there no mark that you can remember to know her by? Upon this *Bernardino* remembered that his Daughter had a small cross occasioned by a Wolf that had bit her, a little time before the taking of *Faenza*. Then he desired *Giacomino* to let him see her, which was readily granted. As soon as ever he saw her, he thought he had seen the Face of his own Wife, she resembled her so much. But to make the matter more apparent, he desired *Giacomino* that he would permit him to look near her left ear. *Giacomino* having granted it, the Lady was very angry to be so narrowly inspected, but there he found the cross. Being fully convinced by this mark, that it was really his own Daughter, he wept

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out of tenderness, and would embrace her, notwithstanding the resistance she made. Then turning to *Giacomino*, he said, she is my Daughter indeed, it was my House that *Guidotto da Cremona* plundered. Her Mother was so surprized, and alarmed, that she forgot her, and we verily believed, to this day, that she had perished in the Flames, for they set the House on fire, after they had plundered it. The young Lady seeing a Venerable old Gentleman talk in a sort of a mournful and passionate way, began to think what he said was true, and as she was going to embrace him her self, she let fall a flood of Tears. *Bernardino* sent for his Wife, Children, and Relations, to see the Daughter he had so strangely found. After a thousand caresses and demonstrations of Joy, *Giacomino* was content to let her go home along with them. The Captain of the City, who was a very brave Man, understanding the matter, and finding that *Giovanni*, one of the Prisoners, was *Bernardino's* Son, and the young Lady's own Brother, made up the whole business, he reconciled the Rivals, obliged *Bernardino* to Marry his Daughter to *Minghino*, which was done with the universal approbation of their Relations. All the Prisoners were discharged, and the married Persons continued very loving to each other all the days of their Life.

The end of the First Tome.